THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE POWAW'S HEAD

Three Paces Away From Goodman Scarlet, Halting, He Began to Speak

They generally acknowledg'd and worship'd many Gods; therefore greatly esteem'd and reverenc'd their priests, powaws, or wizards, who were esteemed as having immediate converse with the Gods.

—MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA.

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

OF A SATURDAY night in our town Posarien's Candy and Soda Shoppe casts its light upon the sidewalk with a profusion that is almost sound. You can easily fancy that the smooth Levantine brilliance of that emporium, coupled with its sucrous odor, deadens the radio speaker from the bootblack parlor two doors off, and seems to combine with all the other noises in the street. "Fritzy Seltz," the radio is shouting, "and his fifteen fun makers are now playing for you direct from the Plaza; and at that it's some party. Fritzy can't stop it, is what I mean; eh, Fritzy?" And Fritzy could not, any more than Canute could order back the tide. His voice is lost in the odor of confectionery.

On such a night the buildings and the church spires and the very trees are lost before the overlighted street. The light seems very close to sound, and the square windows of the chain stores seem almost to give a shout of mediocrity. The street still dips straight toward the river, as it had even when it was a path and not a street. It ends at the river in a solemn, brooding silence that makes our sloping street like the road of youth and age and death. The blackness by the river is also almost like a sound in contrast to the brilliance which lies above it; and the river is like the beginning and the ending, where the harbor lights mark out the bar and then the open sea. It is like a reservoir where all things of the spirit finally go. The evening haze above the water is like a marching army of ghostly shapes, stirred by the faintly rising breeze. The reason for human endeavor in all its bleak futility seems very close at hand—close but always lost in the peace of open water and the distant sound of sea.

Once an hour a sound passes over our town, clear above the noises of the street, whether it is night or noon. It is the note of church bells putting their period to time. First the North, and the Second Church takes up the count, and then the rest, until the notes of bells swing across the air; and, curiously, the sound coming through the night is more like light than sound. And in that light all the present seems the part of a vast tide, no more than the whites of a moving wave; and our town is no longer a half-forgotten place but

"I Only Speak for Peace," He Said. "Do as You'd be Done by is What I Say, Sir, and Treat the Tawnies Fair"

a cloudy city, vague, mysterious and changing as a monument of clouds by the horizon's rim. One can seem to hear a thousand echoes in the bells. They are like something of the spirit, voices from behind a curtain, old, but very clear and strong. The noise of shipwrights' hammers is in them, and the creak of wood on wood, and shouts and sobs and curses and loud, triumphal prayers. As the low notes sweep along on a damp east wind they are like a benediction stretching to the ancient boundaries, from the great river to the small river, over the marshes, salt and fresh, and beyond the shifting sand hills that rise like bulwarks to shut our township from the sea.

The present seems an incident and nothing more, once the bells are ringing. Posarien's Candy and Soda Shoppe and the joyous sounds of Fritzy Seltz become mere periods to a great tale of forces that may wax and wane, but never live in peace.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity," and the tides of ancient vanities are moving still. The finest houses were built a century ago, but they still are very fine. They stand on a ridge above the Main Street, where they may overlook the river and the sea. They are the square New England type, of wood or brick, each with a cupola and railing on its roof. Tall elms rise about them, and the brick walk of the street before them is checked and crossed by the shadows of elms. Of all that majestic row the Swale mansion is the finest, for you can fancy it as more than a house, once the bells are ringing. It epitomizes the spirit of all the rest—the grace and cool superiority and supercilious perfection. It rises from a lawn and garden which are somewhat unkempt today. The ivy on its walls is ragged, but its bricks are rich and mellow from years of sun and snow. The arch of its doorway and the arch of the great window above it are exquisitely proportioned and meticulously carved by shipwrights who loved to work in pine. There is a richness to the detail of its cornice which has grown more splendid with the years. In the darkness, when the street lights strike it through the moving branches of the trees, it has a ghostly loneliness, and when the church bells ring you can imagine that a voice is saying:

"Look at me. I am the Swale mansion. Don't raise my eagle knocker unless you have permission. I am the Swale mansion. Before there ever was a house or town a Swale was magistrate of this township. All my grace is the Swale grace. And my beauty and aloofness—it is all the Swales.' I am the house of the Swales, and I am more than the house of the Swales. Whether my paint is old or new, I stand for something indefinable, not to be attained by gold, though gold may make it fair. I stand for something which bears a dozen names—and none of them is right—which many hate, but which only the greatest do not envy. Deface me, burn me, if you have the power. It will be no matter, for what I am and have been, that will always be."

Yet even in the ringing of the bells there comes a discord and an answer. In the air there is a breath of ancient tumult when wave of sound meets wave. Down from the ridge at the foot of crooked streets another building stands, gaunt as a prison, surrounded by high wire fencing and lighted by dim night lights. It stands by the very edge of the river, close to the abandoned customhouse, in the midst of the slatternly ruins of warehouses and rotting wharves. It is the only building which is new and solid. Above a door in the right wing a name is written, facing toward the Swale house on the ridge, though the ridge is far away. An electric light above the sign makes the letters stand out against the night. "John Scarlet," it reads, "Shoes—Office," and it contains a brevity and crudeness, a harsh reality that makes the memory of the Swale house dim. That building, as anyone can tell you, is the Scarlet Shoe Shop, the last large factory in the town, and there is the whole story from the beginning to the end.

Delicacy and pride and place, and harshness and a common touch which time has never mellowed—those are the forces which have met, and their conflict made our town.

Those are the forces which have struggled always, while other names have come and gone—the Swales and the Scarlets—the patricians and the plebeians—until, at last, time and a changing world have left them face to face upon a stricken field, still struggling grimly in a place which is left to memory. For there has always been a Scarlet and a Swale.

They landed together on the lower green, two miles away by the salt marshes, with the freemen and their wives and their bond servants and cattle, to build a new plantation. The first Swale, though a cadet of his house, was a gentleman with a coat of arms. The first Scarlet was a weaver's son with dye stain on his fingers. It was Captain Swale who commanded the train bands when the Indians first came down the great river in fifteen boats of bark, just short of three hundred years ago. And even then the Scarlet who followed him did so with a look of scorn. Even then the Scarlets could see through make-believe; and even when they knelt by the river bank, side by side, to listen to their minister's prayer of thanks, the story has it that Goodman Scarlet exchanged a cold and worldly glance with Captain Richard Swale.

A boy, shivering with cold and with an excitement which he had never known, saw that look and told of it long after. The boy was Enoch Porter, whose descendants still live on the Porter farm close by the lower green. His story lies in a trunk among old Porter letters—all which is left to single out that day from a sea of lost ones which whisper through the trees. The Reverend Fulfilment Wayne, late a dissenting pastor of Norwich, England, was kneeling on the fresh, damp sod of May. The northwest wind was blowing through his thin, gray hair; his eyes were turned upward to the scudding clouds. About him were kneeling a small group of freemen and bond servants capable of bearing arms, ragged, weary and muddy.

"O Lord," the old man cried out—and his voice, as it is written, "did goe all about us"—"bless these thy children of Israel in this new wilderness of our New English Canaan. Save them now, I supplicate, from that invisible world of evil which lies so close about them—yea, and from the machinations of that envious prince of darkness who struggles with the upright conscience and sendeth blind souls into the eternal fire. Save them from mortal princes and those worshipers of graven images and the golden calf. And save them again, I beseech thee, as thou hast in thy mercy done this day, from those unseeing children of Sodom and Gomorrah, from those lost and tawny subjects of the Pharaoh dwelling in the far places. Make, I beseech thee, as thy sinful servant, this plantation of these my fellow sinners fruitful according to their deserts and bring peace unto our town."

Just as the prayer was finished, Goodman Scarlet turned his heavy head toward Captain Swale and his heavy shoulders rose and fell in a sigh of disbelief. Though Captain Swale was good to look upon in his shining breastplate, his thin fingers resting on his sword hilt, Goodman Scarlet must have learned that the judgment of a Swale was as fallible as the judgment of a common man.

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Why an International Bank?

By LOUIS T. McFADDEN

Chairman, Committee on Banking and Currency, U. S. House of Representatives

DURING the year following the entry of the United States into the World War, the American people had the extraordinary experience of seeing the American dollar go to a discount of from 10 to nearly 40 per cent in all the neutral countries of the world. This occurred despite a balance of trade in our favor of more than three billion dollars, with our imports amounting to approximately three billions and our exports to about six billions. We had, however, extended credits to Great Britain, France and Italy to the amount of about five billions, so that in going beyond our favorable balance of trade some two billion dollars, we made ourselves a debtor to the neutral countries.

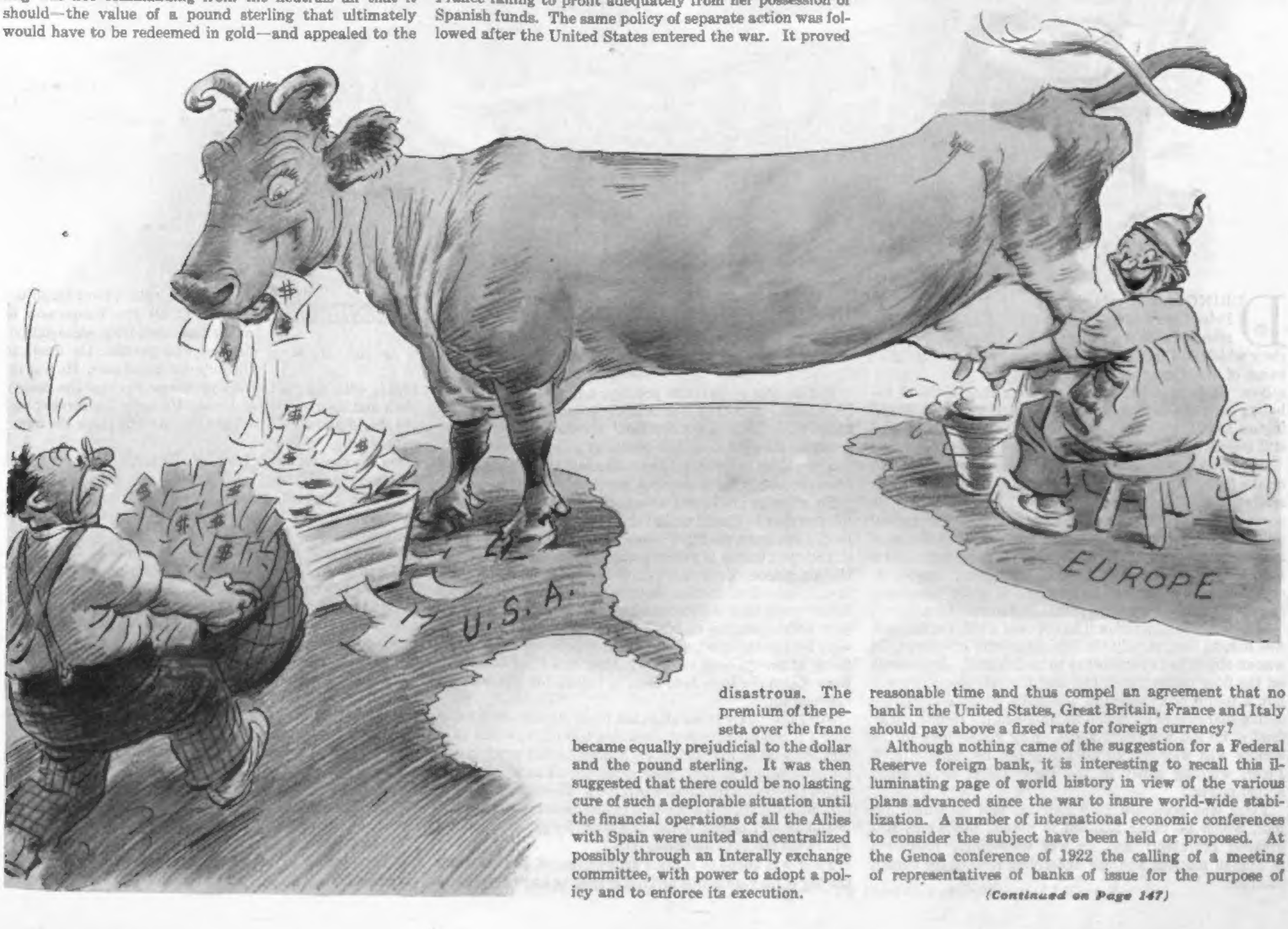
The condition eventually became so grave that the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency undertook to find a way to stabilize the dollar exchange in neutral countries. The situation, as was realized, was in substance as follows: The United States was lending its credit to the Allies on a titanic scale. They were utilizing this credit to make enormous purchases in neutral countries. The effect was to involve us in debt with those nations. Great Britain, for example, might buy a bill of goods in Spain, agreeing to pay for it in pounds sterling. Settlement might be made at London. But the pounds-sterling bill could be sent to New York and exchanged for dollars. In other words, the credit we extended to Great Britain—the amount we loaned Great Britain—acted or reacted as a balance of trade against us. We had started out on the theory that the money we loaned Great Britain, for instance, was to be expended in the United States for the purchase of war necessities, but the theory was not always followed in practice. Great Britain was also advancing money to others of the Allies, and all of them, as well as Great Britain, were buying heavily from the neutrals. As a result, the pound sterling began to go down and down and down.

Great Britain speedily discovered that her pound sterling was not commanding from the neutrals all that it should—the value of a pound sterling that ultimately would have to be redeemed in gold—and appealed to the United States to support it. In this country we did what we could. When German propaganda caused the withdrawal of silver from the Indian treasury and the consequent jeopardy of the Indian rupee, we furnished the precious metal to help Great Britain meet the financial crisis thus created. Great Britain borrowed thousands of millions to keep her pound sterling at par, and by the spring of 1918 had become the largest borrower, with France second. The total amount of bonds floated by those two nations in the United States was at that time $1,369,739,000. All the while our own exchange was suffering. The dollar, as well as the pound sterling, remained at a discount in Spain, for example. Spanish bankers were able to buy drafts drawn on London at a low cost and, after buying dollars with them, in order to obtain a dollar balance in New York, to sell those dollars in Spain for a considerable amount more in pesetas than they had to lay out for the sterling exchange. Under such conditions the importer had to pay twenty-eight instead of nineteen cents for a peseta, and, to cover the difference, he passed it on to the consumer in this country. Before the World War, for instance, Spanish olive oil sold here for between two and three dollars a gallon. By the spring of 1918 its price had risen to eight or ten dollars a gallon. It should be remembered, however, that our embargo on edible oil had something to do with this increase.

To keep American exchange stable during the period of American neutrality, the Bank of England acted in the name and with the united resources of France and the British Dominions. Spain was considered of minor importance, and with her the two Allies acted separately; England with variations of policy and little success, and France failing to profit adequately from her possession of Spanish funds. The same policy of separate action was followed after the United States entered the war. It proved disastrous. The premium of the peseta over the franc became equally prejudicial to the dollar and the pound sterling. It was then suggested that there could be no lasting cure of such a deplorable situation until the financial operations of all the Allies with Spain were united and centralized possibly through an Interally exchange committee, with power to adopt a policy and to enforce its execution.

While discussion of so serious a situation was under way here and abroad, a plan for a Federal Reserve foreign bank was being formulated by the chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. Fear was entertained in some quarters that such a bank would compete injuriously with New York banks engaged in foreign exchange. It was pointed out at the time, however, that the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was already using the Bank of England and the Bank of France as agents and that $52,000,000 of earmarked gold had been transferred from our Federal Reserve System to the Bank of England for the purpose of supporting the pound sterling. It was contended that a Federal Reserve foreign bank could be held no more of a competitor with New York banks dealing in foreign exchange than the Bank of England could be considered in competition with Lombard Street or with the joint-stock banks of London. A Federal Reserve foreign bank would become an institution, its advocates argued further, to which the New York banks could turn for the sale of foreign exchanges when no other market was available. It was recalled, too, that both the Bank of England and the Bank of France handled foreign exchanges.

Then why, it was asked, should not an institution be created for that purpose under the Federal Reserve System, backed by the United States Government? And if, the questions continued, our Government, acting through a Federal Reserve foreign bank, were the only power available to put the dollar back at par; if our Government had the coöperation of the British Government, the French Government and the Italian Government—acting through their agencies, the Bank of England, the Bank of France and the Bank of Italy—in a concerted effort to stabilize foreign exchange, could not the dollar, the pound sterling, the franc and the lira be returned to relative par within a reasonable time and thus compel an agreement that no bank in the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy should pay above a fixed rate for foreign currency?



Although nothing came of the suggestion for a Federal Reserve foreign bank, it is interesting to recall this illuminating page of world history in view of the various plans advanced since the war to insure world-wide stabilization. A number of international economic conferences to consider the subject have been held or proposed. At the Genoa conference of 1922 the calling of a meeting of representatives of banks of issue for the purpose of

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HURRAH FOR PETER

"The Commissioner," Said the Envoy, "Wants You to See Him. He Says He Guesses He Can Manage About the Police-Justice Job"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

DURING his high-school years Peter Case was a prominent member of that debating society which still persists under the name of the House of Representatives. It is modeled as exactly after that national debating society which occupies its great chamber in Washington as it is possible to accomplish, and legislated and still legislates upon all important questions as they arise.

But Peter was no debater. His voice was seldom heard on the floor, and then only briefly, when he made use of a really extraordinary knowledge of parliamentary law. He never was selected as one of the speakers in the annual public debate; but for all that he was probably the most influential member of the society, because he possessed a natural aptitude for manipulation, was an extremely able opportunist, and because he was able to act in imaginary emergencies as if they were actual and momentous.

If he introduced a bill or if he opposed a bill, the measure was not, to him, merely the subject matter of debate. It was an object to be attained or to be defeated. Arguments on the floor rather bored him and forensic eloquence was but a useful screen behind which he might conceal the actual maneuvers by which he obtained his results. And finally, he did not covet glory. Any young man in the society was welcome to all the praise he could win, if Peter, working softly in the background, could wield actual power.

Peter was possessed of a succinct and saturnine humor, which he never paraded in public, but which was dreaded privately; and he was exceedingly interested in human motives and the underlying reasons for human conduct.

But he was no juvenile prodigy, nor was he a grind at his lessons. It merely was that the game which interested him was people and not football. He derived more pleasure from manipulating the election of a football captain or the president of the athletic association than he could from the playing or winning of any game.

So, when he graduated from the high school, it was only natural that he should undertake the study of the law. But he did not go to the state university. He could not afford it, and the number of years demanded was too great to suit his impatience. Therefore he enrolled in the local college of law, an excellent institution in which the local bar took rather more than a paternal interest. It offered a three-year course leading to admission to the bar; its classes were held in the evening, and its instructors were all practicing attorneys who gave their time and their talents to the cause more from love than in return for the nominal honorarium.

For three years Peter attended these classes and by day held a position as student clerk in a law office, which paid him the sum of five dollars each week to run errands and file papers and to look after garnishment proceedings in which corporate clients were involved. He studied enough, but only enough, and was adroit to find excuses to be present in the several courts of the city more frequently than he was in the offices of his employer.

Peter was adept at making acquaintances, so that when the day of his graduation arrived in 1902 he knew personally every judge, justice, recorder on the bench and all the hangers-on in minor positions, from the aged policemen who guarded the doors to the jury commissioners. He was intimate with the staff of the probate office and the county clerk and the recorder of deeds. He knew the coroner and the sheriff and all of the deputies. And he knew the newspapermen.

On the day following his graduation his employer called him into the private office.

"Peter," he said, "you are now an attorney at law. I have watched you for three years. You are welcome to remain in this office as long as you like."

"Thank you, sir," said Peter, who wasted few words, and was given to waiting until the other's intentions were disclosed before he committed himself in any degree.

"As I say, I have watched you. I have no doubt of your ability to get business. My question is: How well will you be able to take care of it when you have got it?"

To this Peter rejoined nothing whatever.

"I have, in short, been unable to determine if you have the legal mind," said the employer. "But I am interested in you, and I have called you in to ask what your plans may be. If any."

"I am opening an office the first of the month," said Peter.

"By yourself?"

"By myself."

"How old are you, Mr. Case?"

"Twenty-two."

"Very young to be facing the responsibilities of legal practice alone."

"If I get stuck, sir, it will be a comfort to know that I can always retain you as counsel."

"A very commendable state of mind. The law is a stern mistress, Mr. Case. It is said of successful lawyers that they work hard, live well and die poor."

"All I ask of her, sir, is that she let me live any way at all for a couple of years."

"Ah, and what then?"

"Then, sir, I shall be able to take care of myself."

It was after this interview that Peter's employer said to a friend at luncheon: "A singular young man. Self-contained. Somehow, though he has shown no brilliance in the law, he impressed me. I am not sure I was right in not holding out to him the prospects of a partnership in the future."

But had a partnership been offered to Peter, to take effect at once, he would have declined. His plans were made; he had in view a definite end, and it was characteristic of him throughout his career that, once he had set himself a goal, he could not be turned aside. Not even if another and more desirable goal endeavored to allure him.

It was the custom in those days for young men to go to church. This, perhaps, was not because their minds were of more serious fiber or their trend more toward religion than today, but because the church was definitely the center of social activities, the source of acquaintanceships and the purveyor of entertainments. The motor car was still in its experimental stages and had not revolutionized the world. The jazz age was almost a generation away, and nice people still boarded excursion steamers to spend the day on some distant island, to return by moonlight. Life moved less rapidly and more genially. Electric street cars were referred to as rapid transit, cigarettes were known as coffin nails and a young man who smoked them was regarded by the best people as fast. Young people, who today are satisfied with nothing less than a jazz orchestra, a high couvert charge and rubbing elbows with the underworld in night clubs, were then pleased to go to church dinners and Masonic dances.

So Peter went to church—to the First Congregational Church, which was not especially stylish, but solid, with a congregation of solid men and women, none of them possessing great wealth or great imagination or far-reaching ambition; but all decent, substantial and exceedingly conservative.

Peter's secondary reason for going to the First Church was Sicily Burt. Sicily was nineteen, rather under medium height and slender, with an extraordinarily splendidly shaped head, which, somehow, attracted Peter more than her unquestioned prettiness of features and fair hair which curled tightly. She was regarded as smart—which is to say that in high school she had always known her lessons—and her family was regarded as distinctly superior. They were well-to-do, pious to narrowness, charitable and cultured. Sicily was always correcting Peter's grammar or his manners. Perhaps this was a pose of superiority, but Peter admitted her superiority; or it might have been a genuine desire to improve him and mold him into a nearer resemblance to her ideal. At any rate, she took pains with him and he liked it immensely.

Every Sunday he walked home with her after church; on Sunday afternoons, in fair weather, they went for long walks with other couples, and on Sunday evenings he actually accompanied her to service, sat with her in the gallery and escorted her home again; to remain until half-past ten o'clock.

They were very serious about themselves and about life in general, though no word of love had passed between them. Possibly it would not pass, but rather, there would be a drifting into understanding and eventually marriage. Other young people laughed at them sometimes for a certain matter-of-factness in their relations and for their choice of conversational topics. At any rate, Sicily knew more about Peter than did any other human being, possibly including Peter himself. He talked to her about himself and his plans, almost without realizing that he was doing so, and he admired her and looked up to her as if she were some sort of superior being. Which she was inclined to admit was the truth of the matter.

She wanted him to practice law and be a great orator, as Daniel Webster was; but upon this point he was stubborn, even though she made it manifest she considered politics to be less than respectable.

"You can't get to be President if you don't go into politics," he argued. "And it's respectable to be President."

She nodded. "Or senator or governor," she admitted. "But don't they just pick out men for those places on account of their being fine men? Senators and governors don't have to hang around saloons and know aldermen and things like that, do they?"

"Everybody has to start," he said.

"But I won't have anything to do with you if you hang around saloons."

He evaded that issue. "I studied a lot to decide where to start," he said. "It's kind of intricate. There are so many jurisdictions and different courts and that kind of thing. You see, here we have the United States District Court, but that judge is appointed. And the referee in bankruptcy, and he's appointed. Then there are the county courts: The five circuit judges and the probate judge and the justices of the peace and the coroner. And then the municipal courts, presided over by the recorder and assistant recorder, and two police judges. You've got to study it all out and see how it works and what to aim for."

"I hope you are aiming for United States judge. That sounds dignified and all."

"I wouldn't be it for anything," said Peter. "No. What I want is to get elected police justice. It's better than any of them to build up from."

"It sounds common," said Sicily.

"It pays thirty-five hundred dollars a year," said Peter. "It's a sort of magistrate's court. You have to try and sentence petty offenders, misdemeanors and that sort of thing, and then you hold hearings on real crimes. If there's a murder, for instance, the police justice has a preliminary hearing to see if there's enough evidence to hold the defendant for trial in the recorder's court. A man can build up a lot of influence."

"It isn't very dignified."

"That depends on the man," said Peter. "Anybody can be as dignified as he wants to—and as is advisable. If you want to build up an organization, that's about the best place to start from. You get a fine start, because you come into contact with all the police and the sheriff's force.

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"Hello, Cap'n," said Peter. . . . "Say, Cap, I Asked About Wilkins and I Don't Know's I'd Lend Him Any Money if I Were You"

First Aid for Mere Millionaires

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

There are Hundreds of Them, and More are Burgeoning Every Day

FIFTY-ODD years ago we Geneseo boys, engaged in a boasting contest with other Western New York lads over the merits and attractions of our villages, always won with the triumphant and awe-inspiring capsheaf to the argument: "Well, we got two millionaires in our town." That clinched it. The opposition slunk away, crushed. Two millionaires! It seemed incredible, but everybody knew it was true, or thought it was—which amounted to the same thing. No other village in that section, in those days, had two millionaires. It is doubtful if any of them had one. And we had two, for all to see and to admire; one living in a great park at one end of Main Street and the other living in a greater park at the other end of the same thoroughfare. They were the richest men in the town, in the county, in any of the surrounding counties, and, possibly, as rich as any in that end of the state. They were cousins who had their fortunes from fathers and forefathers who had pioneered and acquired great land holdings in the beautiful and fertile Genesee Valley and who had increased those fortunes by skillful and intelligent direction of their affairs. In my boyhood days their names were as synonymous with great wealth—in Western New York at least—as the names of Rockefeller, Ford, Baker, Mellon and Vanderbilt are today.

That was more than fifty years ago. My boyish fancy always pictured the fortunes of these men, which were really land fortunes in large part, as vast and almost incalculable stores of money—preferably gold—and though the term "millionaire" was not then in as common use as it is today, the wealth of these men was so enormous compared to the accumulations of any other of our reputed rich men that it seemed impossible they could have any less than a million dollars each—sums which were incomprehensible, beyond even the imaginative flights of a boy who knew what Aladdin could do with his lamp; about Crœsus, King Solomon, the Roman emperors and, coming down to those times, the far-famed Rothschilds. They seemed very rich.

I had no means of knowing exactly how great the fortunes of these men were. I doubt if they were nearly as rich as we thought they were, but they indubitably had so much more money than any others of our so-called rich men that, relatively, at least, they easily maintained distinction as millionaires.

Fortunes That Made Men Famous

THEY symbolized great fortune as our richest men symbolize it today. Our next richest man—and he was very rich judged by the standards of those days—was worth, possibly, a hundred thousand dollars. I remember that one of our most prosperous citizens died, reputed to be high among the financially elect, and he cashed in for forty thousand dollars, which was a lot of money in that period. The point is that these two men, reputed to be millionaires, and with good basis, had great celebration for that fact. They were unique. They stood out. They seemed very rich.

I left my native village in 1886 and went to the neighboring city of Rochester to work on a newspaper as a reporter. Rochester was then a city of, say, eighty thousand—a prosperous, growing, go-ahead place that has since bred millionaires by the dozen. But back in 1886 there were not too many of these affluent residents. There were not six. I doubt if there were four. One man, Daniel W. Powers, had a state-wide reputation for wealth. He built a monument called Powers Block, on one of the four corners of the city, that was celebrated far and wide as a tremendous and awe-inspiring building, and was a fine one, but compared with a skyscraper of these days, seems more or less a hut. He had an art gallery and put up the Powers Hotel, which was the first hotel in Western New York that charged four dollars a day for room and board—an unprecedented sum. He was one of the richest men, if not the richest man in Rochester, and so pointed out. He may have been worth a million dollars, or he may not. But he was very rich by the standards of the 80's. There were two or three others in his class—not more. Millionaires were scarce and celebrated personages in those days.

Later I moved to Buffalo to work on the Buffalo Express. Buffalo was three times as large as Rochester, but if there were more than half a dozen authentic millionaires in that city at that time the wealth of the others was most artfully concealed. There were plenty of rich men, but the meaning of "rich" in 1889 and the meaning of the same word in 1929 presents considerable difference in terms of dollars. During intervening years I worked in various cities in various parts of the country. I was a newspaper reporter and editor, and I knew all about the accredited and, often, actual wealth of the leading citizens of considerable sections of the Central West, the South and the Far West, and had a good, working, news-value knowledge of the distribution of wealth in the East.

There were some millionaires who had the money, and some millionaires who had the name of having the money—not many of either. An authentic millionaire was a person to be looked at with awe and treated with the utmost respect, almost veneration. There were more in New York than elsewhere, of course, and Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and other cities had their comparatively small quotas. A millionaire was a personage, a commanding figure. A million dollars in the control of any one man was an impressive and imperial sum of money—even in New York, where there were Astors and Vanderbilts.

Now look at the common, ordinary things! I live in California. In my rather sparsely settled coast county there are several millionaires who live there permanently and many who have part-time homes there. There are scores in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The other cities, like Stockton, Sacramento, Fresno, Bakersfield, and so on, have plenty of them. Scarce a good town but has one or two, and in Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Montana and New Mexico they are no rarity either. Every one of these states has a flock of them.

And the Middle West and the East—sweet legal tender, but they clutter up the Middle West and the East! Chicago is full of them. New York has them by the hundreds. No other city of any size but boasts its full and overflowing supply, and tucked away in the smaller communities they are to be found in large number. There are few clubs, country clubs, fashionable hotels, golf clubs, big social affairs, big public affairs where one can go in these lush territories without bumping into anywhere from one to a dozen millionaires—real ones, who have the money; multis, indeed—men who have not only one million but ten, twenty, thirty and more.

Gone is the Glory

OFTEN when I am in New York I drop in, of a late afternoon, at the home of a plutocratic friend who entertains lavishly. I frequently have seen there forty men worth more than a million each, and some mighty near the billion mark, milling around and scheming to get more money. Ask them why, and they do not know. But they must have more. It's a disease. I remember meditating upon one chap, incalculably rich—several hundred millions, maybe more. I was trying to assay him by sections, figuring out what each part of him was worth as compared to the sum total of his pile. He has a wen, inconspicuous but indubitable. As nearly as I could come to it, that wen probably could be capitalized and underwritten for about seven million bucks.

Millionaires are common as shoe clerks. There is more distinction in being a good aviator, a good tap dancer, a good ballad singer, a good movie actor, a good story-teller, a good cartoonist, a good actor, a good after-dinner speaker, a good and witty epigram maker, a good bridge player, a good writer, a good golfer, a good playwright, a good columnist, a good reporter, a good prize fighter, a good tennis player, a good ball player, a good athlete, a good polo player, a good orchestra leader, a good saxophonist or a good magician than there is in being just a millionaire now—or a multi, even. The day has gone by when to be worth a million is to be distinctive and celebrated. The world is infested with millionaires, and, especially, that portion of the world embraced within the United States of America. They are not affluently isolated figures standing ostentatiously on rich, golden peaks above their poorer fellows. Nowadays they run in herds.

Thus we come to one of the great social problems of the times, which is: What can a millionaire be besides being a millionaire? What can he do with himself and his money? As has been shown,

his mere money gives him small distinction, because it is no particular trick to get money in these times. Any man with fairly good qualifications as to business acumen, opportunity, environment and nerve can get it, and many do get it who are poorly equipped in these respects, but have other qualities, such as luck, thrift, vision and courage. Luck is a large factor. That statement, of course, is heretical but nevertheless true. Luck—chance—plays a great part in the original accumulation of money in this country. What followed the original luck is another matter, and it is there where the real money-getting skill obtains. Given the tools for getting millions, one man may use them advantageously and another may not, but there still remains the indubitable circumstance that in many instances the tools themselves are automatic.

There are numerous methods for dealing with large sums of money, personally possessed, but, generally speaking, the very rich man takes one of the three broadest avenues that his opulent circumstances present to him. The first is to keep his money and get as much more as possible. The second is to spend large gobs of it and get some personal gratification from the spending. The third is to devote a fair share of it to an intelligent and useful recognition of the responsibilities and obligations the owner of the money owes to the country which gave him the opportunity for his accumulation, and to the community or communities where, specifically, his wealth has been secured.

It would be superfluous to discuss the hoarders. They have been since the first mediums of exchange came into use, and will be until money is abolished. They are congenital, and without the pale of any consideration save a treatise on greed. Hence, for my purposes, millionaires must be divided into two classes and the hoarders set aside.

Two Ways to Tell the World

MEN who know about the distribution of money in this country say we have upward of forty thousand millionaires. These divide definitely into two classes: The millionaires who recognize their responsibilities to the country from which they have drawn their wealth, and seek to utilize a fair share of that money for the public good, who are in the majority; and the men who utterly fail to comprehend those responsibilities and have no other idea than the use of their money for the good, the gratification, the advertisement and the glorification of themselves, the minority who cause the reproach that exists both at home and abroad over certain demonstrations of American wealth.

There have been in this country, and are now, hundreds of very rich men and women who see clearly and thankfully that in a different environment they would have had small fortunes or none at all, and take it as an obligation not to be disregarded, to show, by an intelligent distribution of reasonable portions of their money for the public good, their recognition of their advantages and opportunities, to say nothing of their luck. These grateful recognitions take numerous forms and need not be catalogued here. There are few communities in this country that have not been enriched educationally, artistically, hygienically, and in many other ways by the unselfish contributions of rich men to the general good; and in the larger cities, where wealth naturally concentrates, the lists of such dispositions of money are of great length and represent vast sums given for worthy causes.

Such rich men and women have made up and now make up a large percentage of our millionaires and stand definitely and creditably apart from the other class, to whom my following considerations apply. This other class consists mainly of new millionaires, people who have accumulated their money in the lush ten years since the end of the war. There are hundreds of them, and more are burgeoning every day. Many of them arrived suddenly in millionaire circles. Most of them are not accustomed to money. They do not have the tradition of money. They look on it as a purely personal perquisite, without recognizing any of its obligations or responsibilities, and utilize it for their own aggrandizements. They are mere millionaires.

The impulses of this second class are usually identical. A man gets a million dollars—no matter how—or several millions. It means nothing, so far as his personal celebration is concerned, to keep it locked up in stocks and bonds and investments that pay well. Nobody but the bankers know anything about it if it stays hoarded in banks. Not even the bankers know about it if it is stuck away in safe-deposit vaults. Therefore, as the accumulation of all this money has been the great achievement of the lives of its possessors, the only way to get the worth of it in recognition of this superiority over the common herd is to make a flash with it. Recognition is what is desired. That is the passion of these millionaires. They want their neighbors, their business associates and competitors and the general public to know.

With occasional exceptions, their original procedure is invariable. When they begin showing that they really are millionaires, not merely reputed ones, and frequently then, they mostly do the same things, which may be set down in this usual order:

A. They buy an estate and build a big house on it. "Estate" is a grand word. It connotes money. Dukes and earls, and such, have estates. We always think of dukes and earls, and such, as rich. Often they are not, but in our view they should be. So our millionaire gets himself an estate. Sometimes several. And, more times than not, he puts up a big town house also.

B. Immediately they stuff these big houses with expensive pictures, sculptures, tapestries and furniture, mostly antique, because old stuff, whether genuine or fake—as much of it is—costs more than modern.

C. They stock their cellars with the best procurable wines and liquors.

D. They fill their garages with the highest-priced foreign cars.

E. They lavish money on interior decorators and landscape engineers and gardeners.

F. They buy or build private yachts.

G. They buy private railroad cars.

The International Trait of Materialism

THESE are the ordinary demonstrations of the rich man who feels the urge to step out and show his millions. Most of them begin along these lines. This is about all they can do, as a starter, because these are recognized backgrounds and results of the proprietorship of big money. Right here is the place smugly to emit a paragraph or two about the crudity and money snobbery of the United States, because money is our greatest criterion of success. That is one of the favorite mediums of deprecation of their own country by our large bevy of domestic deprecators. Our English and French visitors are pretty good at it too. And it is all piffle.

Fancy what a bunch of these deplorers of our practicality and our labors would have done if they had been left to develop what is now the United States of America! What would have been the result if the erection of this country had been left to lamenters and mush-headed bewailers of our lack of appreciation of what they term the finer things of life as opposed to the rough and hard practicalities of beginning on the rocky coast of New England and triumphantly pushing to the Pacific in the short time, as compared with the lives of the older countries, that we have taken to establish our supremacy?

That was a practical, a materialistic business. It took practical, hard-fisted, hard-headed men to do it. And they did do it. And they reaped the rewards. Those rewards were primarily material. They made money because they developed the facilities by which money is made, and those facilities comprehended the very mediums by which our great cities and all the vast spaces between were erected, populated and set on the way to the vast progress which is ours.

As for these frequent foreign deplorers of our materialism, when did the esteemed English, for example, cease to consider the getting and accumulation of money as the most desirable feature of their occasions and occupations? What is all this English hullabaloo about dwindling trade, losing the supreme financial position in the world, and similar pecuniary agitation in England based on, if it isn't based on money, the

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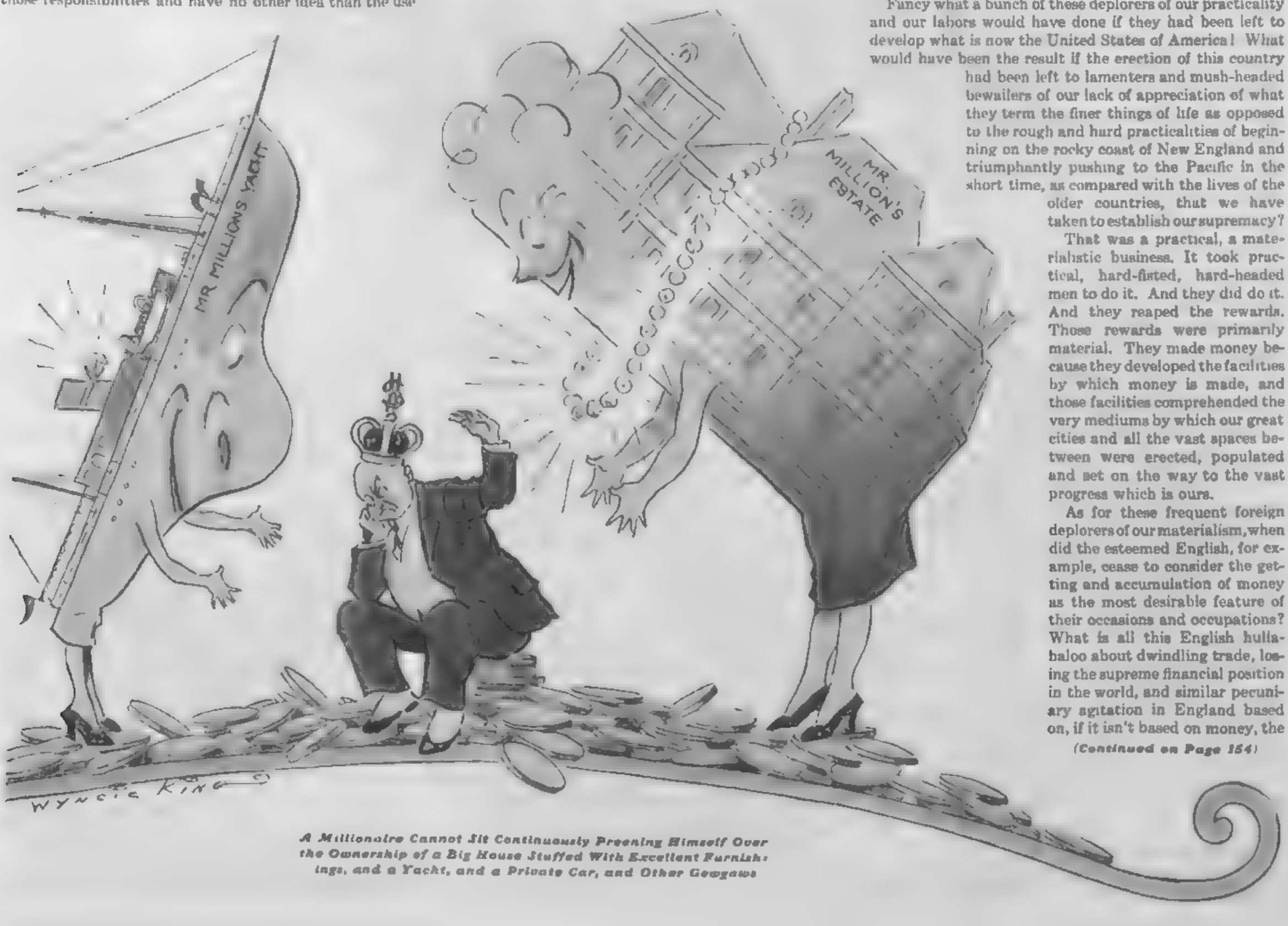
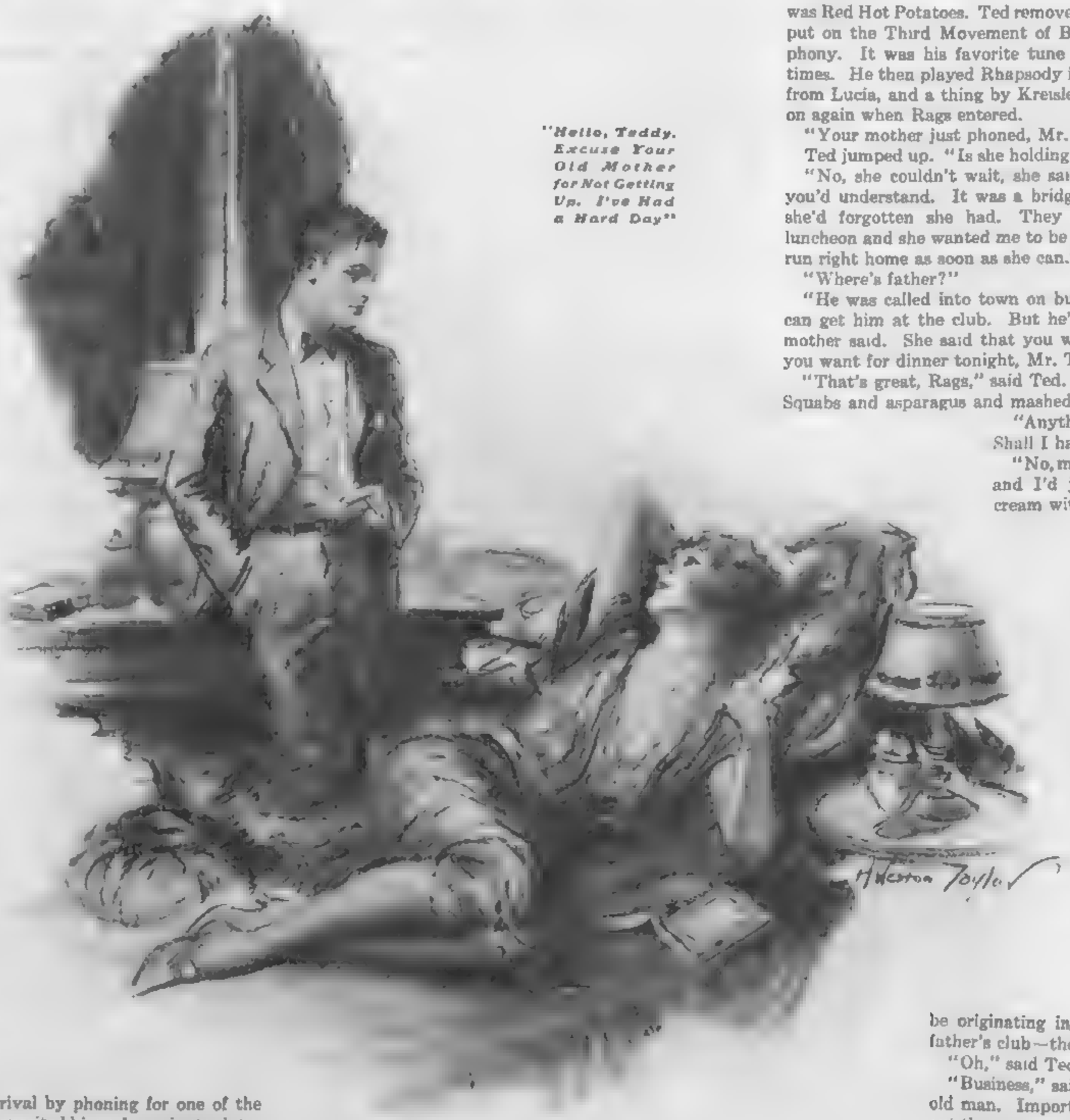


A Millionaire Cannot Sit Continuously Preening Himself Over the Ownership of a Big House Stuffed With Excellent Furnishings, and a Yacht, and a Private Car, and Other Gewgaws

BIRTHDAY

By F. W. BRONSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



"Hello, Teddy. Excuse Your Old Mother for Not Getting Up. I've Had a Hard Day"

TED CRAIG was sixteen and a freshman at Princeton. His seventeenth birthday fell on a Wednesday in October, and Ted thought it would be fun to go home and eat his birthday dinner with his mother and father. As the Craigs lived in Bryn Mawr, Ted could leave Princeton on Wednesday morning and return early Thursday morning, at a total cost of three cuts. It was worth it to give the family a little pleasure.

His decision was a last-minute one, because his roommate had offered the gaudy alternative of a bender in New York and a ride back to college on the milk train. At first Ted had wavered, but late Tuesday evening his sentimental streak had asserted itself, and all interest in the New York bender had evaporated. He merely wanted to go home and spend a quiet day with his mother and father. To give the reunion an added tang, he would just wander into the house and surprise them.

An early start got him to the Bryn Mawr station at 10:30. Rather than spread the news of his arrival by phoning for one of the cars, he hired a taxi that deposited him a few minutes later at the door of the vast Georgian mansion which was home.

Ted dropped his bag in the hall and entered the living room. It was empty. So were the library, the dining room, the sun parlor, the billiard room and the study. He could hear the servants in the kitchen, but that was all.

Upstairs he encountered Rags. At one time Rags had been his nurse. Approaching senility, however, had relegated her to the nominal position of general housekeeper.

"Well, Mr. Ted! What are *you* doing home?"

"Hello, Rags," he said. "I just came home to spend my birthday with mother and father. Have they gone somewhere?" The awful thought occurred to Ted that *they* were surprising *him* by motoring to Princeton. He breathed again when Rags said:

"They're not up yet, Mr. Ted. They were out late last night."

Ted glanced at his watch, whistled, laughed, and said, "Must have been some party, Rags. When are you going to call them?"

"Oh, not for an hour, Mr. Ted. They'll be so tickled to see you!"

"Look here, Rags; I'll just pop into some other clothes and ride for an hour. When mother and father wake up, tell 'em I'll be home in time for lunch. I suppose you haven't eaten all the horses?"

Rags laughed and Ted went on to his room. He was half undressed when someone knocked on the door.

"Mr. Ted? This is Rags. I wanted to tell you happy birthday."

"Thanks," said Ted.

He rode for more than an hour because the day was so fine and because he would have all afternoon and evening with his family. It was 12:33 when he dismounted at the stable and turned the mare over to a groom. The Craigs lunched at one. He had plenty of time.

But there was no one in the living room except Rags. "Aren't they down yet?" Ted laughed.

Then he saw the empty glasses, the bowl of melted ice, the gallon shaker that his father referred to as Big Bertha. Rags was extracting a stain from the carpet with a damp cloth.

"Oh, Mr. Ted, you've just missed them! They were so glad to hear you'd come home and they were so sorry they had this luncheon engagement that they couldn't get out of!"

Ted was disappointed, but he managed not to show it. "I understand perfectly, Rags. It's my own blooming fault for not letting them know I was coming."

"They waited for you as long as they could," said Rags. "There were some other people here, and finally they all decided that if they didn't hurry right along they'd miss out on the cocktails."

Ted glanced at Big Bertha and said, "Oh."

"They're at the cricket club," said Rags. "You might call them up."

"No, I don't want to spoil their fun."

"Your mother said they'd hurry right home, Mr. Ted, as soon as they could decently break away."

"I can wait," said Ted.

He bathed, dressed, and Rags served his luncheon in the vast dining room. It was an excellent luncheon, but Ted didn't enjoy eating it by himself. Afterward he went into the library and turned on the phonograph. The record was Red Hot Potatoes. Ted removed it after a few bars and put on the Third Movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It was his favorite tune and he played it four times. He then played Rhapsody in Blue, the Mad Scene from Lucia, and a thing by Kreisler. The symphony was on again when Rags entered.

"Your mother just phoned, Mr. Ted."

Ted jumped up. "Is she holding the wire?"

"No, she couldn't wait, she said. She said she knew you'd understand. It was a bridge date, Mr. Ted, that she'd forgotten she had. They reminded her at the luncheon and she wanted me to be sure and tell you she'll run right home as soon as she can."

"Where's father?"

"He was called into town on business, Mr. Ted. You can get him at the club. But he'll be home soon, your mother said. She said that you were to order whatever you want for dinner tonight, Mr. Ted."

"That's great, Rags," said Ted. "How about squabs? Squabs and asparagus and mashed potatoes?"

"Anything you say, Mr. Ted. Shall I have cook make a pie?"

"No, mother's not keen on pie, and I'd just as soon have ice cream with maple sauce."

"All right, Mr. Ted," said Rags. "I'll send Billings to market right now."

Alone again, Ted jumped from the Fifth Symphony to the Ninth and played it all through. He was dawdling with a copy of Vanity Fair when the living-room phone rang. Ted answered it.

"Hello? Hello? That you, son?"

"Hello, dad."

"I'm at the club."

The various noises that entered Ted's ear through the receiver could be originating in only one part of his father's club—the bar.

"Oh," said Ted.

"Business," said his father. "Sorry, old man. Important business. I'll get out there as soon as I can."

"Don't hurry on my account."

"Lookit, Ted. I'll get out as soon as I can, see? Meanwhile why don't you tell Rags to give you your presents, see? You can play with them until your mother and I come home."

"Well, if you don't mind ——"

"Not at all, son. And lookit; why don't you call up some friend and ask him in to dinner?"

"Oh, you and mother are all the company I want."

"Well, it's nice of you to say that, old man. I certainly hope I can make it. I certainly hope so!"

"Won't you be home for dinner?" Ted asked quietly.

"Absolutely, son! At least I certainly hope so. You see, we've had this date a long time. I think I can break it, all right. That's what I'm doing now—trying to break it. But I thought that in case—well, it's a business dinner, sort of—at least the couple are my New York broker and his wife, and I'd hate to get them peeved."

"Maybe I'll call somebody up," Ted replied. "Anyway, don't worry about me, dad."

"All right, son. Hope you like your presents."

"I'm sure I will, dad."

Ted found Rags taking a bottle of rye out of the sideboard.

"I forgot, Mr. Ted. Your mother asked me to tell you that if you want a highball to celebrate your birthday you can open this bottle."

"I don't want a drink, thanks. I'm keen to see my presents. Dad says for you to show me where they are."

"Billings was going to take them to you at Princeton, Mr. Ted. Now he won't have to."

Ted seldom forgot that he was one of the world's fortunate young men. He had always had everything that his

heart desired, and the difficulty of giving him presents that would really thrill him was thoroughly appreciated by Ted. He didn't care a hang if they gave him presents or not; a check would do. But his father and mother usually tried to give him a more intimate gift than a check, and this time Ted had done his best to help them out. There were exactly two things that he coveted. One was a sweet little chestnut mare—pride of the Swanee Stables—that Ted had ridden one day and fallen in love with. The other was a particular set of golf clubs belonging to a friend of his—Jerry Spear. Three months' use had convinced Jerry that the clubs were too long, but they suited Ted perfectly. Ted didn't buy them from Jerry on the spot because he thought that his mother would enjoy giving him the set for his birthday. Following Rags out of the side door, Ted felt that he ought to get both of the coveted gifts; he had laid down a barrage of hints in every letter home. Nevertheless, his enthusiasm was fairly spontaneous when Rags led him to the garage and showed him one of the prettiest sport roadsters that had ever come out of Detroit. His initials—T. C.—were on the door, and Billings was rubbing them with a chamois.

"A beauty, Mr. Ted," said Billings.

"Sweetest job I ever saw," Ted replied.

There were eight other cars in the Craig garage, none of which he was allowed to have at Princeton and any of which he could use when he was home. Ted struggled nobly against his selfish disappointment and almost managed to forget a certain cantering stride that fulfilled his highest conception of poetry.

"How does she run, Billings?"

"Smooth as honey, Mr. Ted, and all the power in the world."

"I can't wait to give her a workout."

His mother's gift emerged from the billiard-room closet and proved to be a brand-new set of the finest matched irons that money could buy. Without even removing the brown paper wrappings Ted discovered that the clubs were approximately an inch and a half too short.

He had a longing to get out of the house. He said to Rags: "I'm tickled to death with my presents, Rags. I think I'll drive over to the country club in my new wagon and try out the new sticks."

"What kind of champagne would you like with your dinner, Mr. Ted?"

"I don't care if I have any champagne at all, Rags. It stings my nose. I'd rather have a glass of Sauterne."

"I'll put a bottle on ice," said Rags.

Ted didn't see anyone he knew at the country club. The length of a man's putter is not of vital significance and Ted practiced putting for a long time on the eighteenth green. Somehow the new club didn't work as well as the old aluminum-headed putter that he had bought from the pro at Hot Springs. He thought: "I'll drop some long ones with this baby, once I get the feel of it." Before he started home he removed the brown paper wrappings from the other irons and swung them until their heads were stained with grass.

He took the long road to Bryn Mawr so that he could run up a little mileage on the new car. It was almost six when he got home.

Billings said, "Your father came on the 5:33. He was glad you like the roadster, Mr. Ted."

"Mother home?"

"The Crandalls dropped her off a little while ago."

Ted found his mother on the sofa in the living room. He stooped over and kissed her forehead, noticing that she smelled of mint and Bourbon.

"Hello, mom."

"Hello, Teddy. Excuse your old mother for not getting up. I've had a hard day. You'd think people would know enough not to serve juleps in the middle of the afternoon. The let-down is terrific."

"Did I wake you up?" said Ted. "I'm sorry if I did."

"I wasn't really asleep; just sort of dozing. Anyway, this is your birthday. Happy birthday, ducky. What do you think of the clubs?"

"Just what I wanted," said Ted.

"Wasn't it clever of me to guess that you wanted a set of clubs? I rang up Jerry Spear and asked him what kind to get. He tried to sell me his old ones, but I thought you'd like a new set much better. The man in the store said you can change them if you want to."

"Not on your life, mom. You always give me the best."

Ted liked the way his mother carried her liquor. She could drink ten cocktails and not show it. Lots of older women made fools of themselves when they drank. He was lucky.

"Teddy, dear, there's a decanter of brandy in the sideboard. Let's have a taste of it to celebrate your birthday."

"I don't want one myself," said Ted, "but I'll get some for you. Do you like it with seltzer?"

"No, straight. I'll drink to your good health."

But the drink had a more pronounced effect on Mrs. Craig's health than on Ted's. She visibly revived.

"I suppose you won't be home for dinner?" Ted asked.

"Oh, I certainly hope so!" replied his mother. "But it's certainly too bad that we didn't know sooner that you were coming."

"My blooming fault," said Ted with a grin.

"I asked your father to try his best to get out of it. I hope he has. I haven't seen him since lunch. He's dressing now." Mrs. Craig got up and helped herself to another pony of brandy. "I've got to run along and change now, ducky. There's a new copy of Spur under the table."

His mother went upstairs and Ted heard her talking in a low voice to his father in the upper hall. At twenty after six his father came down. Mr. Craig had a pinkish face and a blond waxed mustache. His Tuxedo fitted him well.

"Hello, son. How did the roadster go?"

"Great, dad. How's everything with you?"

"All Jake with me," replied his father. "Lookit, Ted: we'll have a highball to celebrate your seventeenth."

"I don't really want one," said Ted.

"Nonsense! Don't tell me you haven't started to drink yet! Anyway, you're old enough. Scotch or rye, Teddy?"

"Whichever is easiest."

Mr. Craig produced rye highballs.

"I suppose you're going out?" said Ted.

"Don't see how we can help it, Teddy. But I've talked it over with your mother, and we think it'll be all right if you come with us."

"Lord, no!" said Ted. "I couldn't do that."

"It's all right with us, son."

"No, thanks, dad. But thanks for the bid."

"Have you asked somebody for dinner?"

"Don't worry about me," replied Ted.

"We're not worried," his father said. "We just want you to have a good birthday, that's all. Lookit: here's

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"You Asked Me to Wait for You," Ted Replied Quietly. "Anyway, I Wasn't Sleepy"

SHELLBACK

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE second mate was mad — red-necked, red-eyed mad. He went out of the saloon like a gale of wind, ignoring the captain's quiet request to wait; he blew along to his room, rumbling with curses as a black cloud rumbles with thunder. He fell over a startled cat at his doorsill, burst into the room and savagely tore off his collar. His red neck eased, he hooked his door, cut a pipeful of plug, and got the smoke going freely; then crashed himself down upon the settee and resumed cursing; in adequate words now:

"'Mister Jones,' says he, 'I sympathize with your position, but I can't permit you to forget that I am in command here, and you are second mate. I want to make your position as easy as possible, but you will realize as well as anybody, better than most, having just been in command, that discipline is absolutely essential or the ship cannot go on. Discipline, I must suggest, includes unquestioning obedience to orders.'"

It was a long sentence to repeat with his blood still at boiling point. The rugged old shellback blew smoke until the little stateroom was full of warm reek, and drawing a long breath, went on with his growl:

"He says that to me—me, who had command when he wore safety-pin pants! Wants to make my position as easy as possible! Hell and hard living! And a lot o' snooty young laddybucks just out o' training ship grinning behind their fins at my table manners and my iron collar! Collars and shiny shoes and ——"

The cat crept in through the narrow opening in the hooked door, plaintively mewing, sidling against his leg and looking up at him.

"Hullo, Satan! Clean forgot you, haven't I?" He groped in his coat pocket, brought out an opened tin of milk, his fingers all sticky, and dumped it into the lid of a tobacco tin. He was almost smiling when the cat got its whiskers into the sweet mess. He blew a more tranquil cloud of smoke as he watched the half-starved beast lick the tin bright. By the time his pipe was half burned out he was lying back against the pillows, the cat on his chest, his big, broken, rough hands stroking it as tenderly as a woman might.

At first he had asked for milk for the cat. Refused by the steward, he had successfully stolen a tin from the very table at which his captain had lectured him on discipline. He sank into a placid sleep, chuckling in harmony with the pussy's purr.

Garth Fought to Gain a Kneeling Position, and the Machine-Gun Staccato of a Great Mail Plane Almost Deafened Him

John Jones was up against a tough situation. He was one of the oldest shipmasters in the firm, but, like so many fine old salts, he loved sail and disliked steam so heartily that he stayed in his old bark long after his firm had decided for steam. They had kept that one windjammer for two years after she ceased to do more than pay expenses, simply because of the old skipper. But there came the inevitable day when sheer business policy demanded they let the sailing ship go to the breaker's yard; and there arose the problem of what to do with Jones.

All the firm's steamers were officered by young fellows of the new school—the school of gyro compasses, radio-bearing finders, sonic sounders, power. Jones, as fine a seaman and navigator as the old school ever turned out, knew nothing of these gadgets except what a short session in school had taught him. They could not give him command of a steamer until he had gained experience. And justice forbade giving him seniority over officers who had worked for years in the steamers for command. They did the best they could at the moment by offering him second mate's berth in the Wargrave, with promise of quick advancement as chance offered. He had taken his bursting old heart the dreary round of docks and offices, seeking sailing ships, finding only a few in which desperate old men clung to their berths like limpets. There remained two alternatives—he might quit the sea—he couldn't afford that—he could enter a new employment where he would not have to see familiar youngsters go over his head. It wouldn't be quite so bad among strangers. But then, sanity whispered to him, neither would a new employment be as kindly as an old employer in the matter of promotion.

He had taken the berth, surlily, unthankfully, and his ungraciousness was tolerantly ignored by the owners, who felt warmly toward the old fellow. He had taken up his duties—third in command of a reeking, noisy, soulless steamer—sullenly and offensively; he who had but three months ago brought to port a wracked old bark, ready to fall apart, brought her home with unspoiled cargo by sheer seamanship and bowels. He must "sir" a smooth-faced youngster not more than thirty years old, his captain, who didn't know a spectacle iron from a bull's-eye. He must take orders from a first mate, as smooth and young as the captain, who professed to believe that a catharping was a circus-animal stunt. Junior to him were two callow youths, the ink scarcely dry on their tickets, who called him Noah behind his back, and almost did so once to his face.

"Difficult" was no word for his position. Leaving dock, he was not so uncomfortable; he was stationed aft, on a little bridge all his own, and could fancy himself actually in command. It was when the ship was at sea that his troubles began. In his old bark he had never worn a collar from port to port. He favored slippers. He could take the head of his own table in shirt sleeves. But aboard the Wargrave the officers ate in what they called the saloon—not to be compared with his spacious saloon of old, for all the electric lights and fans—and the captain sat at the head of the table in a uniform, with collar and cuffs and brass buttons, expecting his officers to dress up and eat like gentlemen.

"Just like a lot o' brass-bound snotties at a mission tea!" he told the mate that first night at sea. And youth, offended, had retorted:

"Better that than a collarless stiff getting a handout at a workhouse door, old fellow."

They hurt him, never knowing. He had but one friend, the homeless cat he had carried aboard with him on sailing night, for which he stole like any young monkey of an apprentice, and with all the rich cunning of one. The steward had kicked the cat out of the pantry—once. The flunky didn't live who could face old Jones' eye when wrath lighted it.

He never got used to the tremor of the engines. The ship was modern in every way; her wheelhouse and chart room were of the new order, where as little as possible was left to the human element. He learned the uses of the many gadgets, but never believed in them. The other officers stood watch in a snug glass-inclosed bridge house, with revolving disks that threw off rain or spray and left the vision unhampered even in vile weather. John Jones stood his watch outside, in rain or sleet or blowy

weather, looking straight into the eye of the wind, unwinking.

"You'll find it much more comfortable inside, Jones," Captain Garth suggested one bitter day.

"I didn't come into a steamboat for comfort," snarled Jones, and, with belated grace, added: "Sir."

"Then cut out the comfort and call it efficiency," the skipper said rather sharply. "We move faster in steam than you did in sail, you know. Weather like this calls for perfect lookout."

"Captain Garth, I earned my master's ticket before you were born, in ships that would have broken your heart! I can stand a watch, sir, on steamer or scow, sailing ship or Noah's Ark, and I'll thank you not to question my ability."

Garth had left him then, but at supper that night he took occasion to tell the old fellow before the rest, including the chief engineer, a few home truths. The chief engineer, a bloody oil-can squirter! That hurt old Jones and sent him to sulk in his room and gradually to win peace with his ragged old cat and his spitting old pipe.

One thing Jones did like about the steamer was that she kept her head toward her port, blow high, blow low. As the Atlantic was crossed and fog was added to sleet and the sounding machine was scarcely ever switched off, he did realize that his old bark would have shown up poorly against this sure progress. Radio bearings came in; soundings were not hourly, they were continuous; the position of the ship was never in doubt.

But no human gadget has yet controlled the weather; ingenuity has merely found means of fighting weather efficiently. Old Jones flatly refused to stand his watch inside the glass house, as he called it. It was snowy, blowy and foggy. He stood outside, never flinching from the icy spray, stinging with the added force of a steamer's swift onset. His cheek bones were frozen; ice hung from his lashes. He stood there as grim and dour as his old bark's figurehead in a Horn snorter. Inside the wheelhouse the helmsman stood at the little brass wheel before the gyrocompass, warm, almost somnolent with contentment. Now and then he glanced pityingly at the snow-clad figure outside. In the fore end of the house the two revolving screens kept the glass as clear as a summer sky. But that old shellback was taking no chances. He would depend upon his own tried and proved eyes against all the gadgets ever invented for the bedevilment of sailormen.

Overhead the automatic foghorn blatted at intervals. No sound answered it. The roar of the steamer muted other sounds. And suddenly, like a white ghost of disaster, a deep-laden five-masted schooner rose out of the murk before John Jones' aching eyes without warning, or warning that he heard. He rubbed his eyes. In the old bark he might have had time to rub his eyes, but here was steam. He turned to the helmsman, roaring an order which was never heard. The helmsman, an old steamer hand, saw the white ghost and gave his wheel all it could take. It spun like a top. And the steamer heeled dizzily to the sharp turn. In thirty seconds Captain Garth was in from his room, in pajamas and slippers, alarmed by the heeling and the swift change of course. Jones entered the wheelhouse as the captain did; both stared out over the beam, where the five-master slowly melted into the fog, her sails all shaking, the seas slapping at her black flanks, her crew still wondering why they lived.

When the steamer was straightened out on her course again, Captain Garth stood at the forward glass beside Jones and said, very quietly:

"Mr. Jones, you have just now come near to sinking a ship, perhaps two ships, and losing many lives through sheer fatheadedness. I appreciate all the difficulties of your position. I have told you before that I want to make you feel that you are not just second mate under younger men, but an honored expert in an old line getting a new slant on an advancing profession. But you seem to me to be stubborn. I can't stand that. Now, once and for all, get it into your head that you have to forget all you ever knew. Understand that you are in the age of steam. Your dear old windjammers are of the past—and I'll confess I mourn their passing as you must—but gone they are, irretrievably, and you have a living to make in steam. Toe the mark, Mr. Jones, and I'll live to see you commodore of this line, and my superior. Carry on being stubborn, and—well, I'll have to put you in my report. Sorry."

"Puppy!" growled Jones, the skipper leaving him. But Mr. Jones kept watch for the rest of his four hours inside the glass house, his nose against the revolving screen. And he would not admit that his face was warmer, his eyes less stung. But he told the cat, in his room later, that the weather was breaking, the blizzard dying.

The blizzard did not die. It grew. By four o'clock in the morning, when he went on watch again, the ship was lurching crazily in a howling gale right out of Labrador. Her bows were so laden with ice that she seemed to plunge twice into the same hole. The siren froze. A cadet had to stand by, twitching the cord, to prevent the whole apparatus going out of action. And Jones told himself that now he would see how steamboat sailors behaved in biting weather.

Just before dawn the steamer was stopped. Captain Garth was up and dressed. All around there were sad bleatings of fishermen. Once, when the Wargrave lay without forward motion, rolling her insides loose on a furious sea, a ramping liner snored by at thirty knots, blaring death and destruction, shouldering seas and ships aside as a plow turns a furrow. Somebody bawled whiplash opinions at the master of a steamer that would stop her engines there. On the semismooth of her wake a blurred craft staggered, helpless in the momentary deprivation of wind. Two shadowy masts, with a black patch of riding sail, marked the blur for a fisherman; then it vanished with the liner; the Wargrave steamed slowly ahead.

"Something ought to be done about these mail boats barging through it at top speed," Garth muttered nervously.

"Aye, that's steam!" growled Jones. "Maybe you'll command one that'll make forty knots some day, sir. It's no wonder you need spinning windows to look through. I'll advise ——"

The crow's-nest telephone rang. Garth never did hear what Jones would advise. The lookout's voice came through, anxiously:

"Small boat right under the bows, sir!"

"Full speed astern!" Garth said quietly, and Jones yanked the telegraph handle over. The old shellback was

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"You've Killed Us All! Remember That When You're Passing Out!"

Precedence: A Near Tragedy

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

CHARACTERS

J. SHARPWOOD CREIGHTON, *Chief of the Ceremonial and Precedence Bureau of the Protocol Division of the Department of State.*

LOLA MONTGOMERY, *Secretary to the Chief of the Ceremonial and Precedence Bureau.*

HERBERT LADDER, *Assistant Chief of the Ceremonial and Precedence Bureau.*

WALDRON VAN PLANK, *Dinner Table Expert of the Ceremonial and Precedence Bureau.*

MRS. GEORGE RUNNIMEAD, *cousin of the Secretary of Morals,* ELBERT YESSWELL, *of South Michigan.*

MRS. ZELMA FLANOLIN, *sister of* SENATOR HOLLYSTONE, *of North Indiana.*

PRANCE ICHOR FRENETIC, *the Bessarabian ambassador*

MALCOLM D. TRUELOOK, *Secretary Treasurer of the Janitors' League of America*

TWO FIREMEN.

THE SCENE is laid in the main office of the Ceremonial and Precedence Bureau of the Protocol Division of the Department of State in Washington, D. C., an airy, high-ceilinged room whose walls are almost completely filled with unusually large filing cabinets and oddly shaped diagrams evidently intended to represent dinner tables. On each side of the filing cabinet that fills the middle portion of the back wall are two rows of marionettes so constructed that they can be inserted in small holes. The rims of the dinner tables in the diagrams are dotted with such holes. The diagrams are labeled: State, Formal, Very Formal, Informal and Intimate.

A door, L, opens into a corridor of the State Department. Another door, R, opens into a waiting room. MR. CREIGHTON'S *desk, chastely decorated with seven books on etiquette and a single white carnation in a silver vase, stands in front of the largest filing cabinet, C. Miss Montgomery's desk guards the door into the waiting room, R.*

The time is four P.M. *on a dark afternoon in March, 1949.*

The rising curtain discloses MR. CREIGHTON *at his desk, which is of the open-front type, and shows him to be a distinguished-looking gentleman with a monocle, small white mustaches, a vast expanse of cuff, a cutaway and white spats. His face is bowed in his hands, so that he seems to be in despair.* MR. LADDER *and* MR. VAN PLANK *are standing together before the dinner-table diagram labeled Formal, watching* MR. CREIGHTON *and pretending to be busy with a handful of marionettes, which they idly move from one hole to another in the diagram. As the curtain ascends, the telephone rings.* MISS MONTGOMERY *answers, looking apprehensively at* MR. CREIGHTON *as she does so.*

"What I Say Is, Mrs. Runnimead's Father's Wife Is the Sister of Mrs. Runnimead's Father's Brother"

MISS MONTGOMERY *(briskly):* Ceremonial and Precedence speaking. *(She listens.)* Yes, yes; I understand! Your butler was once the butler of the King of Sweden. Yes. *(She listens again.)* I see. You wish to know whether he ranks the butler of the Assistant Secretary of State. Ah—ah yes, just a moment. . . . No, no; I don't mean yes. Please hold the line! *(She looks helplessly toward* MR. CREIGHTON.)

MR. VAN PLANK *(in a violent whisper):* Visiting Royalty!

MISS MONTGOMERY *(turning to the telephone in obvious relief):* I am very sorry, Mrs. Gladby, but we cannot give a ruling on that. . . . No. That comes under Visiting Royalty. . . . Yes, the Bureau of Visiting Royalty. Branch 47. We do not handle Visiting Royalty. Please ask Central to connect you with Visiting Royalty. *(She hangs up quickly and gingerly, as though she expected the receiver to bite her.)*

MR. CREIGHTON *(raising his face from his hands and staring around the room in a hunted manner):* I tell you that the situation has become impossible! Intolerable! Whenever, at the beginning of a new Administration, we make a ruling, we run the risk of a congressional investigation! *(He rises and paces up and down the office in silent perturbation.)* If we are investigated we are helpless! How can I prove that the sister of the Moldavian ambassador should follow the wife of a cabinet officer instead of preceding her? I cannot prove it! Why is the wife of the Commissioner of Unrelieved Farmers obliged to sit farther from her hostess than the cousin of the Chargé d'Affaires of Lividonia? Can I convince a congressional investigation committee that it is necessary? Not if the committee does not wish to be convinced! I tell you that our reputations, built up through years of effort, might be shattered at one fell swoop by an investigating committee! I can stand the strain no longer! I shall resign!

MR. LADDER *(aghast):* Notresign, chief!

MR. CREIGHTON *(gesturing feebly with his hands, as though dropping an imaginary feather bolster to the floor):* Yes, I shall resign!

MR. VAN PLANK: The whole city will be in a turmoil, chief! Some officials won't be able to dine out at all, chief, unless you are here to tell them where to sit!

MR. CREIGHTON *(inflexibly):* I tell you I shall resign! Doyouthink I would permit a congressional investigating committee to dictate to me where the female relative of any official shall be seated at a dinner table? *(His wandering eye lights on the diagram before which* MESSRS. LADDER *and* VAN PLANK *have been idling. He stares at it, horrified; then whirls on the two young men. His air of depression has vanished.)* What is this? The Yesswell dinner?

MR. LADDER *(timidly):* We have made no serious attempt to do the seating, chief.

MR. CREIGHTON *(sarcastically):* Serious! *(He laughs bitterly.)* Do you see what you've done? You've seated the Chief Justice of the United States ahead of an ambassador! You can't do that, not even in play! Don't you realize that anyone might come into the office and see this awful thing? Anyone! He wouldn't know but what it was done seriously!

MR. VAN PLANK *(contritely):* Sorry, chief! I was equally to blame. We were merely playing with the figures.

MR. CREIGHTON *(in solemn tones):* Never play with the figures! Never! Suppose a newspaper person had seen your arrangement. He might have taken it in good faith and made it public! It might have affected the stock market! It might have wrecked our foreign relations! It might have embarrassed the President! For goodness' sake, boys, be careful. Let the figures alone until you are ready to use them properly! Don't play with the figures! Where is this Yesswell woman, anyway? What does she mean by inviting an ambassador and the Chief Justice of the United States to the same dinner? What's the matter with her? Is she crazy?

MR. LADDER: Her name isn't Yesswell, chief! It's Runnimead

MR. CREIGHTON *(dropping heavily into his chair):* Don't tell me she's —

MR. LADDER *(sadly):* Yes, chief. He's not married. She's his cousin. She's doing the entertaining for him, and they're both of them fresh from Whitefish City, South Michigan

MR. CREIGHTON *(hiding his face in his hands once more):* Shades of John Hay! Have we got to go through this again with a cousin! Has she any encumbrances?

MR. LADDER: She has a twenty-year-old son.

MR. CREIGHTON *(more cheerfully):* Oh, well! He can stay home and answer the telephone.

MR. VAN PLANK: No, chief! She won't dine without him. And the secretary won't dine without her. You know how people feel about getting on the bad books of the Department of Morals. It's one of those damned things, chief!

MR. CREIGHTON *(wearily, to* MISS MONTGOMERY): Get her on the telephone, Miss Montgomery, whatever her name is. *(He looks at his watch impatiently.)* See if you can't get her down here. We have another half hour before it's time to go home. By Jove, I don't know what the world's coming to, with sisters and cousins forcing themselves on hostesses as though they had a right! *(He squares his shoulders and thrusts out his jaw.)* This thing has got to be faced if we don't want our entire system of government crumbling around our ears! *(He growls ferociously and displays another inch of cuff.* MISS MONTGOMERY *busies herself with the telephone.)* No, boys; I won't resign! I'll see this thing through, even though I'm investigated by everyone, from the Senate and the House down to the Federal Trade Commission.

MR. LADDER: Good for you, chief!

MR. CREIGHTON *(briskly):* All right! Let's get at the Yesswell dinner right away. And I want all the sisters of the last Administration cleaned out of the filing cabinets. Throw away Mrs. Bowlinbrook and Mrs. De Gless and Mrs. Humperstone and Mrs. Groosbeck and the sister of the Secretary of Education and the aunt of the Chief of Submarine Strategy of the Navy. Thank heaven, we don't have to seat these women again! I don't ever want to see their faces or hear their names! Take them out of the filing cabinet at once and dump them in the wastebasket.

MR. VAN PLANK: They're out, chief. I took them out on the fourth of March.

MR. CREIGHTON *(savagely):* There ought to be a law that nobody can come to Washington unless he's married to a regular wife in good standing. *(He grows more excited.)* It's getting worse and worse, I tell you! Unless they amend the Constitution so that relatives don't count, you'll see the day when a divorced wife's cousin will claim to outrank the wife of the Secretary of State! Why, if I had my way ——

MISS MONTGOMERY *(sympathetically):* Mr. Creighton, we've got to have your help on the Yesswell dinner, and you remember what happened the last time you got on the subject of a constitutional amendment against sisters and cousins. You almost broke a blood vessel.

MR. CREIGHTON *(less violently):* I know, I know; but it's a terrible situation.

MR. VAN PLANK: Horrible; and this Yesswell dinner isn't so good, either.

MR. CREIGHTON *(apprehensively):* What do you mean?

MR. VAN PLANK *(taking a deep breath):* She invited three ambassadors.

MR. CREIGHTON *(screaming):* What! Three ambassadors! She can't have three ambassadors! Nobody can have three ambassadors! I won't let her have three ambassadors! The woman's mad! I won't stand it! I'll resign! *(He makes unintelligible sounds, and pants heavily with excitement.)*

MISS MONTGOMERY *(who has been dallying with the telephone):* Just a moment, Mr. Creighton, Mrs. Flanolin is in the outside office to see you.

MR. CREIGHTON: There's another one of them! Who is it that she is? I never can remember! Get me her card, somebody! (MR. LADDER *quickly opens a drawer of the filing cabinet, pulls out a card and hands it to* MR. CREIGHTON.)

MR. CREIGHTON *(perusing the card):* Yes, Zelma Flanolin. Sister of Senator Hollystone of North Indiana! H'm! Yes, yes, I remember! A very interesting case. Wife of Arthur Flanolin, manufacturer of artistic fountains and bathtubs. H'm! Yes, yes! A delightful lady. Charming about her husband, too, as I recall. Hostess for the secretary, but leaves the husband in Twisted Bend, Indiana. H'm! Yes—yes yes! *(He smiles pleasantly and hands back the card to* MR. LADDER.) Show her in at once. H'm! H'm, H'm!

[MISS MONTGOMERY *murmurs into the telephone transmitter,* MR. CREIGHTON *adjusts his cuffs,* MR. VAN PLANK *fingers his tie, and* MRS. ZELMA FLANOLIN *enters, R.* MRS FLANOLIN *is dark and slender, and wears a hat that totally conceals her left eye, so that by the law of compensation the right eye is doubly effective. She seems, at first sight, to wear no stockings, but this question cannot be definitely settled without a close inspection of her legs. She greets* MR. CREIGHTON *effusively, and waves her hand negligently but flatteringly at* MR. VAN PLANK *and* MR. LADDER

MRS. FLANOLIN: So sorry to break in on you at this time of day, dear Mr. Creighton, but I know I can always count on your sympathy. I think sympathy is one of the most precious things in life—yes, and one of the rarest, too, I often tell Senator Hollystone. (MR. CREIGHTON, MR. VAN PLANK, MR. LADDER, MISS MONTGOMERY *and* MRS. FLANOLIN *laugh amiably and understandingly.)*

MRS. FLANOLIN *(continuing):* Your office always seems so—well, what the Italians call *simpatico.* (MR. CREIGHTON, MR. LADDER *and* MR. VAN PLANK *laugh indulgently and exude sympathy.)*

MR. CREIGHTON *(urbanely):* You're very kind! *(He laughs a gentle, appreciative laugh.)*

MRS. FLANOLIN *(shooting him a baby stare out of her one exposed eye):* Oh, really, no! It's the simple truth. *(She laughs an unaffected, girlish laugh, whereupon all the others also laugh as gayly as possible.)*

MR. CREIGHTON *(clearing his throat,):* Ah—I hope the senator is well?

MRS. FLANOLIN *(who has been casting her eye around the office):* Yes —— Oh, what dinner is that? *(She points to the diagram labeled Formal.)* Is that the Yesswell dinner?

MR. CREIGHTON *(staring at the diagram as though he had just discovered it):* Why, I believe it is.

MRS. FLANOLIN *(tensely):* Mr. Creighton, something has got to be done about this Yesswell business. You wouldn't believe the things they're saying, Mr. Creighton! Why, Mr. Creighton, you absolutely can't get a word out of anyone except about this Yesswell business, and Mrs. Runnimead —I don't know whether you've met Mrs. Runnimead yet, but it's perfectly awful—at least, that's what everyone says, and I think so too—perfectly awful the way she comes here from South Michigan with Secretary Yesswell and that son of hers without ever having given a dinner for more than twenty people in her life, and wants to break right in with everyone just as if she was a wife, or was the whole thing socially and had a perfect right, or was in line for the White House, or something like that. I can't tell you, Mr. Creighton, how many people I've heard say they simply will not ask her and that son of hers to anything they give. The secretary, yes, but not Mrs. Runnimead. Well, I just wish you could hear them talk!

MR. CREIGHTON: But the secretary's hostess is entitled —

MRS. FLANOLIN: Now that's all nonsense, Mr. Creighton, and you know it. A secretary's hostess, especially a cousin, is entitled to nothing at all. I suppose you'll say a cousin is little worse than a sister and maybe just as good, but I want to remind you, Mr. Creighton, that my brother, Senator Hollystone, has a very influential position in this city. You know very well that he has been put on the Committee on Foreign Loans and Reparations, and will exert a great influence with the most prominent people socially among the diplomatic set. You know very well that if the senator said the word, he could keep anyone out of getting invitations to the very nicest embassies. You know that, Mr. Creighton!

MR. CREIGHTON *(helplessly):* Yes, I know, but ——

MRS. FLANOLIN *(serenely):* Well, of course, that's neither here nor there, but I want to remind you that my position and Mrs. Runnimead's are entirely different. You know very well that I went everywhere, not only in Twisted

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"These, Then! What 'ave I Discover These Morning? I Have Learn About These Yesswell Dinner!"

THE RIVER ROAD

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

BIANCA D'OENCH. Bianca D'Oench. He had never seen her, but he had followed her half over the world. At Vevey he had missed her by three days. She had motored down into Italy with friends. At Milan she had gone on to Naples; at Naples she had gone back to Paris. Bianca D'Oench. He had never seen her, but her name haunted his thoughts, sounded in his ears, was typed on his list, was written across his horizon. Bianca D'Oench. She must be lovely, with a name like that. She must be lovely and kind. She had sailed for America when he reached Paris. At New York he lost all trace, but his agents would certainly locate her by morning. In the meantime the Drummonds were giving a dinner tonight. He might as well go. Lucy Cram would be there.

If it weren't for this fixed idea of his, if it weren't for his restlessness, his driving conscience, his sense of never being able to catch up with his list, he might do worse than settle down and marry Lucy Cram. Lucy would be quite willing. For he was very rich.

The Drummonds were easy and amusing young people. There was no sense of strain. If someone at a dinner of theirs wished to get up and shout, he got up and shouted. If someone wished to play ping-pong in Joe's studio, over Joe's priceless rugs, in front of Joe's cabinets of priceless glass, he played ping-pong. And there was no sense of strain. Tonight it was a very easy dinner. Everyone did as he pleased. The tablecloth was pale green crêpe de chine and there weren't any flowers, but gold baskets, set at intervals down the length of the table, held great clusters of grapes in pale green and amber and purple, and spilled them out over the cloth. Mimi was using her gold service plates. It must be a very special dinner. Lucy Cram, just across from him, had smiled and kissed her hand to him and waved her cigarette, but she hadn't really looked at him. She had looked at the girl beside him.

"But, Bee-chee," Lucy Cram was saying incredulously to the girl beside him, "you don't know how to scrub."

"One can learn, can't one? All one would need would be a pail and a brush and hot water and intelligence. Perhaps soap also. I do not know. For the last year she has been eating her pearls."

"But one can't eat pearls."

"One can eat snails. Quantities of people do and like them," said the girl beside him.

"But, Bee-chee, there must be some money somewhere."

"There is plenty of money everywhere, but I and my grandmother have it not," said the girl beside him indifferently.

"But, Bee-chee," cried Lucy Cram in horror, "whatever can you do?"

"Scrub," said the girl beside him, shrugging.

He glanced down at her hands crumbling a roll. They were small and brown and slim. They were tense and keyed up and nervous. They were pink-tipped and ringless and useless. Bee-chee—Bee-chee Bice—Bianca. He hadn't looked at her. From the moment of hearing Lucy Cram say her name he had not dared to look.

"But, Bee-chee, your dress—it's lovely."

"It grew on a tree," said the girl beside him indifferently. "Walking along the Rue de la Paix I saw it one day growing on a tree."

"Bee-chee, you never made it yourself!"

"I pinned it on myself; Seraphine did the sewing up. It's really nothing but black tulle. The gold stars are just woven in, not embroidered. I do not create stars. It cost all of twenty dollars."

"You might design something for me," said Lucy Cram thoughtfully, her head on one side.

"Oh, Lucy—Lucy, darling—it is good enough for that?" said the girl beside him with a lift in her soft, tired voice, with a coming to life in her voice, with hope, with something more than hope. "You are not kidding me? You are not just being kind?"

"When it comes to clothes," said Lucy Cram thoughtfully, her head on one side, "I am not kind. . . . Terry, don't you like that dress?"

"I haven't looked at it," he said.

"Look at it now," said Lucy Cram. "You must know Bianca D'Oench—or don't you? She and I went to school together in Vevey. She has just come home with the Hapgoods. She hasn't a penny. Some dirty dog has swindled her out of everything. She's got to scrub, or design, or marry. Would I look well in a dress like that?"

"I am Feudal. I, Too, Fight for My Own"

"No," he said briefly, looking at the dress.

"Do not attend to him, Lucy," coaxed Bianca D'Oench across the table. "He is merely big and stupid. He uses the wrong fork. He spills things on poor Mimi's beautiful cloth. In white with silver crescents, you would look like Lady Moon herself, floating above us all."

"Design me one exactly like yours in white and silver," said Lucy Cram instantly, "and I will pay you fifty dollars."

"So," said the girl beside him softly, turning to him at last, snapping her fingers in the air before him. "So, mister, I design. I do not scrub."

She was a dark girl—a smoldering, gypsylike dark girl with a beautiful mouth. Her hair was close and shining and black. Her eyes were brown and shining and defiant. Her small nose was haughty. Her black lashes curled up. Bianca D'Oench. Bianca D'Oench. She was everything in the world but kind.

"It pleases you to stamp on things with your great shoes," continued the girl beside him calmly—"hopeful little ambitions, busy little ants hard at work trying to feed their grandmothers. Above all other varieties of men, I dislike large, stupid, masterful, blond young ones who stamp."

"Where is your grandmother?" he asked, looking across the table at Lucy Cram, but not seeing Lucy Cram.

"At our place in the country. All of it is closed except for one wing. The roof of the back pantry falls in. Seraphine sets out a row of hopeful buckets and when it rains their hopefulness is rewarded."

"Where in the country?"

The girl beside him arranged three forks on the crêpe-de-chine cloth. "The village. The river road. Our house at the end of it."

"What village?"

"It is curious that you should be interested."

He looked at her. "Not curious," he said. "What village?"

"Little Falls. Upstate. A watery neighborhood."

"When may I come to see you?"

She sat for a moment. She had repose. She had poise, deliberation. She was not in a hurry.

"I have chattered too much with you," she said with a sigh, "and you have misunderstood. I had forgotten that the American viewpoint is so much more direct. Most of my life has been lived abroad. I have only been at home for a week."

"At Vevey," he said, "I missed you by three days; at Milan by two. I almost caught up with you at Naples. I lost you again in Paris. Who could conceive that you would not be at hotels? Do your friends live only in villas and on yachts?"

She sat for a moment and then she looked across at Lucy Cram.

"Lucy Cram," she called softly, "is this young man here beside me quite all right in his head or is he handing me out a sweet line?"

"Can you conceive," called back Lucy Cram, "of John Fielding's son not being quite right in his head?"

"John Fielding," said the girl beside him softly. "John Fielding's son." She sat for a moment and then she turned toward him swiftly. She looked at him. Her face was very pale. Her mouth was scornful. Her brown eyes looked at him and through him. "So," she said, smiling a little, "you are John Fielding's son—that ditch digger—that thief. It is you I have to thank for spoiling my grandmother's life, for spoiling my life. My grandmother is old and ill and—and withdrawn. Through a long life she has been used to her comforts. She has gone without her comforts to keep me in school—to keep me happy, not knowing." Her small brown hand clinched itself on the table beside him, pounded on the table softly and was still. "All this so unnecessarily; in order that you and yours might roll in more clover—in more—in more ——"

"My father was an honest man," he said.

"Honest?" She laughed. "Within the law, perhaps. But what did he know of honesty when he sold my father Blue Mountain? What did he know of friendship?"

"He believed in Blue Mountain himself. He believed in it utterly. He gave his expert knowledge to the best of his ability. Anyone, even an expert, can make a mistake.

Your father made a mistake when he put all his eggs in one basket."

She looked at him quietly and then she stood up. He stood up also. She pushed back her chair. It was an easy household. No one noticed them

"I need not sit here beside you any longer," she said. "I need not listen to you. No one can compel me. Mimi will not care."

"Go if you like," he said, looking down at her, "but some day you will listen. Some day you will sit beside me."

She laughed. Turning away from him, she walked up the length of the room and he walked with her. She waved to Mimi at the head of the table and Mimi waved back. Mimi did not care. Outside in the hall she spoke to him again.

"Please go away," she said over her shoulder. He said nothing. He walked beside her. He was impassive. He was white. He stood while she spoke to a maid. He stood while the maid brought her wrap. She smiled at the maid and talked with her a little. The wrap was beautiful. She was beautiful. Her head rose from a white fur collar. The wrap was opulent. It didn't look poor. It didn't look as if it had grown on a tree. On the steps outside she spoke to him again.

"Please go away," she said over her shoulder. He did not answer. He walked beside her without his overcoat, without his hat. The spring night was cold. There was rain in the air. Lights glistened on damp pavements. Her slippers were black satin with great strass buckles. They had not grown on a tree. At the end of the block she stopped suddenly. She turned to him in exasperation.

"You spoil my life," she said, "but you are not satisfied with that. You must spoil my evening also. I am not walking to Little Falls."

"Where are you walking to?"

"Any place that is away from you."

"There is no such place."

"There are plenty. The Happgoods. The Trevors. Mimi. I could go to a hotel. I have eight dollars."

"You have over half a million dollars with the interest."

She laughed. "Please go away. I shall take a taxi from here, I think. My slippers are getting wet. They are my best slippers and these are my great-aunt Valeria's paste buckles. They are very good buckles indeed."

"We will take a taxi together."

She glanced up at him. "A well-bred man does not force himself upon anyone," she said.

"I am not well-bred. My father began as a miner. He carried a dinner pail. But he was an honest miner. . . . We will take a taxi together."

She shrugged. She stood beside him on the curb. She looked at her slippers. It was beginning to rain. He hailed a taxi. He held open the door for her. When she got in he followed her.

"The garage on Fifty-fourth beyond Lexington—the one with the electric sign."

"Sure," said the driver.

Raindrops against the windows. Lights against the windows. Lights against the sky. Lights up and down drenched streets, reflected in the mirrors of wet pavements. She sat in her corner, he sat in his.

The garage was half lighted, deserted, cold. In the far corner a car was being washed to the accompaniment of a cheerless whistle. From the far corner came the sound of water running. Outside the rain poured down. The girl, wrapped in her furred coat, leaned back against a pillar and closed her eyes. "Come into the office," said Fielding, looking down at her. "There's a gas heater there."

He Was Young, Pathetic, Heartbreaking. He Took Things So Hard

"A pleasant neighborhood," she said, leaning back, not opening her eyes. "Gas heaters. Offices. You have a good job here?"

"I haven't a good job anywhere. I'm a mining engineer. I had a good job in China until my father died. Come into the office and I'll take off your slippers."

"Please go away," she said, opening her eyes to look at him, closing her eyes again

"Not until I've said some things."

"Say them and go away."

"Not until I've made you comfortable, warm, happy."

"By taking off my slippers. You are amusing with your ideas—so young, so naïve, simple-minded."

"Are you coming into the office with me?"

"No," she said briefly, shrugging. So he picked her up and carried her into the office. He set her down in a chair before the gas heater. He took off her wet slippers and set them close to the gas heater to dry. He rubbed her small feet with his handkerchief. He rubbed them thoroughly, vigorously, frowning down at them meanwhile. And when he had finished he brought a leather cushion from one of the chairs and set her small feet upon the leather cushion before the gas heater. Then he walked out of the office and closed the door behind him.

The girl sat in her chair and looked at her slippers and at the leather cushion and at the gas heater and at her own

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"You! You are Afraid to Say Your Things!" She Was Scornful. She Was Pale, Enchanting

YOUR NECK'S OUT

By W. Thornton Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

SITTING on his shoulder blades, Ol' Candy closed his ears to the continuous static of the noise behind the chapter house, and waited passively for the barber-shop feeling to come back. Having a barber fool with his face and put hot towels on his skin did something to him. The hot towels shut out the world and shut him in. He liked to pretend he was in the chair at the Greek's.

Sometimes he had the feeling that he was a disembodied spirit and that he had left his body lying in state in the Greek's chair and had gone floating around on an astral plane. He made a sort of game out of it. He could lie there and plan something for his astral self to do, and let it go and do it. It was, he felt, right much fun. It relaxed him and he could forget that the brothers thought he was queer and Bolshevik.

When he tried it out at the Greek's, the Greek would jerk his chair upright, smack him in the face with a brushful of talc, and yell "Next" in his ear, while his head was about three feet below the bottom of a big silver cloud. But in his room it was different. He could really reach the cloud in his room.

The cloud enveloped him pleasantly and rolled around him. Presently he was aware of a giant telegraph instrument clack-clacking away somewhere. The clacking grew in volume and took on a hollow, wooden note. Its sound was magnified by the mist and became louder and more imperative. The cloud dissolved. The noise was nothing but somebody knocking on the door of his room.

"C'min," he said.

The knob turned, and a crowd of brothers came in. Joe Murphy came in and Pete Nutting, George Clarke and Mel Bishop followed him. They wore the sheepish air of men who felt that they were just about to be disagreeable in a worthy cause. Ol' Candy looked up with indolent inquiry. These, he recognized, composed the Omega Lambda committee on campus activities. They had brought in with them a distressing suggestion of earnestness and purpose and, still less welcome, of effort.

They all said, "Hi there, Candy," and ranged themselves around the room. George leaned against the bureau with his elbows parked on its edge. He put out the cigarette Ol' Candy had left there in a black groove in the wood and put his elbows back again. Joe and Pete sat on the edge of the bed. Mel sat on the floor.

"Well, Brother Covington, we want to talk to you—talk frankly," he said.

Ol' Candy looked at him. He could feel another argument coming on. The stubborn feeling that came to him when the brothers worked out on him came back and took the place of the barber-shop feeling. He didn't want to argue. He wanted to get back into his cloud.

"Um-m," said Ol' Candy.

"What we want to know—that is, the chapter wants us to ask you—is when are you going to quit loafing around and get out and do something on the campus? You came up here to Rollicksburg with a swell prep-school rep, and since you've been here all you do is shoot pool and fool around. We just want to say we don't think you are getting anywhere, Brother Covington, and you're not doing the house any good, that's a cinch. Here we all are out sweating for old Omega Lambda and working like sin, and you just sit around and don't seem to care whether school keeps or not. We'd just like to say we don't like your attitude, Brother Covington, and the chapter has asked Brother Murphy, Brother Clarke, Brother Nutting and myself to talk to you frankly about it and tell you what we think about things."

Everybody looked at Ol' Candy. Everybody evidently expected him to say something. Ol' Candy took a deep breath.

"Um-m," he repeated.

"Well, we just thought we'd tell you."

"Mighty white," admitted Ol' Candy.

Mel took out a cigarette. He offered one to Ol' Candy. Ol' Candy took it and allowed Mel to apply the lighter flame. A big whorl of smoke floated admirably without propulsion to the ceiling.

Mel said: "Well, we just wanted to find out how you felt about it."

Ol' Candy let smoke settle comfortably in his lungs.

"You're not going out for anything?"

"No."

"Being a lizard suits you, does it?"

Ol' Candy looked at him. They were trying to get him sore. "Sure," he said. "Being a lizard's my meat. I'm a swell lizard."

"Expect to be a lizard all your life?"

"Um-m."

Out of the Corner of His Eye He Could See Her Looking at Him Over Her Glass

There didn't seem to be any answer to that, so Mel stood up. The others stood up too.

"Well, Brother Covington, we're sorry you feel like that about it. Maybe we haven't made ourselves very clear. Maybe you're sensitive about it."

"Maybe I am."

"Well, think it over."

The argument made him tired, and he hated to be tired.

"We think you are wrong."

"Prob'ly am."

"Well, maybe we'd better let you think it over some more."

"Maybe you had."

The door closed. He thought languidly of brilliant and cutting repartees he might have used if it hadn't been too much trouble to phrase them.

Outside it was beginning to be dark. Ol' Candy lay on his back on the bed and watched the lights go on in the Dipsy Doo house across the street. Pretty soon he'd have to go down to dinner. Everybody would know he had had it out with the committee. Everybody would try to appear careless and nonchalant, as if nothing had happened, but they would all think he was a nub. Well, he didn't have to eat in the dining room.

He went downstairs past the dining room. A rush of light and the noise of dishes and voices came through the door and made hollow echoes in the hall about him. He went outside into the street and walked over to The Wagon. One or two non fraternity men and a taxi driver were perched on stools at the counter. Sitting down on a stool, he wrapped his legs around it.

The counterman wiped off the counter with a rag. Ol' Candy looked up at the bill of fare listed in sliding white letters on a black metal frame.

He said: "Western—fries on side—glass milk."

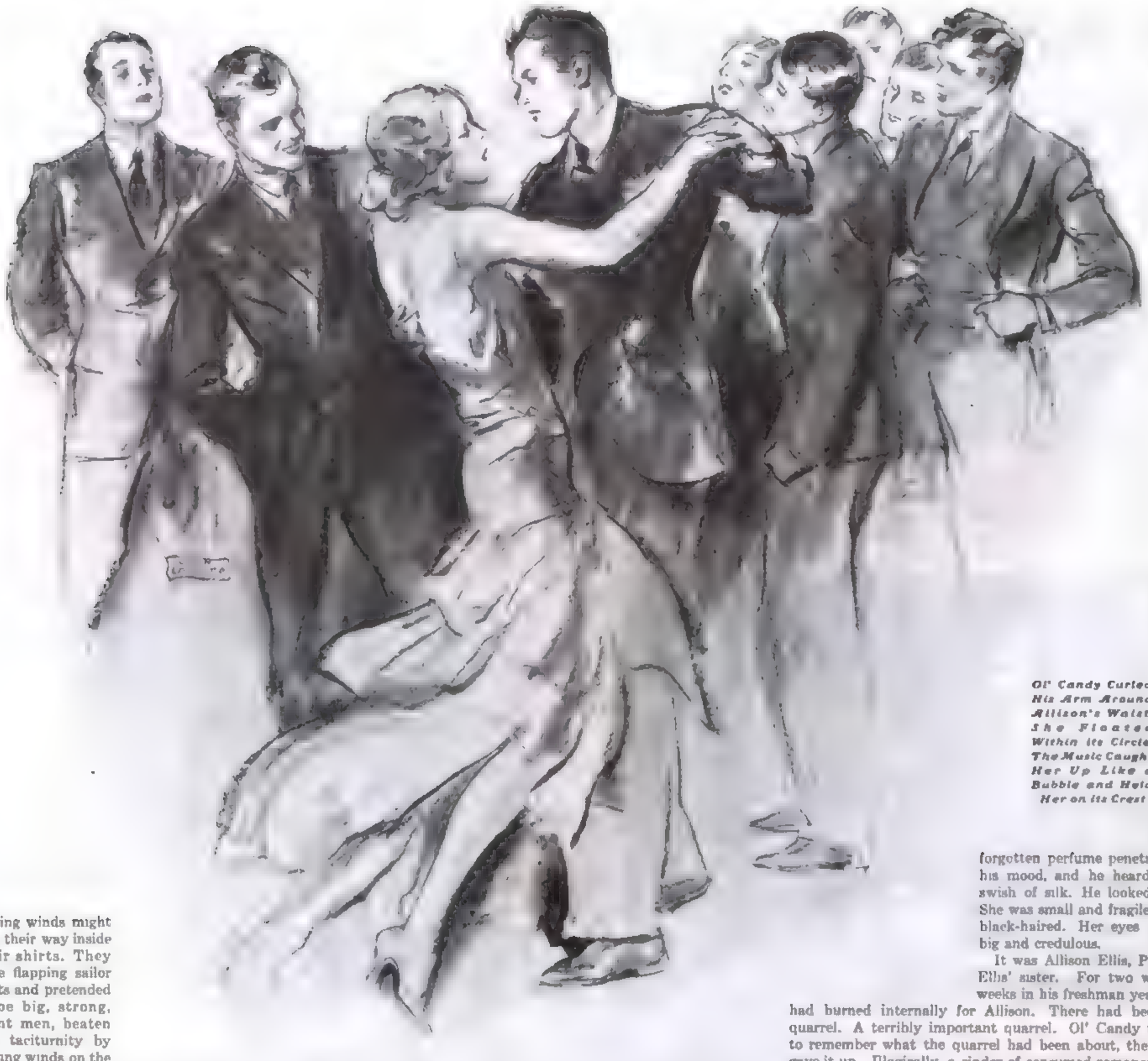
The heavy wise-cracks of the taxi driver and the counterman annoyed him. He hurried through the sandwich, drained the glass of milk in two swallows and left the fries glued to the platter in cooling grease. He paid the check, went outside and wandered down Long Walk. He didn't want to go back to the house.

The stars seemed close to earth. The moon hung over the Libe. It seemed about as big as the big-game drum. He could smell the dew on the grass in front of the Libe, and he left the graveled path and walked in it. He could feel its dampness through his socks. Somehow it felt comforting. The long rows of trees beside the path marched down to the training house in the distance.

Through the trees he could see the Daily office. The yellow windows dripped yellow light over him. Figures crossed and recrossed in front of them, and made long, dark shadows against the lights. They were freshmen heelers putting the Daily to bed. They had been working since six o'clock. They either did without dinner or grabbed a stew at The Cellar after the forms were locked. Maybe he would drop in at The Cellar after a while and hear them yelling for stews and getting their thumbs all black with ink from the first copies off the press.

He was nearer the training house now. Groups of crew men passed him. They exchanged the conventional greeting of the elect.

"Hi, gentlemen."

Their heads were still wet from the before-dinner shower. In the lights from the Daily office their hair gleamed like black oilcloth. They wore their collars open at the neck so that little

Ol' Candy Curled His Arm Around Allison's Waist. She Floated Within its Circle. The Music Caught Her Up Like a Bubble and Held Her on its Crest

cooling winds might find their way inside their shirts. They wore flapping sailor pants and pretended to be big, strong, silent men, beaten into taciturnity by driving winds on the river and the yapping tyranny of midgets at the tiller ropes. Fragments of song and the tinkle of a piano floated across the esplanade from the Psi U house. For a moment Ol' Candy was conscious of weakened resolution. For a moment he wanted to belong, to rub shoulders with the crew men and gather around the piano after dinner with the gang and sing as loudly and as earnestly out of tune as the rest. Even the naïve enthusiasms of the freshmen putting the Daily to bed seemed somehow less sappy.

He was, he felt, very pathetic. He felt an enormous sorrow for himself.

He turned and walked slowly back. Joe and Pete were sitting on the steps. They had brought the big leather cushions from the living-room divan and were smoking comfortably with their arms locked behind their heads. He could hear the murmur of their voices, Joe's laugh. The light from the open door fell across his face. Joe and Pete stopped talking and stared fixedly at the dark windows of the Students' Hand Laundry across the street. Ol' Candy's jaw tightened. The impulse to confess and reform died violently and he walked past them and upstairs to his room. He undressed in the dark and went to bed. After a while he slept.

■

OL' CANDY sat on the edge of the Omega Lambda porch and let his legs dangle. Inside Frankie Bailey's Marmaladers were doing it to The Saint Louis Blues. Through the French windows came the throb of the drum. Every time the drum throbbed, sixty-four feet moved and made a shuffling sound.

The drum stopped throbbing, but the shuffling went on. The drummer's voice rose over the bleat of the saxophone through a runtish megaphone held to the corner of his mouth:

"Saint Louey woman,
With yo' diamon' rings ——"

The drum started up again with renewed vigor, as if the words had somehow encouraged the wielder of the padded stick. The dance ended on carefully calculated dissonance, and was mourned by a little burst of handclapping.

Couples came out on the porch and walked up and down in the half light. Two couples went down the steps past Ol' Candy and occupied a parked car. The parking lights went out.

Ol' Candy felt a definite isolation. He didn't know why he had paid four dollars for a ticket, but now that he had he was trying to get some return on his money by listening to the music and looking over the talent. All it had done for him was make him feel out of things. The brothers had quit being actively peeved at him and exhibited a disconcerting indifference to his goings and comings. Evidently they had placed him in the category of people who didn't count. It was, he found, worse than being wrangled with and bawled out in meeting. He was rather used to wrangles. Not having them made him feel curiously let down.

The couples climbed out of the parked car and stood by the running board for a minute. Then the two men and one of the girls went across the street toward The Wagon. The remaining girl walked slowly back to the porch. Ol' Candy moved slightly to let her pass. The scent of a half forgotten perfume penetrated his mood, and he heard the swish of silk. He looked up. She was small and fragile and black-haired. Her eyes were big and credulous.

It was Allison Ellis, Pudge Ellis' sister. For two whole weeks in his freshman year he had burned internally for Allison. There had been a quarrel. A terribly important quarrel. Ol' Candy tried to remember what the quarrel had been about, then he gave it up. Illogically, a cinder of consumed romance fell apart inside of him and a feeble spark came to life and glowed in its ashes. He forgot about his isolation.

"Hi, Allison," he said.

"Is it as bad as all that?" she asked.

"Worse," he said.

She made a little deprecatory sound with her tongue and sat down beside him and let her tiny silver pumps swing over the edge of the porch. "Tell mamma," she commanded.

"Well, mamma, it's this way: I'm king of the lizards and a disgrace to the house, but outside of that I'm just grand."

"I guess I'll have to take you in hand."

Ol' Candy looked down at her hands and grinned. She was leaning on them, with her shoulders hunched up on each side of her face. Her hands looked very tiny and pink and useless, he decided. He reached over and picked one of them up. He rolled it into a soft little fist.

"Get goin', hands," he said. "You got a job of work."

Behind them the Marmaladers blared into action.

"Let's dance," he suggested.

Ol' Candy led her into the house and pushed through a clot of stags blocking the door. The lights were dim behind blue-and-white tissue-paper festoons. The Marmaladers were swaying back and forth and stamping their feet.

Ol' Candy curled his arm around Allison's waist. She floated within its circle. The music caught her up like a bubble and held her on its crest. They moved halfway around the room before he spoke.

(Continued on Page 85)

SEE AND HEAR—By Peggy Wood

THERE is a new baby out at the Infant Industry's house, and the elder infant is viewing it with about as much enthusiasm as most elder brothers do the latest acquisition from the stork. So far it hasn't an official name and is designated mostly by the endearing pet names of Squawkie and Talkie; but there are such strange goings on about the new baby that the silent brother has cause for considerable thought. Never since he was born has he been so shoved off in the background or so humiliated by such transference of his parents' affections elsewhere; moreover, he has had to suffer the ignominy of being forced to "mind the baby" while they went out to advertise the new offspring to a gaping world. Indeed, he has come to worry about the chances of reverse English which would give the estate to the younger son!

In other words, just as the banking business and Wall Street had decided that the moving-picture industry was something with bigger returns than almost anything but the steel business and was handling picture concerns in a big way, along come talking pictures and upset the molasses jug. Huge plants, with all the modern equipment, suddenly became elephants of an albino character unless they could be converted into sound factories, reproducing and synchronizing the human voice and all other noises. Magnates began to scurry, directors, authors and actors ran in all directions, while in moved quietly a new group of radio experts, sound technicians, mixers, and what nots, to take possession of the new field. The talking moving picture seems here to stay, the elder brother and his friends who prefer the silent kind notwithstanding.

Kay Johnson in Cecil De Mille's First Talkie, "Dynamite." At Right—Anita Page and Joan Crawford in "Our Modern Maidens"

One, Two, Three, Four, Mississippi

FELT is being bought by the ton to tack up on all the walls of the great buildings called "stages" where once all our favorite actors laughed noiselessly and wept to the sound of a cabinet organ and a violin playing soft music just outside the line of the camera—felt to deaden all reverberations which the microphone might pick up. Cameras are being boxed in steel and wood soundproof armor to keep the sound of the motor out of the reproduction; carpenters are learning that when the whistle blows for silence they are not to give that extra tap of the hammer or strike a match for a smoke while waiting for actors to do their scenes; managers of theaters are calling on bands of electricians to wire their houses for the new miracle; directors are learning how not to direct in the old way of "Move to your right a little" during progress of the scene; and strange young men are walking up to the hanging microphone just before the scene begins, to say "One, two, three, four, four, eleven, forty-four; one, two, three, four, five, six, sixty-six, sixty-seven. Fifty-fifty, Mississippi. . . . How's it sound, George? . . . One, two, three, four - " until the buzzer from the recording room far from the stage grunts twice to say "O. K.," whereupon he informs the troupe they can go ahead

It is all very disturbing—disturbing to all branches of the business, from the banking end to the extra who hopes to be a star. But when Variety, the actor's Bible, began to run scare heads such as Film Stars in Panic, Flicker Careers Ruined by Sound, Legits in Demand, Foreign Stars 30 Per Cent Flops, the nonpicture actors of America slid anticipatory tongues over their lips and wondered if this might not be their meat. For once the breaks might be with the actor, and he set about making the most of his chances. Too often had he been told his eyes were too light or his nose too long for pictures. Now, here was his opportunity to crash through with what he was really equipped to do—talk and act. Heretofore the ability to project emotion with the voice had been useless; dark brown eyes and plenty of crisp curly hair were worth many thousands a week more, but now—well, no longer would he be told: "Ah, yes, but this is another art What goes on the stage does not necessarily go here in the movies." No, now they really didn't know what would go, and at least he would have the advantage of knowing how to say lines.

Peggy Wood

Whereupon the legitimate and musical comedy and vaudeville actors saw to it that they were seen and heard by directors and managers of the concerns who were already pioneering in the talking pictures, got tests made of themselves, trekked to California with and without jobs, and began the storming of the studios. The managers had already begun to turn toward the stage in their search for those who were accustomed to the sound of their own voices, and soon every train to Hollywood carried its load of Thespians; and up and down the land "*wo die Citronen blühen*" is heard the cry of surprise: "Well, for heaven's sake, when did you get here?" from Eastern actors greeting their kind.

Since I have been in Hollywood I think I have seen, in three weeks, more stage actors I knew than I would ordinarily see in New York in three years. Character actors, leading men, stars, ingénue comics, hoofers, whispering tenors and mammy singers, all, all are here, the old familiar faces. The sun is out most of the time; the flowers are blooming—a little insanely, perhaps, for who ever heard of irises and roses and gaillardias blossoming at the same time? The ice-cream pants are home from the cleaners, and tennis dresses appear. All together, the thing has a gala flavor, in spite of the farm-hand hours we keep—up and out with the sun, home and to bed with the dark. Small wonder, then, that after warm greetings the next sentence is: "How do you like it?" and the inevitable answer: "Fine!"

A young woman from one of the big motion-picture magazines came to interview me the other day on the subject Broadway Looks at Hollywood, or maybe it was Broadway Comes to Hollywood. Anyway, the idea was to ask me, among others, what we thought of all the stage people flocking West, and what we thought of the West when we got there. You see, then, that the migration is so definite as to be one of news value. To quote Variety once more, it has made a dearth of available actors, and Eastern managers had great difficulty in casting their plays for the summer.

In the Lap of the Audience

WHAT will happen in the fall, that season alone can tell; we may be all of us back at the old stand, having had our whirl in the talkies.

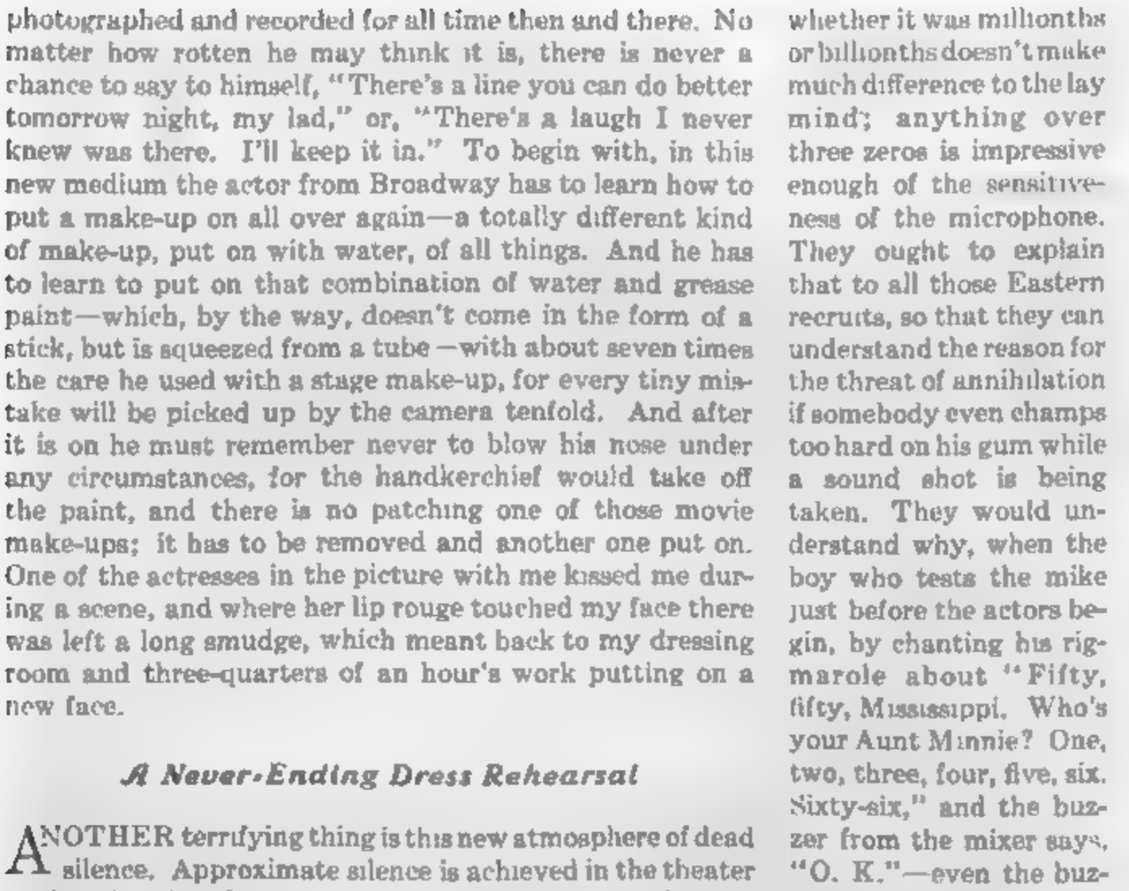
This Broadway Comes to Hollywood interview was an opportunity to express from our angle what the regular moving-picture actor probably does not realize, and that is that Broadway has come to Hollywood quaking in its boots. For all their experience, these same Broadwayites are really petrified. Though they may have had years of saying lines back of the footlights, that protective as well as illuminating barrier, here they know they will have to perform before a cylinder hanging within a few inches of their heads and knowing that at the other end of the wire running from that microphone sits a deity called the mixer, up in his little room, listening with appalling coldness to their histrionic efforts. It is a little as if the actor was sitting in the lap of the audience; his slightest whisper will be heard distinctly by those in the back row, as well as his loudest roar. And not only has he to bother with one microphone; he finds, as like as not, that there will be three—one to catch the scene over by the fireplace, one to catch the scene by the window, and one over the door to pick up his entrance line. This is frightening, for, ordinarily, actors are accustomed to direct their lines toward the audience, even when facing another actor on the stage, and they immediately have to unlearn all they ever knew about the projection of the speaking voice.

Then the actor is worried about the irrevocability of what he is doing - the thought that every move is being

photographed and recorded for all time then and there. No matter how rotten he may think it is, there is never a chance to say to himself, "There's a line you can do better tomorrow night, my lad," or, "There's a laugh I never knew was there. I'll keep it in." To begin with, in this new medium the actor from Broadway has to learn how to put a make-up on all over again—a totally different kind of make-up, put on with water, of all things. And he has to learn to put on that combination of water and grease paint—which, by the way, doesn't come in the form of a stick, but is squeezed from a tube—with about seven times the care he used with a stage make-up, for every tiny mistake will be picked up by the camera tenfold. And after it is on he must remember never to blow his nose under any circumstances, for the handkerchief would take off the paint, and there is no patching one of those movie make-ups; it has to be removed and another one put on. One of the actresses in the picture with me kissed me during a scene, and where her lip rouge touched my face there was left a long smudge, which meant back to my dressing room and three-quarters of an hour's work putting on a new face.

A Never-Ending Dress Rehearsal

ANOTHER terrifying thing is this new atmosphere of dead silence. Approximate silence is achieved in the theater during the play, but really it is amazing how much noise there is offstage which is not heard at all by the audience. Although I will say I have been in shows where you couldn't hear yourself say your lines for the racket the chorus girls made offstage. I remember George Cohan once turning his back on William Collier and me, and furiously yelling



Clarence Brown, Director, Introduces Lon Chaney to Miss Wood

toward the wings, "You're making more noise off there than we are on the stage! Shut up!" Such a thing would be simply impossible in the making of talking pictures. These little black cylinders with an adjustable slide at the business end, nearest you, are so delicate that they pick up the ringing in your ears. Douglas Shearer, the recording engineer, wrote on the tablecloth at luncheon, the other midnight in the studio, that the amount of electric energy transmitted from the microphone was .000,000,000,17 of an ampere.

I suspect he wrote down the figures because he didn't know any more than we whether to say seventeen billionths or seventeen millionths; at any rate, the argument caused by these figures made us lose sight of the amazing fact, and whether it was millionths or billionths doesn't make much difference to the lay mind; anything over three zeros is impressive enough of the sensitiveness of the microphone. They ought to explain that to all those Eastern recruits, so that they can understand the reason for the threat of annihilation if somebody even champs too hard on his gum while a sound shot is being taken. They would understand why, when the boy who tests the mike just before the actors begin, by chanting his rigmarole about "Fifty, fifty, Mississippi. Who's your Aunt Minnie? One, two, three, four, five, six. Sixty-six," and the buzzer from the mixer says, "O. K."—even the buzzers say it in Hollywood, I must add, for no one ever answers "Yes," or "All right" or "It's fixed" or "It will be fixed"; it is always "O. K." or, better, "Ok," pronounced like "Oak"—and they have the interlock—two great doors to the outer world closed, a man blows a whistle outside in the road dividing the sound stages, so that no cars or trucks going from one part of the studio to the other may pass, for fear that their vibrations will disturb the mass of delicate wires going from that sound stage to the central recording room.

The stage itself is deathlike; the boy at his switchbox sees a red light go on, which means that the cameras are running up to full speed; he nods to the director; the director nods to the actor with the first line or presses a button which will flash a light to give the actor his cue to enter.

Eleanor Boardman as Lisa in Tolstoy's "Redemption"

And just about that time, when everything is breathless and the actors as nervous as on a first night, the film in one of the cameras buckles or the recording machine goes hay wire, as they say on the West Coast, or a light valve, that tiny filament, quits and calls it a day, or somebody sneezes, or the mixer telephones he hears camera noise—that is, the noise of the motors working the shutters of the four or five cameras shooting the scene at the same time—or the actor himself is so hot and bothered with all the things he has to think of, such as raising his voice for this mike and lowering it for that, that he forgets what he was to say. Then the director says, "Take it over again," and the whistle blows outside, the traffic moves, the great doors unlock, the cameras are unhitched from the motors, opened, and the assistant cameraman notches the film so that the developers will know what has happened, then stands in front of the lens while they refocus, and one cameraman has a new idea for a light. Then the cameras are closed up once more, the boy at the switchboard asks the recording room for interlock, the great doors are shut, the whistle blows, the traffic ceases, the actors clear their throats for the last time, the young chap says his rigmarole, the buzzer buzzes, the director nods, the actor begins, and, if you're lucky, it goes through to the finish. If not, the performance begins again as I have described. And when this goes on for every scene, every day or every night, you get what I mean when I say that to the stage actor it seems like a never-ending dress rehearsal. You begin to wonder when you will ever get going, when you are going really to play the scene with sweep and phrasing.

This Movie Wedding of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Anticipated Their Actual Marriage in a New York Hotel

Working Up

AT A STAGE dress rehearsal you go through the process of assembling the things you have rehearsed in bits and never expect to attain at that rehearsal the added thing which comes from the actual playing before an audience. At least, at a performance nothing short of an act of God can stop you from doing the whole play from the beginning to the bitter end. Now one thing about playing a play: If you are to have hysterics at the end of Act Two, along about the last half of it you can begin to gather yourself together for the big scene, and the playwright sees that you have a springboard for that scene. Not

(Continued on Page 76)

LONE TREE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"A Girl Can't be Too Careful After She's Been Chose Miss Atlantic City a Couple of Times Like You"

VIII

THEY got big-hearted and let Ben up. He had to be tender of himself. His feet were like clubs and he was dizzy for a moment while Miss Ellis tidily arrayed him in the gay robe that Melcher had sent. But after he had lowered himself into the wheel chair and was blanketed, he felt ripe for adventure. Miss Ellis trundled him down the corridor, then through an alley, and his forgotten out-of-doors burst on him with breath-taking splendor. An arch of blue sky, yellow sunlight, patches of green and a far vista of roofs. He had felt pretty silly, being trucked along by a girl, but he forgot it in this heart-swelling release.

His chair came to rest in a sort of high roof garden bordered by little shrubs and flowering plants in boxes; a spacious garden with other chairs in rows or here and there in groups—chairs occupied by swathed figures, topped with faces of indoor pallor.

In the shade of an awning he looked at his watch, then at the sun. He was facing his own West, and far over the roofs he could see a rugged palisade. He knew there was a river in between. It was like finishing ninety days in jail; pretty exciting.

He could remember once when he felt all bubbling in just this way: A boy going to town for a Fourth of July—exploding firecrackers and floating dust, the maddening fragrance of roasting peanuts, shouting, laughter, neighing horses, the blare of music from a merry-go-round—a noisy, golden blur of wonder and beauty. He had sweatily trudged with water to feed the engine of the merry-go-round and received free rides for the service. The rides had made him sick, but he hadn't quit. More water, another ride, sick again! He wondered now why he had kept it up—some blood madness in his young veins.

He looked down and forgot the long-gone carnival day as he saw a man run a mower over a strip of lawn a few blocks away. All the cattleman in him was revolted. A patch of good feed, and look what they did to it! Little these city people cared that a couple of head of stock could do right well there. He was brought from the economic outrage by a cheerful voice at his side:

"Hello, sheriff!"

He turned to find another chair wheeled up beside his own, the voice issuing from a head more than half hidden by bandages. One pale eye under a slanting strand of lank, pale hair shrewdly surveyed him from the visible part of a white face spangled by rusty freckles.

"Hello, Whitey! How you coming, boy?"

"Shooting a million!"

"That's fine."

His neighbor fumbled for a cigarette and a match. He was using but one hand. After the first inhalation he demanded, "What's your story, old-timer—been in a cutting scrape?"

"Yeah. What's yours?"

"Bunged up. Plane crash."

"Stacked you, did she?"

"She did, through half a mile of nothing. 'Too damn high down,' like the Chinaman said."

"My good gosh!"

"I had a cabinetmaker tinkering at me; busted tubing and so forth; nails all over the place. You ought to see the photographs he took. If they don't show a keg of nails in me I'm anything you want to call me. The camera boys got a good shot at me coming down, though. Trust those birds!"

"What do you mean - a good shot?"

"Movie stunt. One piece of good luck for that gripping drama of the clouds."

"Well, now! I'll bet you learned your lesson."

"Don't let anyone tell you different. I'm wondering right now about some good safe job I could eat on without leaving the ground."

"The ground can fool you too. Only time I was ever laid up before, a horse went loco and lay over on me without saying a word. Right across my knee, balanced there, rocking back and forth."

"No way to spend an afternoon."

"I got one hand under his side and waited till the crazy old fool heaved down the slope, then I heaved with him and off he went. Turned over four times before he fetched up at the bottom of a gully. I never was so glad to have anything leave me in my life."

"I'l bet!"

"He landed thirty feet off. Yes, sir, I still hold the state record for hurling a thousand-pound horse."

"That puts horses out for me." A chair wheeling toward them caught the speaker's one quick eye. "Listen," he whispered, "get this lad—a real honest-to-goodness professor at some college, teaches this philosophy. Anyway, that's his story. I'll make him do his stuff for you. If I could be as funny, and know it, as this lad can be, and not know it, they'd book me solid fifty-two weeks."

The chair, wheeled by an orderly, halted before them. Only the head of its bundled occupant was revealed.

"How are you today, professor? I want you to meet my friend the sheriff."

The newcomer nodded doubtfully to Ben, with a quick glance of distrust at the other. He was a tired-faced man looking older than he really was, Ben thought. Even the lusterless dark hair showing below a gray stocking cap looked tired.

"My young friend here is incurably facetious," he warned Ben. "I shall believe you to be an officer of the law when I have your own word for it."

"Why, the sheriff just threw the thousand-pound horse thirty-four and a half feet, measured distance."

"I only made a rough guess," corrected the athlete modestly.

The professor's smallish mouth widened perceptibly; it might have been the beginning of a wan and puzzled smile or a mere wincing as from pain.

"There, now, you heard the sheriff himself say so. But listen; I been thinking up some more new jobs for me."

The professor cocked a noncommittal eye at the speaker.

"Well, how's this for a summer snap? You know how road signs are always shot full of holes? A man has to go along as soon as they're put up and shoot 'em with a shotgun. It's light work and keeps you outdoors."

The professor brightened. "But that is always the work of vandals—strolling hunters with a vein of mischief."

"That's what you think, but I'm telling you. A friend of mine had a New England beat last summer and made good money, but he got shooter's cramp in his trigger finger ——"

The professor expostulated, "But what possible purpose is served ——"

"That's a secret; I ain't allowed to tell. Then, for winter," he went quickly on, "I can be a kitchen detective."

"Yes?" The professor was still wary.

"You know these tin boxes that it says Cake or Bread in gold letters on the outside? Well, I flash my badge and get into the kitchen, and you'd be surprised; in about 80 per cent of cases the dame will have bread in a box that says Cake in plain letters, or she'll have cake in a bread box, or is keeping sugar in a tin that says Coffee. Sometimes you'll find a woman that's got everything wrong at once, and nine cases out of ten like that, you go up to the bathroom and find the mat that says Bath on it upside down or even wrong side up, so a person couldn't read it. Of course it ain't such a pleasant job. These crooks break down and plead with you or try bribery, and of course if an officer ain't on the level —— Anyway it's a good winter job. You see new faces every day. Better than sitting in those apartment-house basements and pounding the main pipe with a sledge hammer so it'll be heard in every room."

The professor's gaze, riveted on the speaker, had revealed a certain fascination, but he quickly recovered. "I'm aware," he began, with careful sarcasm, "that our sumptuary legislation has gone to perhaps ill-advised lengths, but I need not to be told that you are exaggerating in probably all of these instances." He laughed rather painfully, but kept shrewd eyes on the suspected one.

"Well, be that as it may, how about a job in a bank for me? I only want to find out one thing about that. You know these fatty blond girls that work in candy stores? When they first take a job they stuff themselves with candy—probably eat two or three bucks' worth the first day. But the boss never kicks. He knows they'll eat themselves sick, and after that they're off it."

"Yes," assented the professor neutrally.

"Well, about this bank job; I want to find out do banks work the same system with their clerks and the cash—let 'em pinch off a few twenties or tens till they get tired of the stuff? What do you know about it?"

The professor, who had observed the speaker with a strained and at times harried look, was quick with his reply: "What I know about it is that a course in reflective thinking would do you a world of good, my lad. Your besetting vice seems to be casual, undirected thought. You skim surfaces and mask your cowardice under a patina of barren jocularity. You maintain, I grant, a certain emotional congruity, but still only of surfaces."

The victim of this dissection smirked dismay with such of his face as could be seen.

The professor went relentlessly on: "You skim lightly off on a profitless exposition of absurdities. A pity you couldn't have been drilled in the persistent consideration of premises. I dare say you have had occasional problems quite as perplexing as those daily besetting the lives of serious workers."

"Well, that puts me in the hole," Whitey allowed, sagging farther in his chair.

"I could outline a course of reading," the professor kindly added, "though I doubt if you would pursue it with any profit. Fermentation, you know, doesn't take place in sterile fluids."

"Wow! That's a slam," the victim remarked. "I can tell by the naughty look in your eyes."

"Seriously, if I have your type, I can't see you effective in the elaboration of hypotheses or tentatively accepted suggestions, or in a further study I might prescribe in deductive development and the relation of implication in mathematics. I positively cannot."

"Me, neither," the subject cordially agreed, with a furtive wink at Ben.

"Yet you are a type rich in suggestion, not without value in a laboratory."

"That's something, anyway." Whitey turned to Ben in triumph. "What did I tell you, sheriff?"

Mr. Carcross coughed and glanced away, embarrassed.

"But listen, professor, on the level now, and from one brother Elk to another, do you ever get down to the real McCarthy in your trade where you have to act quick without looking it up in a book?"

"Again and again," replied the professor heatedly. "Emergencies such as I imagine you to have in mind constantly arise in the classroom."

"The classroom!" hooted Whitey. "As how? What do you do when you act quick there?"

"Search for an explanation that will meet all the facts with the least expenditure of assumption. The action is customarily simple—life is simple. One of our masters has said, as you may or perhaps may not recall, 'Nature is pleased with simplicity and affects not the pomp of superfluous causes.' I beg you not to imagine that my own problems require a less practical solution than those of the man in the street. Quite often enough I find myself awkwardly situated. I am called upon to make the tremendous advance from collected data to hypotheses—what is sometimes referred to as the inductive leap." He beckoned an orderly. "I fear, gentlemen, that I would be wise to retire to my room. This conversation has seemed to excite me unduly. However, I shall hope to meet you both another day." He waved farewell with a long, pale hand.

(Continued on Page 95)

"His Lovely, Lovely Brew!" Whispered Doyle. "Got a Brain on Him, All Right," Agreed Ben

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 20, 1929

Credits for Russian Agriculture

THE suggestion is again advanced that the Russian Government desires to make extensive purchases of equipment in the United States. In the current state of the Russian treasury such purchases would need to be made on credit—presumably on long-term credit.

For a variety of reasons it is suggested that the Russian authorities would prefer to make such purchases in the United States, rather than in England or Germany. It is intimated that a billion dollars would be required to restore the equipment of farm and transportation to the desired plane of efficiency. Such a gigantic transaction would have many angles.

The prewar Russia was a heavy exporter of cereals. In the five years before the war the average annual export of cereals was more than four hundred and fifty million bushels, of which wheat furnished more than one hundred and sixty million bushels and barley more than one hundred and seventy million bushels. At that time Russia was the most important single import source of the European supply of cereals.

These exports were necessary from the standpoint of the international account and the budget of Russia; the tax system of the country was arranged to facilitate the exports of grain. In addition, the form of agriculture on the large estates lent itself to the operations of the export trade. To some extent Russian exports of cereals were in excess of the true surplus, and the standard of living of the producers was reduced in consequence.

Since the war Russian exports of cereals have been so small as to be considered almost negligible. This has largely been the result of parcellation of the land, control of acreage and harvesting of crops by small peasants instead of by large landlords, progressive deterioration of farm equipment, and retrogression of transportation. The Soviet government is apparently less successful than was the Czarist government in expressing the exportable surplus of grain out of the producer class.

Even more than before the war, Russia now needs to export grain. Since she is unable to raise international loans, as was her custom before the war, Russia now feels that imports are more than ever directly dependent on exports. The failure of Russian grain exports since the war has contributed materially to the deterioration of plant equipment and to the lowering of the standard of living in Russia. Anything tending to restore the export of grain would therefore be welcomed by the Soviet government.

As a result of the war Russia has lost some grain-bearing territory—in Bessarabia, Poland and East Baltic states. But the present Russia is still a potential grain exporter on a large scale.

Before the war large factories for the manufacture of farm implements and transportation equipment were located in Russia, largely owned by foreign capital and managed by foreign operators. These plants were seized and nationalized, and it is our understanding that the foreign investors have not been reimbursed for their losses. Also, it is generally understood that these plants have deteriorated in consequence of their nationalization, which is one of the causes of the Russian need to import farm implements and transportation equipment.

To manufacture a large assortment and amount of farm implements and transportation equipment for export to Russia would in itself be highly advantageous to industry in the United States. It would provide employment for capital and labor, and might tend to lower domestic prices of farm implements. Moreover, it would insure a trade in replacement parts that would extend over many years.

The effect on Russian agriculture would be positive. It would increase the yield and lower the cost of production of grains. This would result in augmentation of the income of the peasant class, expanding their purchasing power, and enabling them to raise their standards of living. From this expansion of purchasing power some trade would accrue to this country in the form of purchases of goods outside of agricultural implements and transportation equipment—for example, textiles.

On the other hand, the consequences of the revival of Russian export of grains might tend to depress the world prices of grains. If within a few years Russia were to return as an exporter of grain to the extent of only half of the average exports of the five years before the war, it is difficult to see how this would tend to influence prices otherwise than in the downward direction on the world market.

In short, a large-scale and comprehensive revamping of Russian agriculture and transportation would tend to have the result of increasing the world's exportable surpluses of grain. Precisely that result would be one of the objectives of the Russians. The tendency of increase in supplies to decrease prices would be obviated—apart from crop failures or restriction of acreage in other countries—only by corresponding increase in demand. But the world has had enough experience with the influence of large crops on prices to know that demand tends to expand slowly.

The Ultimate Scapegoat

THE reparations settlement on which we commented recently at some length, though in a provisional manner, contains several finer points arresting the attention of the American observer. We may be sure that these points will later be expressed in particularly selected phraseology in the terms of the ratified agreement issued by the contracting governments.

One relates to the schedule of annuities. It will probably be found that this is to be based on the annual payments involved in the debt-funding agreement arranged between our Government and those of the Allies with whom we were associated in the World War. That is, the sum due from Germany each year will cover the annual payments due to this country and provide beyond that a constant figure for the recipient governments. If, as seems probable, the reparations settlement is to contain a clause according to which any future further reduction extended by the United States, beyond the heavy reductions already provided in the terms of its debt-funding agreements, will accrue to Germany in some proportion, the political use that will annually be made of this circumstance becomes apparent. The German taxpayer will be told each year that his taxes are being raised to correspond to an increase of payments according to the American debt-funding program; whereby in the mind of the said German taxpayer the United States will acquire the onus of the situation. In the countries of Europe receiving reparations payments from Germany the taxpayers will be told that only a constant and not a proportional fraction of the rising German reparations payments is available for internal purposes, because the rest accrues to the United States under the debt-funding agreement; whereby in the minds of said taxpayers the United States will again acquire the onus of the situation. Since it is everywhere the practice of the politician to appeal to the imponderable, and often to the more distant, factors in a situation as being responsible for something the public dislikes, the repayment of the American war loans will gradually be elevated to greater and greater prominence as the blamable cause of high taxes in Europe.

Such comparisons as might readily be made between what comes to the United States under the loan-funding agreements and what Europe expends in military establishments will not be forced home to European taxpayers by any political party, since the pacifists have no political party and the Socialists do not seem to find it politically useful to drive home the facts of the situation.

A second fine point lies in the exclusion of financial relations other than those of the United States. We have searched in vain for a suggestion made to Germany by the recipient countries that in proportion as Russia repays her loans these will apply to a reduction in the German reparations payment. The suggestion is not advanced that in proportion as the financial positions of the creditor countries are improved internationally, by any recoveries or adjustments whatsoever or through returns from colonies acquired from Germany, such easement would be applied in part to the program of German reparations annuities. In short, apparently the only variable factor in the financial relations between Great Britain, France, Belgium and Italy on the one side, and Germany on the other, is to lie in the sum annually due from Germany's creditors to the United States.

Since under such circumstances the United States will be put in the position of being the only country able to exercise generosity, failure to reduce the annuities payable to us under the terms of the debt-funding agreements will be distorted into putting us in the position of being the only country committed to ungenerosity.

This state of affairs is inherent in the political and military situation in Europe. As we view the situation, no reparations settlement was politically possible that did not give both sides the opportunity, for domestic political purposes, of laying blame on the distant United States.

Another Boost for Reclamation

THE British and Egyptian governments have arrived at a broad agreement on control and utilization of the waters of the Nile in Egypt and the Sudan. The waters of the White and Blue Nile rise in the upper country, under Belgian, Abyssinian and Anglo-Egyptian domination. Egypt has first right to the water; land now under irrigation is to have more water, and land not yet under irrigation is to be brought under the flow of water. Thereafter the broad reaches of the Sudan are to be reclaimed. Sudan has now a sparse population, but with development of agriculture population would expand and immigration could be invoked.

According to the experts, with scientific development and conservation of the waters of the Nile area, large tracts of fertile land could be brought under cultivation. Indeed, shortage of labor and sanitation are now regarded as more pressing problems than the physical reclamation. The purpose is to make the inhabitants less dependent upon import of foodstuffs and to expand the raising of cotton.

It is this phase of the matter that arrests the attention of Americans. Progress will be slow, of course. And when the reclamation is brought under operation it will be found, as so often in this country, that the development suffers from high costs. It is a booster scheme, to be sure, but one that contains interesting political as well as technical angles.

Peace by Sense and Science

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ON MEMORIAL DAY the President gave expression to the will of the American people for peace and for the mutual reduction of armament. A few days later nonpolitical representatives of the United States, led by Owen D. Young and free from political interference, succeeded in Paris in bringing the varying interests of nations into a reparations accord.

The will to peace and its expression in pacts against aggressive war as voiced by the President constituted political policy of the highest order.

The practical work of our nonpolitical business and financial delegates constituted something more; it was work pointing to a new technic which ought to revolutionize international relations.

And now indeed in Hoover and Stimson and Dawes we have a leadership in foreign affairs practical enough and with vision enough to put the United States into world leadership in that new technic.

The old political methods to build and maintain peace, especially where numbers of nations are involved, have shown only limited progress in providing for emergencies and for conflicts of interest. Attempts to avert war by promises more or less vague to do thus and so, if this or that comes about, are not satisfying.

Says a senator whose leadership in foreign affairs has been useful, "No one questions that a good deal has been done to keep alive the fear of war in the hearts of peoples; a part of this is good because it creates new consciousness not to attack. Another result, however, has been to add to a general fear which, whatever may be the public protestations of loving peace, appears to result, in fact, in determination to maintain adequate armament to frighten any possible enemy. In other words, the dove of peace cannot rid herself of steel spurs."

The old political methods of guaranteeing that there shall be no war have exhibited to the thoughtful observers in Washington obvious weaknesses, and this is not astonishing; it is only astonishing that the world has failed to realize that the weaknesses of the inept political method have not been even greater and more completely exposed.

The old political methods with political delegates in open conference have resulted, against everyone's intentions, in two alternative failings: First, if conferences were really and honestly open, then political delegates were afraid to make concessions; this is because in such cases their press, their parliaments, their congresses or their peoples would have cut off their little political heads.

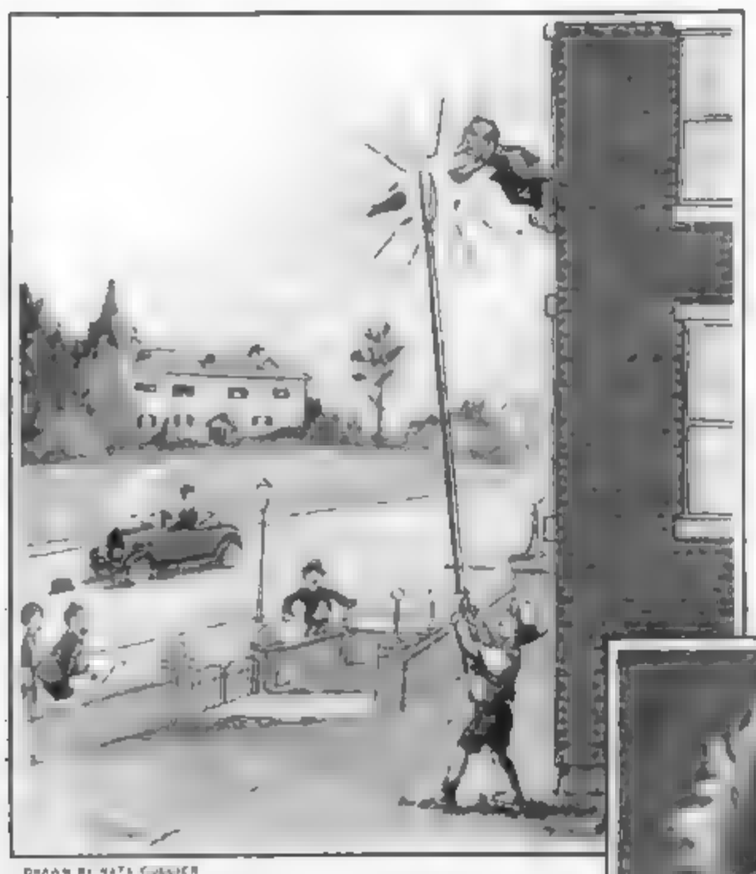
On the other hand, if conferences were only fraudulently open and fraudulently democratic, then the result was that they become mere show windows for the results of old-fashioned secret diplomacy, with its decisions made in advance by the larger powers in the same old way, and sometimes the practical and inevitable way. In any case, in old political diplomacy, the agents, for the most part, were political men, trained often in a cut-and-dried philosophy of international relations of a period already gone. They were like well-meaning barnacles trying to cling to nonexistent rocks.

It is useless to intrust a herring with the sole management of a bird cage. He is out of his element. The tradition-saturated political mind is out of its element in international affairs. Its possessors mouth old phrases which have lost their meaning in the changed economic conditions of the times. I have heard them do so in several great conferences. They were endeavoring to provide too much for imaginary

(Continued on Page 120)

The World is Still Trying to Do by Old Political Methods Tasks Already Done by the March of Economic Facts

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



The Gardener's Son Tries Out the New Pruning Shears

You promptly open up your vanity;
Let fortune turn her wheel,
Let it bring woe or weal,
'Neath fate's caresses or its cruel blows
Powder your nose.
Morris Bishop.

Song Writer's Intelligence Test

Q.: What big things in life are ever blue?

A.: Any girl's eyes, heaven and I'm.

Antique Dealer: "Hey, Joe! Keep Our Woodpeckers Quiet—They's a Customer Comin'!"

Vanity of Vanities

WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near day!"
Cried Juliet, in her glorious lover's arms,
Conjuring Time its progress to delay,
And in love smothering the heart's alarms,
Dreading the need to free
Her wedded deity,
Guessing the imminent doom, and, I suppose,
Powdering her nose.

"Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me!" So did cry
Mad Cleopatra to her tear-blind slave,
And royally bedecked herself to die.
And, queenly cold and firm,
She took the Nilus worm,
And, setting him against the bosom's rose,
Powdered her nose.

And so, my dear, forgive my few remarks
If, when your motor runs into a tree,
Or when your joy makes music like the lark's,

"Maude Dear, How Do You Suppose He Can Stand Digging in That Onion Bed?" "Why, Didn't You Know That All Terriers Were Dogs With Very Low Tastes?"

Petticoat Precaution

HE: WHY did you give a right-hand signal when you were going to make a left-hand turn just then?

SHE: That was a safety-first precaution, in case I had decided to change my mind.

Telling the World

OH, World, World, World, why won't you be more sensible!
You're always up to something reprehensible.
In all my mortal lives I never knew
Another heavenly orb as bad as you.
Your history is made of blotted pages;
You haven't had a good report for ages;
You're fighting when you ought to work and study
And every spring you get yourself all muddy
Cavorting with your gang, that rowdy crew
The Flesh, the Devil and the Lord knows who,
Because you'd rather play with any limb
Of Satan than the sweet young Cherubim.
And what was that! You've smashed them all again,
Your nice new Ten Commandments, one to ten? (Continued on Page 118)

Tree Surgeon: "How Long Has it Been Suffering From This Nervous, Run-Down Condition?" Husband: "Since My Wife Tried to Back Out of the Garage"

Q.: What is the rule, without exception, regarding nouns which follow the descriptive adjectives, "dear old"?

A.: They are always followed by Dixie, pal or ma-a-ammy.

Q.: Do you know any French?

A.: Sure. Vodeo-do.

Q.: What does Carolina have that puts it in a class by itself?

A.: That's easy. A moon. — MARY DORMAN PHELPS.

The Talkie Craze Comes to the Picture Gallery

By Quality and Flavor, Campbell's Beans *win the largest public*

Many are the different ways of cooking beans, and many are the claims made for each way. But at your "moment of selection" in the store, remember this:

Out of all the buying and trying of the various beans, the public has decided that Campbell's make the beans which please them most.

How do they show this? By buying, year in and year out, more Campbell's Beans by far than any other kind. People are convinced that Campbell's Beans excel in Quality, in a goodness that makes them stand out as the most enjoyable to eat.

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Slow-cooked Golden Brown

Serve hot
Serve cold

VILLA LAURIER

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

VII

TOM was in the office when I got there, politely entertaining a dark pretty woman whom I recognized immediately as Dimitri's wife.

"Madame has been waiting an hour for you, Charles," Tom said. "She tells me it's a personal matter, so I'll beat it. I have some pressing business at the *mairie*. Shall I rush it through?" He winked.

"Full bore," I said. "Step on it, burn the wind, before there's another shift of weather."

He grabbed his hat and went out. I looked inquiringly at Madame Dimitri and reflected that perhaps Clytie's theory might be right. She struck me as the sort to stand a bit of watching.

"I have come, monsieur," she said in prettily accented French, "to ask if you can give me any information about madame."

"Yes. She has accepted the invitation of Monsieur Moran and his daughters to spend a few days with them at the Villa Laurier."

This landed on the target. Madame Dimitri quivered. Her eyes, a lighter and more pleasing shade of green than Dimitri's, showed her emotion.

"At the Villa Laurier," she said slowly.

"Yes. You are, of course, familiar with the place. Madame Clytie wishes you to pack what things she may need immediately and to bring them out there."

Her eyes flitted over my stained and disordered clothes with an understanding look. Tom had missed these details.

"*Très bien*, monsieur. And has madame any orders for my husband?"

"He is to drive you out to the villa. I don't know whether you are both to stop out there or not. Probably not. Madame will tell you."

"*Merci*, monsieur." She rose. "It is just as I have thought from the first. With all his bloof he is a *gros pouf*, this Monsieur Smit'."

"Precisely, madame," I agreed. "One might also say, a *sale mufle*."

She laughed, and we parted with mutual assurance of our distinguished consideration. I hoped that she had not been there long enough with Tom to put him in any danger of landing in a cistern.

It seemed now as if something had broken our long run of bad luck, for scarcely had Madame Dimitri left when a man came in with an interesting proposition about a terrain in Juan-les-Pins of which we had the handling. It was what would be called by Florida real-estate agents a subdivision project, and one for which Tom and I had been longing. We had options of our own that would let us in for a considerable personal profit besides commissions.

Madame Dimitri

This and some other matters kept me busy until dinnertime. Tom returned and was delighted. We dined, then returned to the office and worked until ten o'clock. Then Tom said good night and I put away the papers and turned my mind to the nocturnal expedition. There was nothing to it so far as concerned the mere effort to discover whether or not there were the remains of a body in the cistern, but I was prepared to go further. If I should identify these remains as Paul de Grasse, then why not render the family the service of disposing of it? This desire really had more weight with me than the reflection that Brown might not care to buy a property with a bad name.

For now that Clytie's connection was established, any criminal charge directed against her must involve the others in scandal and dreadful notoriety. The mass of the public would believe always that the Morans must have had some knowledge of the crime. Moran was known to have quarreled bitterly with his brother-in-law just before Paul's disappearance. Large sums of money were concerned, and Paul's practical embezzlement of Moran's interest in his diving invention would be shown.

Taken full and by, such an exposure would mean the indictment and possible conviction of Clytie for at least a criminal knowledge of what had happened, and horrid stigma for the Morans. The future lives of those three lovely girls would be ruined. The really guilty party might entirely escape.

The assertion of the Morans' friend that he had identified Paul de Grasse in the motion picture of the submarine-salvage experiment had not greatly impressed me. It was possible, even probable, that the subject matter of the picture had suggested Paul de Grasse to the mind of a friend who knew him to have been working on these lines, when anybody of personal resemblance might have furnished a lay figure to be invested with Paul's distinctive traits. The fact of his having turned his back to the camera on discovering that it was in operation said nothing, except that the view of him had been brief. There are some few persons who dislike publicity. Not many, I admit, but some.

Wherefore I now equipped myself to make a job of it I had a strong focusing torch, but needed some grappling gear. I got the pliers and a file from my car, and from a heavy wire clothes hanger cut a U-piece with hooks at the end of each arm, filing these sharp. This double gaff could be seized to the end of a bean pole from the garden.

It was about eleven of a clear still night with the full moon high when I shoved off for the Villa Laurier. On the edge of Grasse I left the car in front of a *buvette* and went on foot. It was upgrade, about 7 per cent, and the night still, and some people's ears, especially those of young people, are quick to identify car sounds.

But infinitely keener are the ears of dogs. From a hundred cars of the same make passing his doors in the course of the afternoon a keen dog will recognize the approach of the master's from afar. Brig could always pick out this one of ours from the medley of traffic on the Croisette, and would come out to receive me.

Before I had got well started on my way, here now came Brig, bounding toward me down the slope in the bright moonlight. There was no mistaking his size and shape even from afar, but the dog's behavior was unusual. Brig had never been demonstrative with me, coming always to greet me after an absence in a dignified and friendly way, but without the rompings and squealings and other manifestations of joy shown by the dog one has raised from puppyhood

His conduct was, therefore, all the more unusual after the estrangement between us, and the fact of his being restored to his old master. Evidently Dimitri had brought him out and left him with Clytie for a bodyguard, and Brig, in doing his patrol of the premises, had heard my car and come to greet me. But instead of his habitually quiet approach, he came bounding and cavorting, positively frisking, as if the lunar rays had upset his stability. He gamboled round me playfully, always silent as a dog wraith, for he had been thus trained, but acting as if overjoyed.

Dog psychology has always interested me, and now, as I watched Brig's maneuvers, it struck me that he was not so much delighted at seeing me for my own sake as he was relieved and happy at the presence of a good and trusted friend arriving opportunely. Nor was his delight that of your field dog when the shooting season opens, and in sport clothes, with gun in hand, you release him from the kennel for a day with the quail. It seemed to me that Brig had been worried about something and was now glad of my support in solving the difficulty.

This impression became stronger as I noticed that he seemed to be trying to hurry me along. He would trot a few paces ahead, look back, then run up to me and start quickly off again, coaxing, almost cajoling me to move on a little faster. Yet he did not seem to be distressed, but merely a trifle impatient at my slow gait. I knew that if anything were seriously wrong he would be much more demonstrative.

I should have liked it better if he had been somewhere else. Dimitri might be lurking about, and I did not want to risk a repetition of the fiasco on the Gourdon road. One may forgive the friend who through a sense of duty thwarts one's efforts, but one takes care that it does not happen a second time. The idea occurred to me that perhaps Brig wanted now to square himself for that painful episode and

(Continued on Page 30)

I Walked to the Edge of the Forbidding Aperture and Looked Down. Brig Also Lowered His Muzzle and Sniffed at It

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SWIFT & COMPANY

(Continued from Page 28)

to show me that his affection for me remained unimpaired, however I might feel about it. At any rate, I did not believe that there was any danger of his betraying my presence on the premises, no matter how skulking my methods might appear.

These now became more furtive. A little before reaching the road frontage of the villa I turned off and clambered over the semiruined wall of the adjoining property, a *terrain vague* formerly planted in vines that were now old and neglected, and skirted the wall of the Villa Laurier to the rose garden. Brig still kept up the same tactics of hurrying ahead, looking back, returning to me and starting off again.

The barrier here was a thick, untrimmed cypress hedge, and as I pushed through it the rear of the house came in view, and I was disturbed to see light streaming from the salon windows. It had seemed to me highly probable that Jasmin would disregard my instructions and be on the lookout for me. But I had told her that I would come a little after midnight, and it was not yet half-past eleven. Wishing to reconnoiter, I slipped up under cover of the dark shadows and peered through a window. Mr. Moran, Jasmin and Brown were seated close together in some sort of earnest conference. It seemed probable that they had waited for Clytie to retire before discussing her and her affairs. The best that Jasmin could do was now to make this as brief as she could manage, when Brown would take himself off and Mr. Moran go to bed.

A stirring on the part of Brig again attracted my attention. The dog was evidently trying to draw me away. He moved toward the garden, returned to me, then trotted a little distance away again, looking back at me coaxingly. Brig never barked or whined, but his gestures were mutely expressive of what he wanted. Clearly enough he had something on his mind that worried him. He was asking me to follow him and to investigate this matter.

Acting on this hint, I turned away and followed him. Brig trotted to the straight brick path that led down the middle of the garden to the cistern. I hurried silently after him. As we drew near the cistern Brig's nervousness increased. He gave every evidence of anxiety about something and the need of my assistance to put it right. After all, I had been for a year his friend and master.

Then as we came to the cistern I stopped short in surprise and also in vexation. There was a dark, gaping hole where the hatch cover of the cistern had been removed, and about two feet of ladder projecting up from it. Jasmin had apparently carried my request for the ladder entirely too far. She seemed to have taken an undue risk in her wish to save me a little trouble.

I walked to the edge of the forbidding aperture and looked down. Brig also lowered his muzzle and sniffed at it, then backed away and stared up at me with a low, suppressed whine. It seemed to squeeze out of him despite himself. I wondered at the amazing sense of the fitness of things possessed by such a dog, and its telling him that this sort of a gruesome black cavern ought to be kept bottled up, lest somebody fall into it or perhaps lest slimy and sinister creatures emerge from the depths.

The moon was not near enough meridian to throw its light straight down into this gruesome, watery tomb I had come to explore, so that its blackness was absolute. I took out my strong torch and threw the beam straight down into the water, and was disappointed to find that it was so opaque I could not see bottom, or if I did, then it was vague and indistinct. Some fine impalpable form of lime or clay must be held in suspension, I decided, and that was going to make my job very difficult. I discovered also that the manhole was not in the middle of the cistern but at one of its corners; no doubt where the water was shallowest. The bottom would be on a pitch, and the pump be placed at the corner of greatest depth.

There seemed no use in waiting longer, but before getting one of the bean poles and rigging my gaff I wanted to determine the dimensions of this reservoir; so I slid through the trap and started down the ladder, throwing the beam of the torch straight into the water beneath me. This seemed to be roiled, probably because the foot of the ladder had disturbed the fine sediment at the bottom.

Then, nearly at the water's edge and my head well below the trap, I caught a curious sound. It was not from outside, but somewhere in the cistern itself, and very close. I had shoved the torch into my pocket to guard against dropping it, and now, as I clung to the ladder, this sound or vibration or whatever it might be seemed so close under me that all the gruesomeness, so far vague, with which this investigation was charged became suddenly concentrated and focused. I was all at once aware of an immediate contact with something terrible.

For a moment I could only cling to the ladder with the cold sweat bursting out all over me and my hair crisping in that grisly way that is one of man's remote inheritances from his age of fang and claw and bristling hackles. In such ghastly moments one cannot even yell. The vocal cords are for the moment in a state of paralysis, like the muscles.

There was something, I knew, almost against my feet, just under the pitch of that ladder. It was in the water, and it was alive, whether with the life of my world or the next beyond. It was at least breathing, and that was what I had felt or heard.

For the moment my mind could not accept, or at least it did not consider the possibility of there being a live man down in that turbid water, so that the only alternative was a dead one—the materialized presence of the one I had come to look for. This was more of a horrid, senseless dread than an actual thought.

It was something of this sort that now inspired me to loosen one hand on the ladder, snatch my torch from my pocket and flash it down. One may say that a more serviceable reflex would have sent me scampering up that ladder, but perhaps my legs were not up to that. At any rate, the gesture did not help me much. I had focused the torch to its smallest orbit, and now, as the intense ray pierced down, it revealed a wet, white, glistening forearm with a clutching hand reaching for my ankle.

A smothered yell burst out of me. I tried to jerk my foot up and away, but the movement was too late. A grip of what seemed resistless strength fastened on my ankle and held it.

VIII

LUCKILY for me, my nature must be in some respects fairly animal, so that I did not faint or die of fright. At this moment, with that relentless grip on my ankle down at the water's edge of that black sink, the blind terror was swept aside by the impulse to fight.

To tell the truth, this spirit might have failed me if it had not been for Brig. He had sat on his haunches watching me attentively as I crawled down into that black hole, then walked to the square orifice and looked down into it, following my movements with close interest.

As the hand gripped me by the ankle I had instinctively clutched at the ladder with the hand that held the torch, which had dropped with a splash. I think it shone for a few moments before expiring. Then, as I looked up instinctively, there was Brig's big head bright in the moonlight, and his stifled little whine reached me. It had an encouraging sound, and suddenly it swept over me that it must be his former master Dimitri down there, and that Brig was worried about him.

This heaven-sent thought completely swept away my dread. It was a living man and not a dead one with whom I had to deal.

I looked down into the murk and said savagely in French: "Let go, idiot, or I'll drop down on you and drown you."

There was an instant of silence. Then a voice that was not Dimitri's throaty gargle said in English: "Who the devil are you?"

"I'm Charles." My own voice was a bit sticky. "Who in blazes are you? I thought you were that fellow Dimitri."

"No, I'm not Dimitri." The strong, resonant tones sounded hollow and booming.

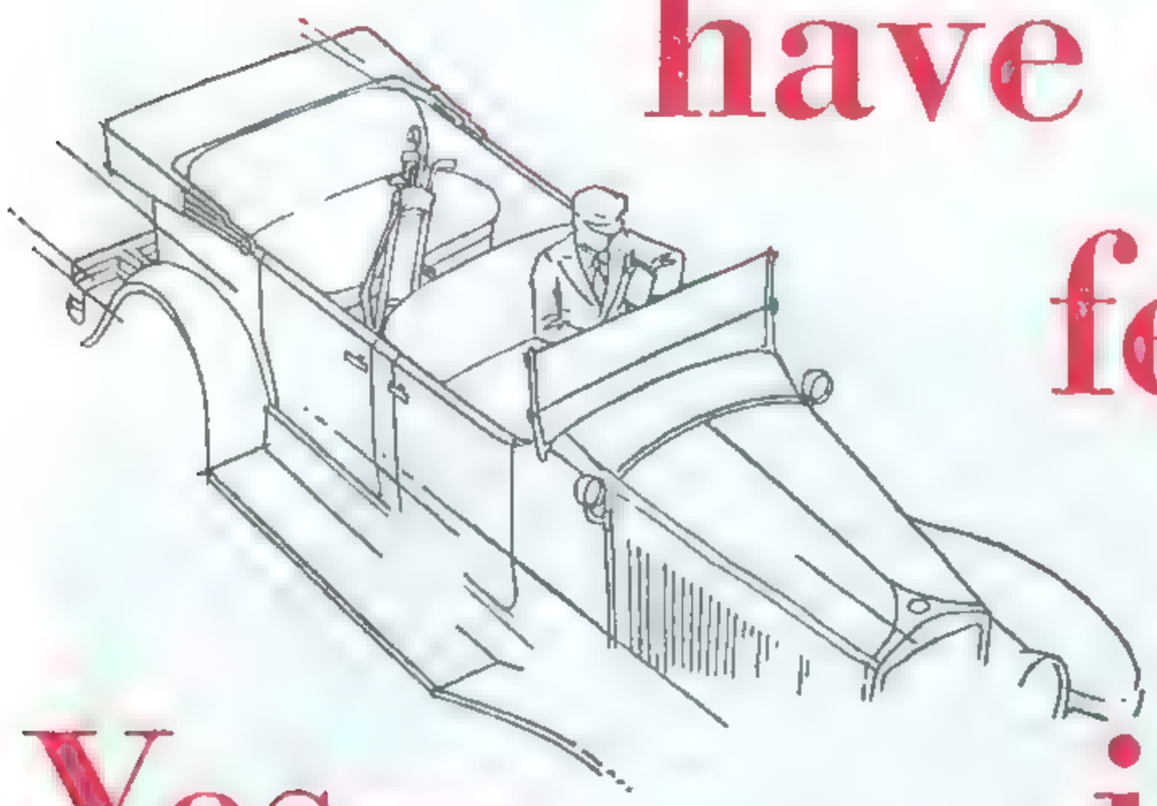
The grip on my ankle was released. I choked back a hysterical burst of laughter. "Well, then," I said, "you must be the guy I came down here to look for. But I hadn't counted on finding you taking a bath—a short one, that is. Come on up."

I climbed shakily out of that fearful place into the bright moonlight. Brig

(Continued on Page 140)

"So That's All Right," I Said. "For a Time I Was Afraid That He Was Going to Marry You"

Will your 1929 engine have its first-year feel in 1932?



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CONGOLEUM RUGS

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BACK FROM UTOPIA

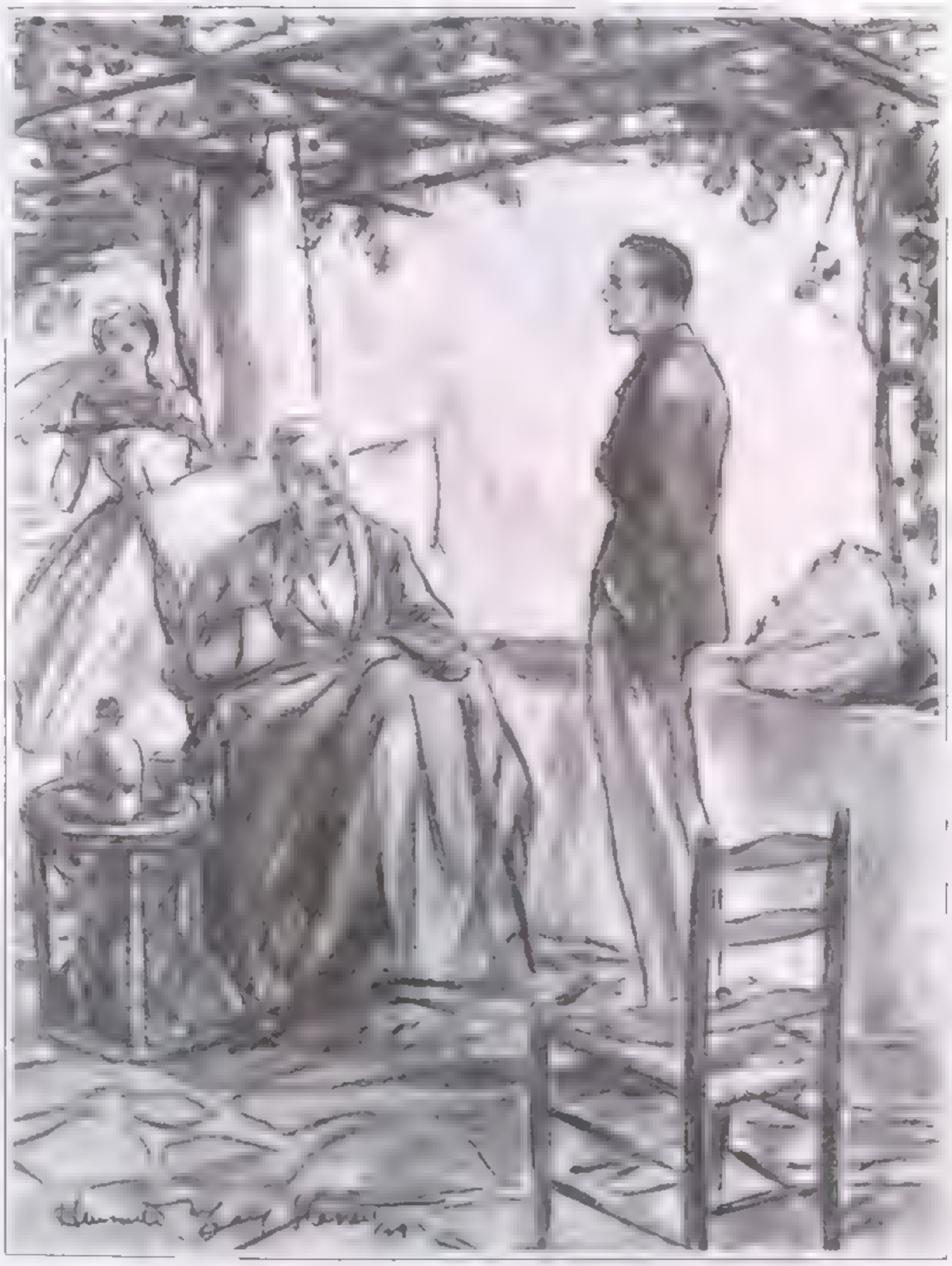
By Gilbert Seldes

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

LONG before he knew it, Roderic Temple was looking for a way out of radicalism. He thought that he was looking for a new form of radical endeavor, because all the forms he had experienced had left him a little bruised and baffled. He imagined, still, that his mission in life was to discover that mysterious single principle on which all radical thought and action were based. At the core of them all, he was sure, something powerful existed, burning like the mythical ball of fire in the core of the earth. He had to find this principle, full of creative strength, and to discover the essential truth and the single direction in which all radical movements were going.

He found them, and they cured him of the long disease of idealism. For the power was not creative, but disruptive; it was not organic. There was a single direction in the principal radical movements, but it was not a direction in which they were going. It was the direction in which they were running away. Before he found it out, Roderic had to run away himself, far enough to complete in a foreign country the process begun at home—the Americanization of an American.

Like all the young men of his time, he fell under the influence of H. L. Mencken and, throwing himself into the current of Menckenian ideas, he was for a while unaware of what was happening to him. Mencken's personality, when Roderic first met him, was extremely attractive. Over large glasses of dark beer in a German speak-easy in New York, Mencken roared with laughter at the childish American mind, the absurdity of American political life, the stupidity of people who took American democracy seriously. Roderic sat trembling with delight at the spectacle of the first intelligent man since John Reed who seemed to be having a good time, who was so obviously taking pleasure in life, had no causes, no inclination to reform and uplift his fellow man, and gave the impression that a "belly laugh," as he called it, was the only thing in life worth experiencing.



His First Decision, His First Responsibility, Lifted Roderic's Heart. "Yes, You Old Bourgeois," He Said

"America is the only country in the world in which third-rate people set all the standards," Mencken announced. "Of course, they exist everywhere, but here they run the show—and it's the best monkey show in the world. That's why I'd rather live here than in Europe." His great boyish face and bright eyes beamed with satisfaction. George Jean Nathan agreed, but seemed to take a little less pleasure in the idea.

Roderic had always thought that if you found something cruel or stupid or wrong in life, your duty was to correct it at once; here was a man who was contented with a roar of laughter; here was Nathan, who couldn't exactly roar, but who could sneer. Instead of going to work to make things better, they stuck their tongues out, and the surprise of respectable people at the gesture only added to their glee. Mencken had an infinite contempt for all the radical movements Roderic had gone through; he made fun of the intelligentzia with the same abandoned ribaldry as he laughed at the common boobs.

Presently Roderic began to notice other people's tongues sticking out in mockery. Not all of them were direct disciples of Mencken, but they had all come under his influence, and when he accepted a fellow worker, the ceremony was like an accolade. To publish an article in The American Mercury or to be praised in its reviews by Mencken or Nathan was a passport to "the civilized minority" in the United States.

The most notable of this new aristocracy was, of course, Sinclair Lewis, who stopped writing for popular magazines in order to devote a year to a book which could not possibly sell more than three or four thousand copies. It was to be a terrific exposé of the life of the American small town; it was to be cruel and edged, and people were to hate it because it was so masterful a work of art. Consciously or not he modeled his new work on that masterpiece of French fiction, Madame Bovary, and when it was finished he sat back to listen to the howling of the people whose pretensions he had exploded and whose complacency he had undermined. He called the book Main Street.

The shock of his success almost paralyzed Lewis. When the book sold more than ten thousand copies he was ready to revise his estimate of the number of intelligent people in the United States—after all, Mencken had worked for years to create just such a group. But when fifty thousand had been passed and a hundred thousand, with more hundreds of thousands in prospect, Lewis bowed his head. The fact that the book was popular, according to him, automatically canceled its artistic value. Because it was bought by hundreds of thousands, it must be bad. Much as it hurt him, he was willing to change his opinion of his own work. But he was not willing to change his opinion of the people who were buying it.

Roderic saw Lewis after three other books had gone through much the same process. By that time the tall, red-haired country lad had become an international celebrity and his name was familiar in every small town in America. But his venom had not lost its sting. He was still busy noting down the exact phrases of ignorant people and publishing them as the voice of America. Roderic happened to sit at a table adjoining Lewis' one evening and heard him telling the theme of his forthcoming book. It was to be a long monologue in a Pullman, and the speaker was to sum up everything Lewis knew of the boobs of America—their low ideas of sex and politics, their superstitions and illusions, their silly hero worship. By a subtle and delicate touch he was going to call the book The Man Who Knew Coolidge.

Roderic noticed, as he eavesdropped, that the others at Lewis' table were not so enthusiastic over the account as they might have been. They said, "That's great, Red," and tried to talk about something else, but Lewis went remorselessly on, promising that the next bit was even better, so that for nearly an hour this outpouring of imaginary stupidities went on. It occurred to Roderic that the monologue in the Pullman wasn't particularly different from the monologue at the adjoining table—that the deadly complacency of the Man Who Knew Coolidge was terribly close to the deadly venom of the Man Who Knew Mencken.

Lewis was the most successful of the new school of debunkers—that is, successful in selling to the bebunked Americans his own line of ideas. Included in this line were the beliefs that the Americans hated superior intelligence, would not stand criticism, did not appreciate art, and gave their wealth and praise only to people who truckled to the lowest tastes. Roderic saw that this was very far from the original Menckenian method. Mencken used to shake with laughter. Mencken joked; Lewis got into pulpits and, like the infidels of the 1880's, challenged God to strike him dead—Bernard Shaw had told the whole story years earlier. Worried by the new direction, Roderic went to see Mencken to ask his advice about an article on American satire he thought of writing. Mencken was again in fine form, although he was worried about Lewis' latest book, which he said was not nearly so good as it should have been. Several months later Mencken praised it in print. To Roderic's question, "Why haven't the debunkers produced a single great satirist?" Mencken replied, "Because they hate the thing they're attacking too much." It wasn't until after he had left that Roderic remembered Dean Swift, with his immortal hatred for the human race and his immortal satire. Roderic ineptly congratulated Mencken on the success of his latest adventure—a tour through America during which he had been photographed in a fireman's helmet and otherwise been féted and made much of.

"You'll be guest of honor at the Baltimore Rotary yet," Roderic said, with a laugh.

"Over my dead body," Mencken replied gravely. And then, dropping all pretense of gayety, Mencken put his hand on Roderic's knee and said, "Look out for them, my boy. They're terribly dangerous. They destroy whatever they touch. You've got to fight them every minute."

Roderic was genuinely alarmed. It seemed to him that the old Mencken had gone, that the shouting and the laughter had died out, and that Mencken was engaged in a crusade as fanatical as any of those he attacked. It was a crusade against bigotry and intolerance, and Roderic was sympathetic, but the difference in the attitude of Mencken and, as Roderic saw in the case of Lewis, of the Menckenian

(Continued on Page 38)

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GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 33

disciples, was startling. They seemed to have put all their money into a company producing the idea that America was utterly ignoble, and could neither afford to stop nor allow themselves to admit exceptions.

Roderic felt his pleasure in living among the boobs slowly ebbing. If America had got to Mencken, if it was as dangerous to freedom of thought and decent living as Mencken said, there could be no safety for him. He had, by this time, come to know most of the other debunkers. There was the group which declared "there must be no heroes," and spent laborious months digging out disgraceful episodes in the lives of famous men or in writing books showing American heroes in ridiculous positions. In his state of mind at the time, this seemed desirable to Roderic. The fact that Washington's severe look was due to trouble with false teeth would counteract the legend of the cherry tree, and everything discreditable about Lincoln and Adams and Franklin and Roosevelt ought to be spread on the record in big type. They had made America what it was—and what was it?

Another group worked on the legends disseminated in primary-school histories; another on current politics; another on the original ideas of the Declaration of Independence. Woodward, who knew business, debunked it—coining the word -and indicated that it was largely luck—Roderic wondered whether this wasn't, after all, a better attack on the large corporations than any economic or moral thrust could be. If this sort of thing went on, it seemed to Roderic, there wouldn't be a substantial thing left in America, and all the overblown structure would crumble to pieces.

The only trouble was that most of the debunkers were getting so rich and popular, they weren't half trying to destroy the things they attacked. Roderic's ancient tendency to embrace a cause stood in the way of his touching these people directly. There was the baffling Algonquin circle, the wits of New York, with the sharpest weapon in their hands. They attacked at times, but every attack was blunted by immediate success. At the time Roderic knew them he was still too conscious of his mission in life to be an acceptable member of the group. In the lot, Heywood Broun alone had the instincts of a fighter. The rest of them, seeing a big man hitting a little one, made a witty remark about the big one's trousers, and passed on the other side of the street.

Gradually Roderic was won over to this attitude. A pun on the name of General Sandino was as good as a demonstration in front of the Subtreasury to express an attitude about Nicaragua; a skit on the home life of the President summed up one's contempt for American politics; a verse about Rotary in a newspaper column dismissed big business. In England and France young people were writing books and plays and poems saying that life was meaningless and tawdry and dull; in America, with more vitality, Roderic heard them say it was a joke. And why not? In his laboratory, Doctor Watson was experimenting on babies and developing a new science of child training; to take it seriously, you had to know something about it; so, instead, you said brightly, "Quick, Watson; the needle," and someone instantly replied with a remark infinitely more witty than that, and you had dismissed science for good.

One unfailing resource came right out of Mencken: The boobs—those poor nuts who still believed in God and democracy and business methods and romance and time-saving office equipment and memory schools and personality developers—people who said there is enough tragedy in real life without going to a play to see it, and those who didn't know much about art but knew what they liked. The fact that they said these things a hundred times proved them stupid; but to imitate them saying the same things, to repeat the imitation a thousand times, was a certain sign of wit. As time went on Roderic discovered that if you substituted other words; you could use these old stand-bys and remain in the circle of the civilized. You said, "I don't know about the technic, but the emotional quality gets me," or you claimed that George M. Cohan's farces were really tragic and that Ring Lardner was an embittered philosopher who disguised his savagery about life in his funniest and craziest pieces. Instead of saying, "Stop me if you've heard this one," you said, "Don't stop me even if you've heard this one"; and you repeated jokes and witty sayings and, if you happened to have children, you pretended that you carried their pictures with you as a sort of cosmic joke on the people who did that seriously—but you carried the pictures, nevertheless.

The great thing was to be hard-boiled intellectually, to reject all sentimentality and bunk. But Roderic discovered in time that the wits were generally hard-boiled about other people's serious affairs and dreadfully tragic and sentimental about their own trivial ones. They cried into their drinks about their childhood days, their love affairs, their pet canaries, and their poverty. They introduced you to their "fiancées" saying, "We're going to get married as soon as she gets divorced," and it was awfully funny, but they called their former wives and husbands by unpretty names and swore eternal devotion in dark hallways and held hands and choked with emotion over I'm Sitting on Top of the World. When they came out of their trances, they had a few dirty words to say about the saps and the Babbitts.

Out of these various groups Roderic clung to one man, Heywood Broun, but the attachment was not personal. Broun, so open about himself in print, seemed reserved in conversation, and Roderic had to derive his wisdom, as so many other young people did, from his published work. Broun was as witty as the wits, and much kinder; he never needed to see someone wince in order to feel that his humor had succeeded; and there was a core of incorruptible honesty in Broun which no circumstance could change. He was never so naïve as he seemed, but he was simple. In the few contacts with him, Roderic encountered this simplicity and candor, and liked them enormously.

Broun's radicalism, his continued fight for the under dog was endearing. In a sense Broun was a living reproach to Roderic, for Broun was the sort of radical Roderic should have become. Broun seemed to believe that the barricades would rise in the streets of New York and knew on which side he would be; Roderic was ceasing to believe that barricades would ever rise, or would be of any consequence if they did. In radicalism, Broun was Roderic's youth, with its faith and confidence and aggressiveness. Broun voted the Socialist ticket—in which Roderic had ceased to believe at the age of fourteen; at thirty, he wished he could believe in it again. Broun heckled reactionary speakers and got beaten up—Roderic no longer believed in that form of direct action. And when Broun gave up his great position on the staff of the New York World as a demonstration against editorial interference with his treatment of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Roderic felt humiliated; he himself hadn't even gone to Boston to march; he had betrayed liberty and justice.

Broun's attack on the American majority was comparatively old-fashioned, for Broun was in essence a liberal who believed that justice and freedom

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In Paris He Let Himself Go, Relishing Sights and Smells and Noises; He Went Slumming Among the Middle-Class Pleasures and They Satisfied Him

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Michelangelo in Casa Medici

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

NOT even in Italy, and, therefore, certainly not elsewhere in the world, could be matched the company seated, on that carnival day of the year 1491, at the table of Messer Lorenzo de' Medici in the sumptuous tapestry-hung *salone* of the palace in the Via Larga. The host himself, delightfully entertaining his guests in a spontaneous charm of personality which obliterated the sharp-nosed ugliness of his features, was unique. In all the multitude of despots tyrannously throned over an infinitely partitioned Italy was none such as he, who now for twenty-two years had been the scarcely challenged ruler of Florence in that subtly formidable if prudently nontitular despotism founded by his grandfather Cosimo, greatest of international bankers. Himself the greatest banker as he was incomparably the greatest statesman of his age; an elegant and authentic poet; a scholar profoundly familiar with that literature of classic Greece and Rome marvelously rediscovered during the past century; the unrivaled collector of the manifold masterpieces newly being resurrected from the neglected ruins of antiquity as he was the most princely patron of every form of contemporary art; he whom all Italians admiringly called "Il Magnifico" brilliantly incarnated in his person all that sensuous semipagan intensity of living, all that astonishing diversity of accomplishment, characteristic of the Renaissance, then at its maximum of splendor.

He was still only in his forty-second year, even as several of those intimates at his table were similarly young for their European celebrity. Still only thirty-seven was that vividly eager-featured Angelo Poliziano who at eighteen had been famous throughout Italy for his translation of the Iliad into Latin verse, who now for nineteen years had been a member of this household where originally he had been the prodigiously learned tutor to the Medici children; the greatest Italian poet since Dante and Petrarch, whose exquisite stanzas had inspired Sandro Botticelli with his immortally pictured vision of Venus borne upon the waves. Still only twenty-eight was that gravely handsome, gray-eyed young man who now argued smilingly but acutely with Poliziano on the never-outworn topic of the esoteric significance of Plato's theory of love—Giovanni Pico, Lord of Mirandola, most precocious of geniuses in an era of precocious genius, whose vast erudition in the humanist learning at last victorious over the sterile theological speculations of medievalism was unparalleled; he who had loved and been loved by many women, but now, to their despair, composed his life almost to a saintly asceticism where a deeply mystical philosophy was his only mistress; he who was idolized by all who knew him.

If old in years, still unquenchably young, too, in spirit were those merry graybeards, Cristoforo Landino, the great Latinist, who had been Lorenzo's own tutor, and the sixty-year-old Luigi Pulci, prince of improvisators and writer of the great burlesque epic *Morgante*, who in lifelong friendship had become almost the household bard to the Casa Medici, and who now entered into that learned dispute between Poliziano and Pico with a witty epigram at which the table roared and the ladies affected to be shocked.

Not to be matched, indeed, was that joyous company where all that was most illustrious in Florence feasted in carnival mood with the master of their city. Where might be found the equal of these men, each diversely gifted with such brilliant genius, linked in a community of love for that splendid patron who was to each of them a friend? Where might be found ladies more beautiful, more witty and more cultured than these dazzling creatures who enjoyed to the full that emancipation which was one of the benefits the New Learning had conferred upon the well-born of their sex? Where, in truth, in all the world might one lady be found more worthy of a man's whole worship than Madonna Lucrezia, twenty years of age, daughter of Messer Lorenzo, and since childhood wedded to Jacopo Salviati in a coldly concluded alliance of political expediency?

So, at least, thought the youth seated by her side—a precociously clever youth just entering his seventeenth year, by name Michelangelo Buonarotti. Awkwardly adolescent, his self-conscious diffidence perhaps increased by the recent disfigurement of his nose—young Piero Torrigiano had smashed it with a blow of his fist in the Church of the Carmine, where they were drawing from the frescoes of Masaccio, in physical answer to an unlucky sarcasm—his eyes—they could be strangely ardent eyes—daring only occasionally to glance around to her disturbing young loveliness, he thought it with all his soul. Often had he seen her. Now a whole year was it since, thanks to a chance-seen sculpture of a faun's head carved from a spoiled fragment of marble, the Magnificent had begged the guardianship of the lad from an unwilling father, had brought him into his own house, had treated him like an adopted son. Privately, that the boy be not spoiled by vanity, Messer Lorenzo vaunted to his intimates that startlingly evident genius which would surely fulfill one of the dearest of Medici ambitions and restore the decadent art of sculpture in Florence to the level of the art of painting; well was it that he had been taken from his apprenticeship with the painter Ghirlandajo and set to study antique statuary in the Medici's gardens at San Marco. Often, indeed, had the young Michelangelo seen Madonna Lucrezia. Yet never could he speak to her without, humiliatingly, stammering like a fool. It was not easy to speak to angels.

She turned and smiled to him now, pleasantly drawing him from his modest silence.

"And what thinkst thou of Plato's way of love, Michelozzo?" she asked. "But little doth a lad of thy age reck of it, I warrant! How many girls hast thou kissed this mad carnival day?"

He felt himself flush hotly.

"In truth, *madonna mia*, none have I kissed."

It was true. Through all that day of carnival, when throngs of grotesquely travestied revelers had paraded through the labyrinthine streets of shuttered shops, riotously flinging handfuls of confetti sweetmeats at one another, young men and women making joyous music with voice and lute, young men forcibly raising the mask of every likely wench and kissing her if she were indeed pretty—an entire city abandoning itself to that annual permitted license, careless of the apocalyptic denunciations with which Fra Savonarola would terrify them from his pulpit in the Duomo tomorrow—he had sat solitarily working at a marble relief of Centaurs in Conflict suggested to him by Poliziano. Madonna Lucrezia knew it well. A household joke was the lad's uncouth timidity with women, conspicuously singular in that time of facile morals, when boys of his station were precociously men boasting of the amatory conquests permissible and almost expected. She teased him, maliciously, charmingly.

"Not even thine own *bella donna* hast thou kissed, Michelozzo? Fie! Never will I believe that thou hast not some roguish little *innamorata* hidden from us all!"

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"Vile Creature of the Evil One! Yet Art Thou Defeated, and All Thy Wicked Arts Brought to Nought"

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GOODYEAR

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He looked at her— exquisitely contoured was her young sensuously full-lipped face, for she took after that handsome youth Giuliano, her father's brother, who thirteen years before had been murdered in the Duomo in the famous conspiracy of the Pazzi, inspired by Pope Sixtus IV, wherefrom Lorenzo himself had barely escaped—and tears came up into his eyes.

"*Madonna mia*, I swear to thee ——"

She smiled tantalizingly, girlishly exercising her young beauty.

"What dost thou swear to me, my Michelozzo?"

What might he swear to her? He wanted to swear to her that all his life was at her service, that never in the whole world would she meet with such devotion as was inexpressible in his soul, that it would be ecstasy to die for her, yielding up to her even those dreams of unique artistic achievement which were an overwhelmingly passionate certainty in him, all things, indeed, fittingly sacrificed to her.

He did not dare. She was, awesomely, the daughter of the Magnifico. More than that, she was herself divine in that loveliness visibly incarnating a superearthly purity, not to be profanely approached. As well might one make love vows to the heavenly Madonnas painted by Fra Angelico in the convent of San Marco. Yet were there times and places, only to be imagined in vision-filled solitude, when he might have poured out his heart to her, laying his existence at her feet. But not here, at this table, joyous with light jests and the mingled laughter of men and women in carnival gayety.

"*Madonna mia*, never will there be woman that I shall love!"

She laughed. The light music of it thrilled him as though he were a taut string vibrant to her every tone.

"*Per Bacco*, a dolorous prophecy in faith, an it were true! Well know I that it is not. Well assured am I that thou hast already a secret love, Messer Penseroso! Confess now!"

There seemed a magic in those lovely eyes looking into his—a magic compelling him to surrender utterly his innermost self. He stammered in confusion.

"*Madonna mia* ——"

What was he about to say? He himself hardly knew in that whirl of all his faculties, in that sudden violent surge of his adolescent passion. But, even as he began to speak, her attention was brusquely diverted from him.

Pico della Mirandola was addressing her in that gravely harmonious voice of his. A quick little flush came into her cheeks as she turned to the young philosopher, attractive in his pensively featured masculine beauty, of whom a sibyl had prohesied, poetically and appropriately, that he should die "in the time of lilies."

"Thou sayest, Messer Giovanni ——"

He smiled, in charming courtesy.

"The Cardinal Borgia pledges thee, Madonna." He gestured to the other side of the table.

Opposite to her, a strikingly handsome oldish man in the scarlet of a cardinal one of the illustrious visitors to Florence always to be found at the table of Lorenzo il Magnifico—lifted his goblet, smilingly exerted for her that peculiar instantly felt fascination of his personality for which he was, in fact, celebrated.

"Madonna Lucrezia! Venus and Minerva in one—my homage to the twin divinity!"

The flush went out of her cheeks as, smilingly, she raised her own goblet. The secularity of that toast from an ecclesiastic had, nevertheless, nothing unusual to shock her. Great ecclesiastics were far more princes than priests, and assumed the privileges of princes.

"*Grazie*, Monsignore Borgia!" she answered, in sparklingly recovered self-possession. "Flattering indeed is such a title from one of Your Excellency's competence. Great content would I have to resemble the sage Minerva in her wisdom as by report Your Excellency resembles Olympian Jove in puissant benevolence!"

The cardinal laughed, well-pleased with that adroitly returned compliment. All important was it to conciliate this wealthiest of Roman curia, freely and prophetically credited with the intention of buying himself a majority of votes in the Sacred College when the present ailing Pope should expire. On him might depend the ratification of that cardinalate two years previously granted by Pope Innocent to her young brother Giovanni, at that time a boy of fourteen, which yet must be kept secret for another year under pain of excommunication. Not altogether fortuitous was this flitting visit to Florence of the formidable cardinal who, all powerful under the two preceding Popes, detached himself completely from the politics of the present pontificate in evident preparation for his own, and availed himself of that prudent leisure to visit some of his plurality of benefices.

Already obvious was it that the equally ambitious houses of Borgia and of Medici must reckon with each other, as allies or as enemies, in the great game where not only primacy in Italy but supremacy over the Christian world were the stake.

The cardinal sent her an audacious smile from those dangerous eyes momentarily unlidded.

"*Tullavia*, I drink to Venus!" he said.

Another stranger guest leaned across the table, noisily claimed Lucrezia's notice. It was a somewhat overdressed French lord, a secret emissary, it was whispered, from that young Charles VIII, who next year would be liberated

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He Could Dream Dreams So Vast and So Sublime That They Thrilled His Soul Almost to Tears—But Not Yet Was the Artist in Him Triumphantly Released to That All-Compelling Mastery He Felt Immanent Within Him

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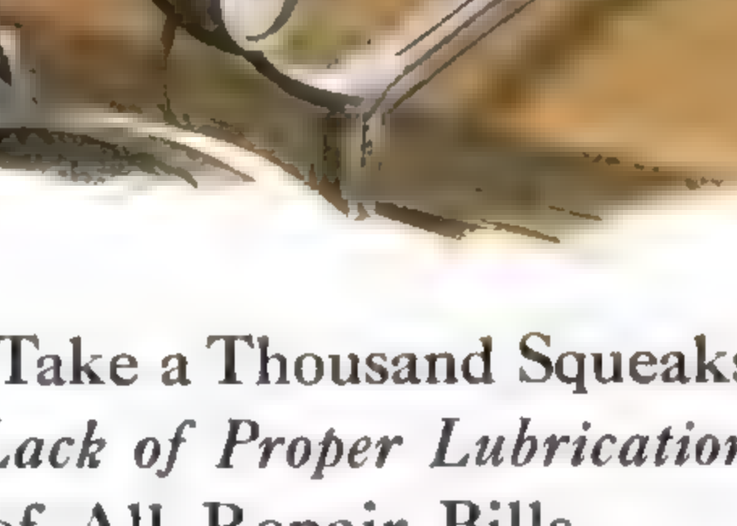

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(Continued from Page 40)

from his long minority. He toasted her beauty in execrable Italian, hyperbolically assured her that his royal master would with difficulty be restrained from a chivalrous adventure into Italy did he but know of the loveliness of Italian ladies. To him also she smiled, held him in gay talk with practiced tact and charm, habituated, like all the quasi-royal Medici children, to play a part in her father's tirelessly deft diplomacy. None knew precisely what intrigue was behind this Frenchman's mission. But permanent in Lorenzo's policy was a solid friendship with France, menacingly vested with hereditary claims to both Milan and the now Aragonese Kingdom of Naples, while skillfully giving neither the French nor the Spanish monarch excuse to intervene in Italian affairs kept precariously peaceful by that Medici-contrived alliance between Milan, Naples and Florence which balanced the ambitions of Venice and the fluctuating partisanships of the Papacy.

She divided herself now between the Frenchman and the sardonically appreciative cardinal in a conversation of brilliantly witty artificiality which held them both in laughter, turned every now and then to Pico della Mirandola, courteously serious at her right hand. She seemed utterly to have forgotten the existence of the youth at her other side. Michelangelo, feeling as though half-opened gates of Paradise had shut in his face, wished himself dead.

A servant came to Lorenzo de' Medici at the head of the table and whispered to him. The Magnifico rose.

"Friends," he said, "the procession draws near. Let us to the windows."

In noisy merriment they pushed away their seats, trooped to the windows on the *piano nobile* which overlooked the Via Larga.

Below them the dimly lit street was densely thronged with people tumultuously jostling one another for places of vantage. Already, in the distance, could be heard an approaching music. Time was—and long after he had become the accepted autocrat of Florence—when the young Lorenzo de' Medici had himself taken the leading part in those magnificent carnival processions of splendid cars exhibiting elaborate and ingenious allegories for which every artist in Florence had been called into service; had himself with facile talent written a multitude of joyous if licentious *canzoni* for the personages and the revelers to sing, to the delight of that pleasure-loving populace which adored him. Those were the days when, in that complete democracy of manners characteristic of this city which still boasted of being a republic, he and young Angelo Poliziano had gone into the streets, had boisterously urged pretty young working girls into a ring, had set them dancing hand in hand with music and song, singing in their fresh young voices those brand-new *ballate*—dancing songs—which he and Poliziano had dashed off but an hour before. Brave days those had been, when the zest of life had been an intoxication, when he could turn lightly from the details of high statecraft or the finance of foreign kings to such exuberant trifling, when there had seemed no limit to his eager all-embracing enjoyment of existence.

Now, though still in the prime of his years, no longer could he take personal part in these revelries. Already was he attacked by the gout which had permanently crippled and ultimately killed his father Piero. The long-continued cares of state had deeply lined his visage, had quelled something of that early vivacity. Now was it his own son Pietro—he who must one day succeed him—who would ride in that procession, flaunting the haughty dissipation he owed to the Orsini blood of his mother, herself uninspiringly virtuous and now dead. Painfully, yet smilingly disguising from his guest the anguish of the malady which tortured him, the master of Florence limped to the window, showed himself to the crowd.

They welcomed him in a roar of enthusiasm: "*Viva! Viva! Vivano le Palle!*"—the six balls on a golden field of the Medici arms. "*Evviva Lorenzo! Evviva il Magnifico! Viva! Viva!*"

The procession approached. In the first dusk it had left Oltr'arno, had crossed the Ponte Vecchio, had passed into the Piazza della Signoria where—from the battlemented Palazzo Pubblico, surmounted by the tallest tower in Florence—the magistrates, who were all creatures of the Medici, had welcomed it, had meandered by a circular route through the narrow, winding streets of the city, and finally was descending the Via Larga to its destination at the Duomo, whose lofty white campanile of banded marble now glowed from the darkness in reflection of the illumination at its base.

Already came loud the beat of drums, the blare of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, the melody of flutes, of stringed instruments and of human voices swelling in chorus, pulsing through and dominating the murmur of the multitude, the confused clamor of excited shouts and cheers. Suddenly visible in a glare of waving torches, a body of magnificently attired young patricians rode prancing thoroughbreds through the mass of spectators, parting for their passage. Behind them came, singing a carnival song to a rollicking tune emphasized by drums and pipes and twanging lutes, a band of fantastically disguised maskers on foot, preceding gigantic grotesque figures that swayed drunkenly in their unstable height above the chanting torch bearers.

There followed, in long alternation, companies of beautiful young girls who danced as they sang and flung handfuls of spring flowers right and left in a rain of flowers showered from the houses, other bands of music, and the great lumbering cars, drawn by garlanded oxen, each representing a tableau mimed amid the laughter and cheers of the crowd—old men and young wives, damned souls in Hell, nuns escaping from convent, the classic myths of Jupiter and Ganymede, the Judgment of Paris, Perseus and Andromeda—performed by members of the trade guilds singing appropriate if highly improper verses. The vociferations swelled to an ever-renewed roar as the pageant passed under the windows of Casa Medici, and suddenly the crowd commenced to sing that joyous, lilting, ever-popular refrain, written years before by Lorenzo himself for the unforgettable Masque of Bacchus and Ariadne in a carnival when his power and himself were alike yet young:

"Quant' è bella giovinezza
Che si fugge tuttavia;
Chi vuol' esser lieto, sia;
Di doman non c'è certezza!"

"O, how fair is joyous youthtime
That too swiftly flies away!
Let who will be happy seize it.
Of tomorrow none is sure!"

In the apartment of the Casa Medici the gay festival company took up the refrain, sang it in unison with the crowd below, turning in happy homage to that smiling statesman poet who, if he had fettered the ancient factious liberties of Florence in a smoothly effective autocracy, had nevertheless made her the city where, in all the world, the spirit of man might most freely express itself in the joy of life.

Michelangelo glanced to see Lucrezia, vividly beautiful in the glare of the torches, speaking, it seemed almost pleadingly, to Pico della Mirandola. If only he were older, were a full-grown man, already that great maestro sculptor he vowed himself to be, acclaimed by all the world as Pico della Mirandola was acclaimed! Then surely would she speak with him just as seriously as she spoke with that gravely handsome young philosopher! Pico shook his head smilingly. She turned away, a peculiar expression on her face, perceived Michelangelo, laughed to him, ran over to him where he lingered awkwardly in self-conscious solitude, impetuously swung him round in a carnival dance.

"Sing, Michelozzo!" she cried. "Sing!"

"Quant' è bella giovinezza
Che si fugge tuttavia;
Chi vuol' esser lieto, sia;
Di doman non c'è certezza!"

He sang it also, danced with her in an incredible ecstasy, as of one singing and dancing with a goddess who was kind.

The carnival was over. In the great Duomo a vast congregation crushed itself together where it had fought for standing room, despite the extra seats erected in tiers within the choir and at the great doorway. The monk Savonarola was preaching. In that voice which was to his auditors like the clap of doom, his eyes strangely blazing from the coarse strongly featured visage ravaged by fasts and vigils, like a very personification of the wrath of God, he once more prophesied terribly—as from his pulpit in San Marco he had prophesied until that convent church could not longer hold the crowds who came to listen and to weep.

Three things did he prophesy continually in those affrighting sermons which all Florence flocked to hear—that the Church would be renewed in his time; that before that renovation God would strike all Italy with a fearful chastisement; that these events would happen shortly. Upon this triple theme did he preach now again, denouncing the wickedness of Italy not in general terms but with a terrible precision particularizing the sins and crimes of which the age was guilty, with a terrible realism depicting the horrors which would be its punishment; so that those who heard him could not but shudder, appalled under that fulgurant vividness of denunciation, and were wrought to irresistible cries and sobs in the unendurable agony of listening; so that the very shorthand writers reporting his sermon burst into tears and could write no more:

"O Italy! O Rome! I give you over to the hands of a people who will wipe you out from among the nations! I see them descending like lions. Pestilence comes marching hand in hand with war. The deaths will be so many that the buriers shall go through the streets crying out: 'Who hath dead; who hath dead?' and one will bring his father and another his son. . . . The Lord is full of wrath. The angels on their knees cry to Him: 'Strike, strike!' The good sob and groan: 'We can no more.' The orphans, the widows say: 'We are devoured, we cannot go on living. . . .' The Lord cometh above His saints, above the blessed ones who march in battle array, who are drawn up in squadrons. Whither go they?

"Saint Peter is for Rome, crying: 'To Rome, to Rome!' And Saint Paul and Saint Gregory march, crying: 'To Rome, to Rome!' And behind them go the sword, the pestilence, the famine. Saint John cries: 'Up, up, to Florence!' And the plague follows him. Saint Anthony cries: 'Ho, for Lombardy!' Saint Mark cries: 'Haste to the city throned upon the waters!' And all the angels of Heaven, sword in hand, march on unto war! . . . And to Florence—to this Florence—what shall I say? What does God say, speaking through my mouth, as unto me He hath revealed it in visions, so that I cried out in the night and prayed that this task be taken from me? He says to Florence: 'Repent! Repent!' To this Florence given over to carnal lusts, given over to song and mirth in all manner of wickedness, to the pleasures of the body and the damnation of the soul, He says: 'Repent, for woe unutterable cometh upon thee!'

"What shall it avail it in that day of judgment that thy rulers made lewd songs for carnival, that thy rulers bedazzled thee with gorgeous shows, that thy rulers led thee into corruption? Those rulers shall fall, mighty though they are; for who is mightier than the Lord? Their palaces, filled with pagan toys and all the luxury of godlessness, shall lie waste and empty. Their seats shall know them no more, and they shall weep amid the weeping people from whom they stole liberty, amid the weeping people they corrupted to their everlasting doom! . . ."

A long gasp checked the sobs of that vast concourse, wrought to an unbearable intensity of collective emotion. Of a surety, the voice of God spoke through this friar. None else would have dared thus publicly to attack him who was the master of all Florence, who—not, indeed, by violence and bloodshed like the other despots of Italy, but by the equally effective methods of confiscatory taxation and exile—ruthlessly annihilated all opposition to his power. There was a craning of heads to see how the autocrat took it. Calmly, impassibly, Lorenzo sat in his gilded seat within the choir, betraying no resentment at this fatidic denunciation from the Ferrarese preacher he had himself brought to Florence, whom he had permitted to be elected as prior of that convent of San Marco founded by his grandfather and lavishly endowed by himself. Already well he knew that the monk, fanatic in his reactionary medievalism, hated him as the arch representative of that new semi-pagan rebirth of æsthetic appreciation of art and literature wherein the ascetic saw, pruriently, but lures to obscene indecency.

Michelangelo shuddered, his face wet with tears, like the faces of those around him. The preacher's vehement eloquence convulsed him to the core of his young ultra-sensitive soul. Was it true that these calamities, the judgment of an outraged God, overhung his world? Was it true, as the preacher went on yet more vehemently to assert, that all the beautiful things which most they admired were but the snares of Satan, that all nude statues should be ground to powder and pictures and books burned in the fire as but temptations to licentiousness, that the simple faith of an old peasant woman was more than the learning of that Plato almost divinized in the Medici circle, that all philosophers were or would be in hell?

Should they not immediately, as the preacher adjured them to do, make an end of all these vanities and proclaim Christ as the sole king of Florence?

He was utterly stunned as, with that awe-stricken, eagerly whispering congregation, he went out to the Piazza, that apocalyptic voice still in his ears. The whole purpose of his life was shaken in him. Ought he not to abjure his art, to fight down that wicked craving, tyrannical in him, to create he knew not what of sublimely beautiful forms, which was but an inspiration from the devil cunningly alert to enmesh his soul?

He hardly knew where he wandered along the streets, but when he returned to the Casa Medici, the Magnificent had arrived before him. As he went through the rooms on the *piano nobile*, he saw Messer Lorenzo looking at his carving of the centaurs. Poliziano had brought it to show it to his patron, and both were now discussing it. The Magnificent perceived him, bade him come close. Kindly, with exact connoisseurship, Lorenzo pointed out the defects in that piece of youthful work, encouraged him with praise of what was good in it.

"Thy next work, *figliuolo*," he said, "should be yet better."

The lad burst into tears.

"Forgive, *signore!*" he cried. "But never will I touch chisel more! Does the *signore* not remember what the monk said this morning that all this is but devilry?"

The Magnificent smiled.

"He but raved; for all that he is the most honest friar in Florence. Heed him not, *giovane*. Many-sided is truth and this friar has but part of it. God has given thee power to create for His glory; therefore were it sin in thee not to bring thy power to perfection; for remember that perfection in lovely work is the greatest homage one may pay to the Creator, who Himself is perfect. So does the artist draw near to God Himself, as God wills that man should do in all humility. Is it not so, Angelo?" He turned to Poliziano. "Methinks I shall have to bid this friar bridle his tongue, since thus he spoils my artists."

"The whole of Florence will he spoil, *patrone*," answered Poliziano angrily, "an he is not silenced. A madman is he—and one madman makes many."

"In truth," said Lorenzo, "the friar treads rather on affairs of state. I will send word to him that he keep to his proper business. We want no mob frenzies in Florence."

Lucrezia entered the apartment. Her father called her to see Michelangelo's new work.

"*O che bello!*" she exclaimed. "Surely wilt thou be a great sculptor, Michelozzo! Now, for me must thou carve something!"

He looked at her, spoke in a strange exaltation from those terrors which still encompassed him, despite the reassuring words of Messer Lorenzo.

"For thee, *madonna*, will I do it; even though it cost my soul as Savonarola saith!"

She laughed scornfully.

"Savonarola! I marvel that Pico holds such a crack-brained sour *bigotto* for friend! All beauty would he destroy from the world, making us all hair-shirted monks and nuns, forbidding ourselves love and joy in craven terror of hell fire." She smiled, abruptly changing her bitter tone to a charming lightness. "Nay, Michelozzo, not thy soul would I imperil. Only do I desire of thy love some lovely work."

Who might refuse her, even though she were wrong, and Savonarola were indeed the inspired emissary of God?

The springtide of that year renewed itself, filled for every Florentine with that vividly hued daily pageant of the Renaissance at its height, which to them was normality. Not in all Italy was such another as that comparatively small walled city, unequally divided by the Arno, spanned by its ancient bridges, whose only parallel was Athens in the Golden Age of Pericles. If almost everywhere else in Italy, save only Venice, human life was perpetually precarious in a universal entanglement of sanguinary private intrigue which had perfected murder to a fine art, in a continual internecine hostility between city and city constantly breaking into war, in pitiful dependence on the whim of petty tyrants ingenious in unrestrained cruelty, Florence exhibited a splendidly contrasting spectacle of peaceful and brilliantly prosperous security under the smoothly firm rule of him who had no title but was merely the first of her citizens—magnificently personifying in himself all that ardent intellectual and artistic superiority which for a century past had distinguished her. Still, as for a century past, the wealth of a world-wide commerce flowered, it seemed almost daily, into masterpieces that were to be immortal. With eager curiosity, with passionately genuine enthusiasm, the citizens and the common people flocked to see the new frescoes of Domenico Ghirlandajo in the church of Santa Maria Novella, to see the latest paintings of Sandro Botticelli, of the Pollajuolo brothers, of a hundred other artists great and small, as they flocked to the Duomo where Savonarola thundered his denunciations of these vanities, as they flocked to the lecture halls where Marsilio Ficino, Cristoforo Landino and Angelo Poliziano opened to them the glories of classic literature, expounded to them the mystic philosophy of Plato.

Never did young artist develop his faculties in a more propitious environment than that in which the lad Michelangelo found himself a favored child of fortune. An education in itself was that seat at the Medici table where every topic, human and divine, was discussed by the unique company ever gathered about the Magnificent. Despite the gloomy doubts still haunting his religious soul, in an ardor that was ecstasy he drew and modeled indefatigably from those newly found antique statues in the Medici gardens, studying them until he dreamed of them, until they seemed to become part of him, until the innate essence of his life became an overwhelming compulsion to emulate their sublimely simple strength of form. When he returned to the Casa Medici in the Via Larga, it was to a treasure house of all that was most rare and beautiful, where he was free to pore over endless cabinets of exquisitely carved antique gems, to explore endless shelves of the precious manuscripts procured by Lorenzo from countries near and far, to loiter among an unmatched profusion of those masterpieces of contemporary sculpture and painting he swore to himself he would one day equal or surpass. In the lengthening, warm evenings, he would hasten to the Piazza of Santa Liberata, between the Duomo and the Baptistery, where, on the broad marble steps, the youth of Florence gathered traditionally in competitive improvisation of song and story. There sometimes Luigi Pulci came still to outshine them all with an extemporized poetry that held them silent and enthralled, or perhaps Angelo Poliziano wandered by and, picking up a lute, sang one of those delicately amorous *ballate* that none could rival, and shyly lingering girls commenced to sing the chorus in sweet young voices, and there seemed a magic on the world touched to an exclusion of all but beauty.

One unforgettable day in Maytime there had been when they had all ridden out joyously in the morning, with Lorenzo himself at their head, to the Medici villa at Careggi on the heights toward Fiesole. It was that annual *festa* in the Medici circle, the celebration of the birthday of Plato, since the time of the great Cosimo the almost-worshiped deliverer of the human soul from the fetters of medievalism. A merry band of those philosophers, young and old, of the Platonic academy—Pico della Mirandola, Poliziano, Pulci, Ficino and Landino—they had ridden, with songs and stories and serious talk, through the bright sunshine where the larks caroled in the blue sky, until they reached that villa elegantly semi-castellated in its lovely gardens. Thither a band of ladies had preceded them: Lucrezia Salviati—her husband, as usual, absent on some mission for the Magnifico—Ippolita Leoncini, who was Poliziano's immortally sung mistress—'*Chi non sa come è fatto il paradiso. Guardi Ippolita mia negli occhi fiso!*'—the beautiful Angiola, who was the latest of Lorenzo's many loves, other laughing ladies, each the fair enchantress of one or other of those erudite cavaliers in rich-hued embroidered doublets and tight parti-colored hose, who leaped from their horses and doffed their velvet bonnets to them in joyous greeting.

Delightful, indeed, had been that day, immense the privilege that he, Michelangelo, should be allowed to participate in it. A table had been laid in the high loggia, open to the warm sunny air. The bust of Plato had been reverently brought in, had been garlanded with flowers plucked by fair hands, amid much merriment, from the gardens. Then had they all seated themselves gayly to the feast, had eaten frugally, as was the custom at the Medici table, had drunk toasts to the great Greek philosopher who had taught men to think for themselves regardless of authority, had celebrated him in brilliantly improvised discourses wherein they had happily vied with one another in appreciation, witty or profound.

Lorenzo, a little haggard, but smiling in his ugliness, had spoken almost better than any; bidding them bear in mind the teaching of the master that beauty is synonymous with love and love with perfection; wherein, he added, might be perceived the reason why he had, now, Angiola at his side in pious practice of that immortal truth. Whereat they had all laughed, and he, Michelangelo, had glanced surreptitiously at the beautiful Lucrezia, who was never known to have had a lover and was here merely because of all his children Lorenzo loved best to have her with him. She smiled modestly, inured from childhood to her father's innumerable gallantries, smiled also to the blushing Angiola. Like a Madonna was she in her purity and charity, he thought. None was there like her in the entire world.

So had they feasted and laughed and talked until the sun went down, until the torches were brought and put in the sockets, until outside the sky became a profound blue, diamonded with a myriad stars, and a nightingale commenced from the shrubbery below them. Then had Lorenzo bidden a page bring his lute, had himself plucked the strings, had sung them a new *canzone* of his own fashioning:

"*Angiola, tu mi fai*
Cantando a te venire,
E bellezza ch'hai
Non te le posse dire.
Fior di bontà e d'honestà
Tu se' più bella donna che sia in
questa città!"

"*Angiola, thou makest me*
Singing come toward thee,
And the beauty that thou hast,
Ah, I cannot tell thee.
Flower of goodness and of bright
renown,
Thou art the loveliest lady that dwells
within this town!"

In a unison of blended voices, they all repeated the refrain:

"*Fior de bontà e d'honestà*
Tu se' più bella donna che sia in questa
città!"

He sang the second verse of the trifle to the light, lilting melody:

"*O labbro di corallo!*
Zucchero di mangiare,
E d'oro e di christallo
Ch'io vorrei baciare.
Fior di bontà e d'honestà
Ama chi t'ama, e chi non t'ama, lassa!"

"*O lips that are of coral,*
As sugar to the taste,
As rare as gold and crystal,
To kiss them I'm in haste!
Flower of goodness and of bright
renown,
Love who loves thee, who loves thee not,
cast down!"

As again they finished that chorused refrain, the pensively handsome young Pico della Mirandola smiled gravely to the giver of the feast.

"A pretty lay, *patrone;* yet scarcely fitting for such a night as this. Not thus lightly would our divine master whom we celebrate sing of love!"

The Magnificent smiled back to him.

"Even so, O admirable prince of philosophy! Not thus, indeed, does Plato teach us love. Listen then, while again I woo a Muse too long neglected!"

He picked up the lute once more, plucked the strings to a more serious music, improvised with his instantly versatile facility:

"*What then is Love?*
Is't but the fitting bliss
Of lip on lip's delight?
Of eyes in eyes made bright?
Of bodies clasped tight?
Of sighs born of the kiss?
Is that then Love?

That is not Love!
Love knows Eternity
And seeks it in thy soul!
My spirit knows its goal,
At one with thine, one whole
Lost in God's unity—
Ah, that is Love!"

They applauded him enthusiastically as he laid down the lute, smiled to them, smiled to the beauteous Angiola, who certainly had not understood, and much preferred the previous *canzone*.

"In truth, *patrone*," said Poliziano, "that is indeed love; even as our master Plato would have sung it!"

Lucrezia turned to Pico della Mirandola.

"And is that how thou dost understand love, Messer Giovanni?" she asked softly.

His serious gray eyes held hers for an instant.

"Not now do I concern myself with thoughts of love, *madonna*," he replied. "Even as Savonarola prophesies do I feel that the end of all things is near. To higher matters than these vanities must I compose my soul."

She bit her lip, turned away from him, smiled to Michelangelo.

"And thou, my Michelozzo—is it thus that thou dost understand love?"

He stammered and blushed in that fair gaze upon him, answered in a gush of sincerity from the depths of himself.

"Even so, *madonna mia;* even so do I understand love!"

She smiled again, a little sadly.

"Hardly shalt thou find it in this world, my Michelozzo. Our lovers of today are but for a day, I fear, nor will those we love, love us. *Tuttavia*," she smiled, teasingly, "must thou first learn to keep faith with ladies. Not yet have I seen that wondrous work thou didst promise me."

Again he stammered in boyish awkwardness, in his idolatrous awe of her. How could he tell her of those unavailing efforts he had made to achieve something worthy of his adoration, of the endless sketches he had modeled in wax and had destroyed again in despair, of the many fragments of spoiled marble he had begged from those being prepared in the San Marco gardens for the new Laurentian Library and had chiseled furiously in the ardency of what had at last seemed the authentic inspiration, and then had cast aside in an agony of endeavor bleakly demonstrated as futile? Over and over again had it seemed that something in him was about victoriously to achieve expression, the marble on which he labored about to take perfect form under his hand, yet ever had he been miserably thwarted of that ideal vivid in his mind. None was there like to him in the marvelous accuracy with which he could copy drawings of the older masters, with which he could limn the antique statues in the Medici Gardens; no young apprentice sculptor in Florence could approach him in that swift sure chiseling of marble he had, as it were, drawn in with his foster mother's milk in that infancy spent among the quarry folk of Settignano; he could dream dreams so vast and so sublime that they thrilled his soul almost to tears—but not yet was the artist in him triumphantly released to that all-compelling mastery he felt immanent within him.

He spoke vehemently from that wretchedness of nonfulfillment.

"*Madonna mia*, that work shalt thou yet have, and of a surety shall it be worthy of thy goodness! Bear yet with me a while!"

She laughed, still teasing him from her superiority.

"See that it be so, Master Michelozzo; for I am hard to please! But in truth I fear that thou dost but idle in daydreams, planning great works and performing them not."

"I shall perform them, *madonna*. I cannot do other than perform them! Stronger than my life is it; even though Savonarola saith ——"

She burst out at him, in an anger that bewildered him.

"Speak to me not of Savonarola! I would the monk were burned in the Piazza!"

Lorenzo hushed her to silence. Angelo Poliziano had taken up the lute, was beginning to sing charmingly that most famous of his *ballate:*

"*I'mi trovai, Fanciulle, un bel mattino*
Di mezzo maggio in un verde giardino."

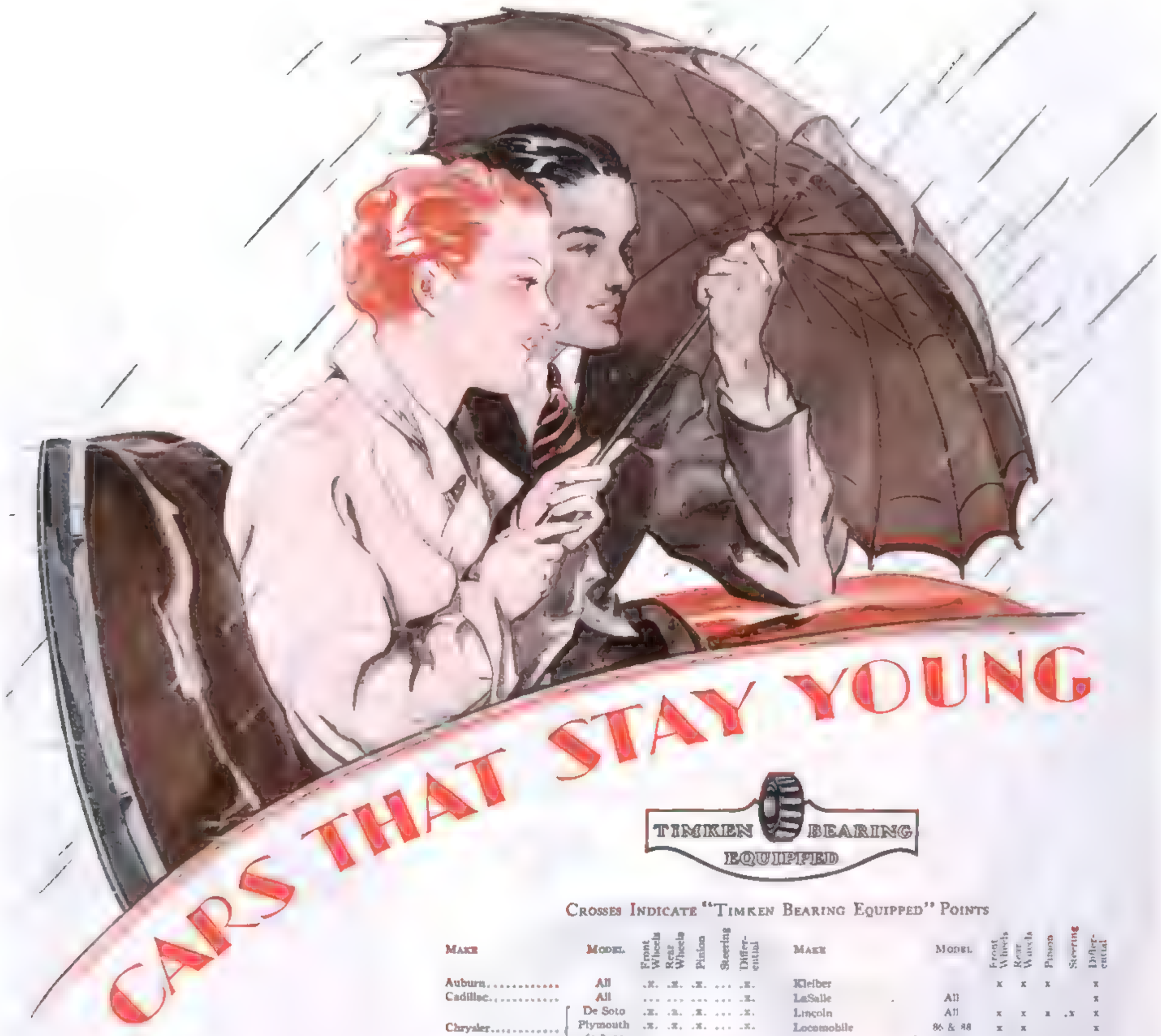
"*I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,*
In a green garden in mid month of May."

When at last they dispersed to bed, Lucrezia lingered, a lamp in her hand, glanced toward Pico della Mirandola, gazing from the loggia to the sky, powdered with infinitely remote stars, sighed a little, turned toward Michelangelo with a peculiar smile.

"Good night, Michelozzo, and see that thou wastest not thy Maytime. God sends it not again!"

He went to his little pallet in the upper room, laid himself down, but not to sleep. His soul was in a fever that kept him wide-eyed until the stars paled in the sky, until the dawn sent low golden shafts into the garden, filled with reawakened birds. He arose in an intimate, thrilling certainty. Surely, surely would he carve something entirely worthy of that divine lady to

(Continued on Page 56)



CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

CROSSES INDICATE "TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED" POINTS

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x	...	x
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	...	x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x	...	x
	Plymouth	x	x	x	...	x
	65 & 75	x	x	x	...	x
	Imperial	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x	...	x
Dodge	All	x	x	...	...	x
Durant	40, 60, 66	x	x	x	...	...
	70	x	x	x	...	x
Elcar	75	x	x	x	...	x
	95, 90, 120	x	x	...	...	x
Ford	All	x	...	x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x	...	x
Graham-Paige	612	x	x	x	x	x
	615	x	x	...	...	x
	621, 627, 837	x	x	...	x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x	...	x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	...	x
Kissel	75 & 95	x	x	x	...	x
	126	x	x	x	x	x

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	86 & 88	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x	x		x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	8-cylinder	x	x	x		x
	All	x				x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	x	x		x	x
	Flying Cloud	x	x			x
Roamer		x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	6-80	x	x	x	x	x
	8-90	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

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"A Scene in the Rhine Valley." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Not only the greatest mileage ever known *but* DOUBLE THE RIDING COMFORT of 'single' balloons

The big national swing to the *Dual*-Balloon "8" has written a new chapter in the history of fine tire building. For the first time, car owners are realizing their greatest expectations of what a tire ought to be.

The *Dual*-Balloon brings a greater step-up in mileage and the full use of balloon low-pressure—a combination that has long been sought and for the first time successfully accomplished.

Using extra rubber cushion plys, the *Dual*-Balloon does not depend on air alone to take the road shocks. These soft rubber plys in combination with full low-pressure are like a shock absorber inside the tire. They take the shock in the tire and without the rebound—the cradle-like effect of 33⅓% greater deflation than a single balloon is able to stand.

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Dual-Balloon 8

Twenty thousand! Forty thousand! Sixty thousand miles!

WHERE'S THE CANYON?

By Struthers Burt

NOWADAYS it is quality, as I have said—in so far as this can be encouraged inconspicuously and tactfully—that our national parks desire more than quantity. In the thirteen years since 1916, the year when the National Park Service was established as a separate bureau of the Department of the Interior, it has accomplished to a great extent its first two purposes: To silence and disarm its outside enemies; to sell the national-park idea to the American people. At present, fairly secure in these respects, especially the latter, it is embarking on an educational campaign, wisely and discreetly planned, to bring about its last objective—that of persuading the people really to know the parks, to linger in them, and take back with them, to be used in all other relationships of life, lessons slowly absorbed. This educational campaign is being conducted partly by means of pamphlets, publicity, lectures in the parks during the summer months, nature guides, the establishment of park museums, and so on, but far more it is being conducted implicitly by what is in the parks themselves, what the Park Service is doing to the parks, and what the attitude of the Park Service—its philosophy—is.

For twenty years I have lived directly south of Yellowstone Park, forty miles south of its southern entrance, the Snake River ranger station, and two miles east of our newest park, the Grand Teton, which after a ten-year fight was finally created last February with the hearty good will of most of its former enemies. So I know Yellowstone Park intimately, the men who administer it and, through them, the National Park Service as a whole. Especially am I proud to claim the new Director of the National Park Service, the Hon. Horace M. Albright, as a close friend. To some extent I think I know what goes on in his brain. Whatever I find there I like.

Furthermore, due to my former profession of dude wrangler, in which I am still interested, I believe that I have more than an ordinary insight into the workings of the national parks and their problems. Until the war I was an active dude wrangler; now I am what might be called a dude wrangler emeritus. But I know dudes, or, in other words, tourists—all their quaint and charming and, sometimes, infuriating ways. Once you start to travel you become a dude, and that's the end of it. No matter what your individual characteristics may be or your particular profession, when you leave home on pleasure bent you take on certain generic attitudes. You become nervous, shy, easily hurt, slightly helpless, eager to be amused and quick to complain of a hundred things that habitually you wouldn't notice. Anyone who has to do with dudes—with tourists—has to be on his tiptoes.

Dude-Wrangling for the Masses

FOR three months of every year, to state it mildly, the national parks are on their tiptoes. For three months of the year they become gigantic dude ranches, nationally administered. The National Park Service is the dude-wrangler daddy of them all. For three months of the year it has more than 2,500,000 dudes pouring into its twenty-one different ranches, and in two of them, Yellowstone and Yosemite, it had last year 230,984 and more than 500,000 respectively. Rather a lot of dudes. The dude ranch with which I am connected—an old and famous one—will not take more than sixty-five people at a time, so I know what the troubles of the National Park Service are. In 1927, on one day alone, there were 25,000 people in Yosemite Park, the most visited of all the parks.

These dudes pour into the parks in two different ways and stay in the parks in three different ways. They come by train or automobile, and they stay in the hotels, the permanent camps or the automobile camps. There is something to suit everyone's pocketbook or tastes. The hotels are de luxe, but they charge, minus a private bath, only about $6.50 a day. An astonishingly low price considering what you get. The Government won't let them charge more. The camps, with magnificent central log lodges and charming small sleeping cabins, charge half of this. The automobile camps, with big central lodges, running water, sanitary arrangements, public laundries and stacked wood, are free, save for the entrance fee for automobiles, which is nominal and good for all summer. The more you travel de luxe the farther you are away from the real parks, unless you are wise enough to live de luxe but in such a leisurely fashion that part of your time is spent on horseback and in exploration. That, if you can afford it, is perhaps the pleasantest way of all.

The Great White Throne, in Zion National Park, Utah

Incidentally, in nomenclature the parks are different from the rest of the West. I have been calling all tourists dudes. With us they are. But in the parks dudes are those who arrive by train and stay at the hotels or camps. The man who drives his own car is known as a sagebrusher—an old Western term holding over from the time when leisurely people in leisurely wagons traveled through the sagebrush. Those who wait on these dudes and sagebrushers—college boys and girls in the camps, professionals in the hotels—are known as savages.

The National Park Service directly controls the public automobile camps, but it leases the hotels, permanent camps, stores, and so on, out to concessionaires. Its responsibility does not end there, however. It sets all prices, exercises a constant supervision, and to it all complaints come. It stands directly between the public and the concessionaires. In passing, it is well to remark that these concessionaires, so short is their season and so great their upkeep, earn on the average only about 4 per cent on their investments. That will make you think more kindly of them the next time you come across them; also it will make you realize how exceptionally inexpensive the Government has kept the parks.

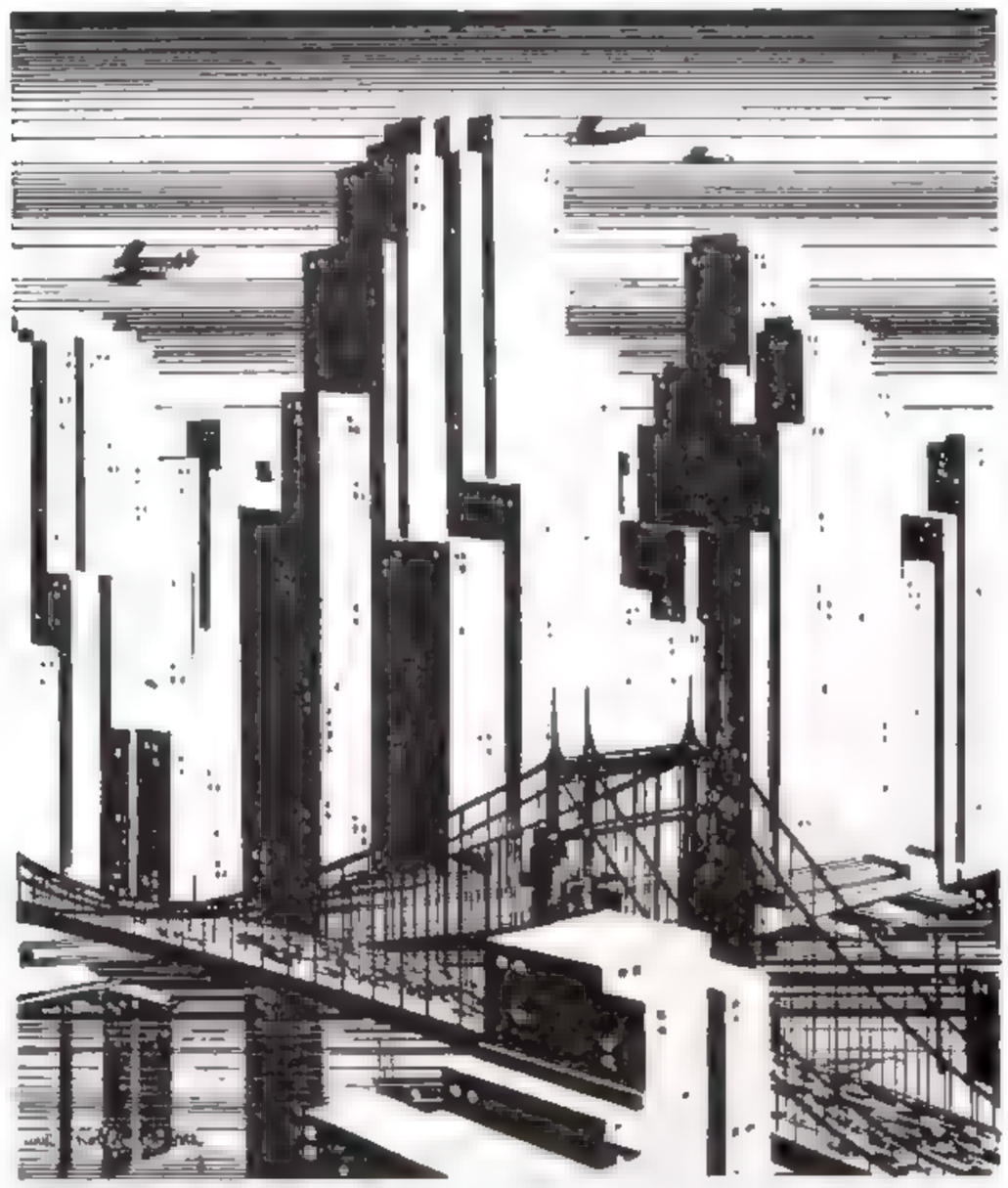
But the National Park Service is more than a dude wrangler and a hotel supervisor. It has a lot more to do than to keep its dudes amused, provide for them, prevent them from hurting themselves or the country, educate them unawares; it has also to administer a vast territory, dude or no dude, a territory in which it is a forester, a scientist of every description, a curator of animal life, and, here and there, just plain ranchman. In addition, as I have pointed out, it must never be forgotten that the National Park Service, as a dude wrangler, is in a delicate and perilous position. Most dude wranglers own their own ranches. The National Park Service doesn't. Its dudes own the ranches. If they don't like things they can go over the National Park Service's head, no matter what sort of maniacs they may be.

Believing What They're Told

FINALLY, the National Park Service has the increasing problem—but a problem handled with increasing expertness each year—of absorbing its hordes of dudes in such a fashion that the lonely beauty and background of the country will be damaged just as little as possible, of absorbing them in such a way that the very places where these hordes concentrate to spend the night, to see the sights, will be as little obtrusive as possible. The National Park Service is a conservation bureau, a preservation bureau, a recreation bureau, a business bureau and an æsthetic bureau all in one. After many years of experience I have found that mankind, while being a tourist, has two leading characteristics: A touching belief in what it is told; an almost total lack of the powers of visualization, of imagination, unless these are directed. Often merely a sentence or two will do. I have discovered that if you tell people what the parks really are, as a rule they are astonished, and from then on their points of view concerning the parks change. Roughly speaking, these uninformed points of view are either those of the intelligent, widely traveled person who, never leaving a motorbus, believes that the parks are being commercialized, or else those of the below-par tourist who likes the parks to be commercialized and complains because they aren't more so. Neither of these two types of tourist has the faintest conception of what the problems of the National Park

(Continued on Page 50)

An Aspen Grove Between Cedar Breaks and Bryce Canyon



BUICK

MARCHING ON TO GREATER THINGS

Once more Buick is on the verge of introducing a new Buick car.
And this year there is special significance in the time-proved phrase,
"When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

Ask almost any motorist, "What is Buick going to do in the near future?" And his reply will be substantially as follows:

"They are going to present a new Buick—and I am eager to see and drive it—because Buick is recognized as the standard of value."

This sentiment prevails—not only in New York, Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles—but in every town, big and small, throughout the length and breadth of America.

Motorists display a special, almost proprietary, interest in Buick. They invariably attend Buick showrooms in record numbers to see a new Buick product. And they come with the confident expectation that they will find a new standard of value—

—because Buick has set the standard, year after year, for a quarter of a century . . . because each new Buick has proved a better Buick than its fine predecessor . . . and because this record of progress has so gripped public imagination that more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other car priced above $1200; and all have implicit faith that "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

The makers of Buick have taken more than ordinary pains to merit this confidence in designing Buick for 1930. It will be on display soon. To view the car will be to confirm your own conviction that Buick is marching on to greater things.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 48)

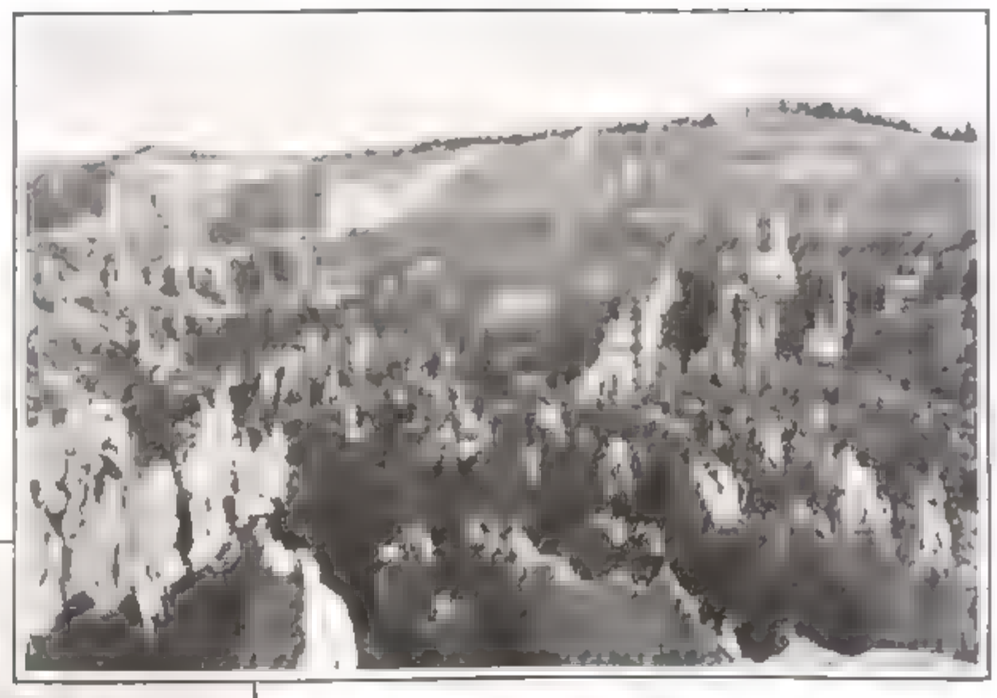
Service are, and neither has the faintest conception of what a park is. One regards the parks as "a national duty" to be undergone sometime when Europe is crowded; the other regards the parks as a national frolic. The National Park Service is trying to educate both. I wish all the individuals of these two classes would talk some day to a park ranger—a permanent one, not a temporary summer one.

From the dining room of the Canyon Hotel, through its plate-glass windows, one can look across the gorge of the Yellowstone River to an immense forest in which there is not a single trail except game trails—a forest many miles square. To the east and north and south of this forest rise gigantic mountain ranges, almost as lonely as the day they were created. At the head of the Lamar River, which runs into the Yellowstone near Camp Roosevelt, and miles above the isolated government buffalo ranch, miles above even the range of the seldom-seen wild buffalo herd, are spurs of the Absarokas practically never visited. Just because you can view the heavens from a comfortable porch chair, just because you can view the sea from the deck of a liner, doesn't mean, you know, that neither heaven nor sea exists.

Half an Hour Away

FIVE years ago I had the chance—I wish I had been able to take it—to buy the two small ranches that occupy all the available ranching land on Slough Creek, which, just below the government buffalo ranch, the only neighbor, empties into the Lamar. These ranches had belonged to Shorty Durant, oddly enough a little lame Frenchman, originally from Paris; and that spring Shorty had been killed by a grizzly. The valley of Slough Creek is about eighteen miles long; at its widest perhaps two miles in breadth. It is like a dugout canoe, with great forested mountains hemming it in—the Absarokas again—and, in that vicinity, no man-made trail except a horse trail to Red Lodge, Montana, fifty miles away. To get into Slough Creek from the Lamar Valley you have to pass through a narrow gap in the hills over a road so rough that only wagons can travel it, and yet if you leave a car at the entrance to that road you can be in Gardiner, Montana, and on a Northern Pacific train in about two hours; all this on surfaced roads except for about five miles.

I wish people would get through their heads what modern loneliness and romance mean. Neither has been destroyed; indeed, both, perhaps, have been heightened. The fact that Byrd can radio in the fraction of a second from the Antarctic only adds to the glamour of his isolation. Slough Creek itself—a narrow, deep, placid stream—is filled with three and four pound trout, and in the forests are elk and moose and bear, and at night, when you ride, you see occasionally the black shapes of these crossing your trail.



The Silent City, Bryce Canyon

Cedar Breaks

Six years ago I was in Yellowstone Park for twenty-one days with a pack train on the east side of the lake, and in those twenty-one days just twice did we see a human being—when we crossed the Cody Road where it cuts through the wilderness; when we came across a man and woman in camp on Pelican Meadows. Five years ago I joined the party of Dr. Henry van Dyke, headed for the Bechler Falls country in Southwestern Yellowstone. Doctor van Dyke was a guest of the Government and had been given a mule outfit. In the morning we lined up in front of Old Faithful, and all the small-town flappers in knee breeches took our photographs boldly, and all the more inhibited looked at us with surreptitious interest. Then we turned right and went along the road a little while, and turned right again into a trail. In half an hour we were in a primeval forest and Old Faithful might have been a hundred miles away. And the major point was that we were going into a country—you may not believe it—that had been fully explored only the year before. Forty-two new waterfalls had been discovered. Think of that—in the southwestern corner of Yellowstone Park. But then don't forget—as I have pointed out in a previous article—that Yellowstone is half as big as Denmark.

But anywhere, even in the thickest crowd, if you will walk away from that crowd for five minutes you will find loneliness. Anywhere, just off to the left or the right. Within the circumference of the loop itself—that circular main road that, in Yellowstone Park, touches the principal sights—there is a huge unvisited country, and even when Old Faithful, that meticulous monster, plays at night with the searchlight on it, and the idle crowds leave their bridge or their dancing or their flirting to stare at it, above them is the wide, starlit Wyoming sky, and in the forests very near are hundreds of furtive, bright-eyed creatures, and on the horizon is the lowering blackness of mountains.

Out there bears are lumbering. Bears, those wonderful creatures! Although I am passionately devoted to dogs, I have never been one of those who indulge in the ancient preference for them as compared to men. Men have harder lives than dogs and so should be judged more leniently. But as for bears—especially Yellowstone bears! Despite everything the National Park Service can do—exhortations, printed notices, personal pleadings, everwatchful rangers—there are about 200 bear bites a year in Yellowstone, none of them serious. You will be interested if you know what that means. It means that bears have better manners than the tourists who are bitten; that they are wiser, kinder, more imaginative and infinitely more patient. No tourist need be bitten unless he is making a fool of himself; no bear need bite unless he is exercising a marvelous self-control. A bite is a polite warning. If a bear wished to be rude he would use his paws and there would be no tourist.

The Bear That Acts Like a Park

THE bears of Yellowstone are a perfect symbol of what I am talking about. You can look at one of these bears, come within a few inches of him, feed him crackers out of your own mouth even, if your mind works that way; it has been done—and go away saying, "What a spoiled bear! Utterly civilized!" Well, if you say that, you don't know a thing about bears. And you can go away from Yellowstone and other of our parks saying, "Utterly ruined! Nothing but hotels, motorbuses and crowds." Well, if you say that, you don't know a thing about our parks.

Each park is individual; most of the parks have their vast wild areas far larger than the area ordinarily seen, and it is the policy of the National Park Service to leave these areas untouched. Save for a necessary road here and there, there will be no new roads built, and from now on road money will be spent improving the roads now in existence and in re-creating as much as possible, along the roads already built, that beauty and loneliness in the midst of unavoidable crowds that I have already spoken of as the aim of the National Park Service in this direction. A statement of this policy, clearly outlined, can be obtained

(Continued on Page 53)

On the Veranda of the Grand Canyon Lodge

OUT FOR THE EVENING...BUT THE HEATER THAT SAVES SO MUCH WON'T GO OUT!

Close the door upon a house that's warm and empty. Stay away all evening or all day. Then come back to a house that's warm and full of comfort.

That's no miracle in this modern age, but the modern magic of the Spencer Heater is that it gives you automatic heat with the same dependable fuels that you have always known, but in low cost sizes that save as much as half your annual heating cost.

Instead of flat grates that must be fed frequently by hand, each Spencer has Gable-Grates that slope up toward a storage magazine. Fire burns up-hill on the Gable-Grate, the natural way. Fuel rolls down from the water-jacketed magazine to feed the fire automatically for twelve to twenty-four hours. ★

This Spencer construction adds economy to automatic fuel feed because it permits the use of small size fuels. These fuels are low in cost because flat grate heaters are not designed to burn them satisfactorily. In the Spencer, No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, which costs about half as much as other domestic sizes, gives more uniform heat than larger sizes do in ordinary heaters.

The Spencer makes a saving with any small size fuel, including coke and graded non-coking bituminous coals. Fuel feed is by gravity, more accurate than any human hand or motor-driven machine. Fresh fuel feeds just as it is needed, with no wasteful smothering of the fire by day or banking at night. Because of this automatic fuel feed the Spencer obtains the maximum available heat from any fuel at the lowest cost.

The Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill," is illustrated with photographs and diagrams and contains a few of the thousands of letters from home owners who have used Spencer Heaters during the past thirty-three years. Write for this book, and see for yourself how the Spencer scientific principle for burning solid fuel can save as much as half your annual fuel cost. Spencer Heater Company—Williamsport, Pa.

★ Once a day fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping Gable-Grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D) it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight over the top of the fire bed, with no need for motors or mechanical parts.

Spencer Heaters are made in two types and in capacities to suit every size of home or building. Illustrated is the cast-iron sectional Spencer with enamelled steel jacket, for homes and small buildings. A complete line of Spencer steel tubular boilers is made for large buildings. Sold and installed by responsible heating contractors.

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P.F.P

Pep, and still more pep, is the insistent demand of modern life. We must have it in our music, in our service, and of course in our motor car performance. It is in fact the keynote of present day existence.

Beauty is only skin deep, even in the case of a motor car. And unless a peppy, snappy, smooth performance is also present, your car ceases to be beautiful in your eyes, no matter how finely proportioned and shapely the lines.

To be assured of the utmost in performance, you must also be assured that the car you buy is equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

Made of Bohnalite, 62% lighter than iron, they enable the lightening of all reciprocating parts. Result is a smoothly purring motor with exhilarating pep, greater speed, and complete absence of vibration.

To make certain of complete motor satisfaction, make sure your new car is equipped with this advanced product.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

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NELSON

BOHNALITE

PISTONS

(Continued from Page 50

from the National Park Service by anyone alarmed over possible cheap popularization. Not long ago an article by Director Albright on park roads, present and contemplated, appeared in this magazine. In other words, from now on the major portion of each park will be left as it is, and where certain sections have been in the past carelessly handled or other sections must, in the future, be slightly changed, they will, in the first case, be restored, and in the second, treated with the utmost respect. This policy has now the hearty support of the Government and of practically all tourists who know the parks. Nor can the Park Service suddenly reverse its public announcements, even should it wish to do so, a wish farthest from the minds of its officials. The Park Service comes directly in contact with the public and more than almost any other government bureau is susceptible to publicity, favorable or otherwise.

Plenty of Wilderness Left

I have tried to show how much wilderness is left in Yellowstone. Yellowstone is not unique. Everyone knows, without further telling, that Glacier is mostly wilderness. Mt. McKinley, due to its position, cannot help but be wilderness. What you ordinarily see of the Grand Canyon is merely scratching the surface. Unless you take a horse you can't know Zion, comparatively small as Zion is. From the rim of Bryce Canyon you can look over into Southeastern Utah and a country no white man has ever been known to have been in except by airplane. Yosemite has at present a traffic problem, but that is in a mere crack of a valley seven or eight miles long by less than a mile wide, and the total area of Yosemite is 1125 square miles, mostly mountain wilderness seldom visited. Sequoia is also a great mountain wilderness. Even Mt. Rainier, reached in four hours from Tacoma, has in its 325 square miles so much wild country that a man could spend a summer exploring it without learning half there is to be learned.

Rocky Mountain Park, despite its nearness to Denver, despite Estes Park at its entrance, despite, in some ways, being the most accessible of all the great parks where its innermost recesses are concerned, is by no means completely cheapened or ruined, although steps to preserve it better could be taken. While—and again you can believe it or not—there are areas in the Great Smoky, one of the two new parks, that have never been visited, except by Indians, as far as records or hearsay shows or tells. And Great Smoky is in the old states of North Carolina and Tennessee. The Grand Teton, just created, is to be known unofficially as "the all-wilderness park," because, as I have explained in a previous article, there will be no roads built in it nor any hotels or permanent camps except by special act of Congress. As the whole park is merely a giant mountain range, and this can be seen from the motor road already skirting its base, if you wish actually to penetrate into the mountains you will have to go afoot or take a horse.

No set of policies, no philosophy, is valid, either in the making or the keeping, unless back of it are exceptional personalities. In reality fine policies, a fine philosophy, mean a fine man or group of men. The terms are interchangeable. Any service, military or civil, any business, is no more and no less than the sum total of the men who founded it and set its traditions, added to the sum total of the men who carry it on and preserve and amplify these traditions. The personnel of the National Park Service is, as you have suspected, exceptional.

The stamp was set on this personnel, high visioned, altruistic, eager, by the men of the Washburn-Doane Expedition who, on September 19, 1870, at that historic camp fire at the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon rivers, in what is now Yellowstone Park, decided to sacrifice themselves by turning the treasure house they had found over to the Government for the enjoyment of all the people forever. Langford, first superintendent of Yellowstone, one of the members of this expedition; Col. P. W. Norris, who succeeded Langford as superintendent; John Muir, Robert Sterling Yard, dozens of other men who loved the parks and worked for them at great personal loss during the dreary years of their beginnings, built up a splendid heritage for the service that came into actual being in 1916. And that service has never faltered either in personnel or spirit. I do not know a government service that has a finer personnel, a greater *esprit de corps*, a clearer vision, a more definite loyalty to ideals. Any young man whose tastes lie along certain lines could do no better than to plan to join it. Even to become a temporary ranger, as so many college boys do each year, is to taste an excellent experience. But the young man who plans permanently to join the National Park Service must be prepared both to work assiduously and to be able to offer a character and attainments above the average.

Stephen T. Mather, recently resigned because of illness, was a rich man when he became director. In a phraseology now somewhat antedated, he would have been called the borax king of America. You know the great mule teams that used to haul borax out of Death Valley? That was Mather. A college friend of Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson, he was asked to aid in the building up of a national-park bureau, and when, in 1916, the National Park Service was created, he became its first director. Already Mr. Mather was a great lover of the parks, knew a great deal about them and was a leading conservationist. For twelve years he administered the new service and during that time it cost him about $40,000 a year of his private income to hold his job. His salary from the Government, if I am not mistaken, was about $7000 annually. He did not have to spend as much money as he did.

Making the Parks Popular

Even the director of a great and growing service, stationed at Washington part of the year, practically obliged to entertain, can manage to scrape along on $7000 a year. But Mr. Mather was engaged in the strengthening of his beloved service from every angle. Among other things, he bought up numerous tracts of timberland throughout the country and held them to prevent their destruction. He gave many gifts to the parks themselves. Under his administration the National Park Service became what it is today. He was—he is, for he is still very much alive—in his particular job a great man, not always understood by the dyed-in-the-wool conservationist. His job, as I have already explained, was to take a weak and despised branch of the Government and, by appealing to the people, make that branch so strong that eventually it would become practically impregnable. Bearing in mind all conservational factors, including his own inclinations, he had, none the less, to popularize the national-park idea. Until he did that he could do nothing. But he popularized the parks in such a way that his successors from now on can stress increasingly the conservational features.

From the beginning his assistant was Horace M. Albright, now in his turn director, another University of California graduate, and between them these two men, with the help of a stenographer and a few clerks of the Interior Department, transformed the infant bureau from the smallest bureau in the Interior Department to one of the largest and most influential. To the University of California the National Park Service is indirectly deeply indebted, and through the National Park Service, the country as a whole. Albright, a young lawyer, entered the Park Service as an attorney and before long became assistant director, field, which meant that he had charge of the

(Continued on Page 55)

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How to feel Clean-Shaven Longer!

Now a closer shave because of extra efficiency of small-bubble lather.

MEN who use Colgate's do not worry around five o'clock as to whether to shave again....or to try and "get by." Such men know the superiority of Colgate's small-bubble lather—that it gives a longer-lasting shave—one that makes you feel comfortable and clean-faced. Colgate's small-bubble lather, as its users know, is vastly different, quickly moistening the beard at the base, as big bubbles can't.

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The minute you lather up with Colgate's small-bubble lather, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard....crowd around each whisker—soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist....easier to cut.... scientifically softened right down at the base.

Ordinary, big-bubble lathers have more air, less moisture. A comparison will prove Colgate superiority. Note our coupon offer of a week's free trial. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful—the perfect shave finale.

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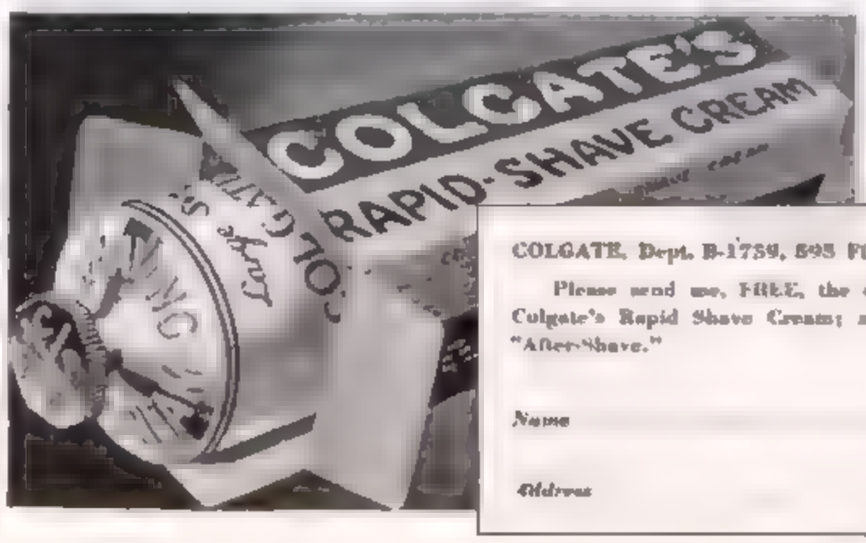
Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



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Only through high intent and steadfast will to achieve are obstacles overcome—the heights attained

Packard has always aspired high and had but a single goal. Thirty years ago Packard chose the difficult, distant peak of perfection as its aim.

From that original intent—to build only the finest motor cars to a single standard of highest quality—Packard has never deviated. It has sought broader patronage not by building to a price, but by producing better cars.

Step by step through the years, Packard cars have been refined, improved—in beauty of design and in excellence of engineering. Facilities for their manufacture and distribution have been increased and bettered many fold. Supremacy has been attained, but Packard still constantly seeks to make its cars more nearly perfect.

Packard offers its clientele today incomparably finer and more luxurious vehicles at prices which are but the natural result of increased public favor. For as Packard has prospered, it has shared its success with those discriminating motorists who buy its cars.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 53)

actual administration of the parks. Nor should the work of Arno Cammerer, an assistant director stationed in Washington, nor Demaray, often acting assistant director, also in Washington, be overlooked. The National Park Service is the same in Washington as in the field, and although the work of the Washington men is not so dramatic as that of the field men, it is equally important and these men are the same type of men.

The new director's history is interesting, typical of what often makes a man a forester and a conservationist. He was born in the little town of Bishop, Inyo County, California, January 6, 1890. Albright's maternal grandfather was a lumberman, and as a little boy Albright visited him and later on worked for him as a swamper and a loader. And so, at first hand, he saw what ruthless lumbering could do. It was right there that he decided that he would devote the rest of his life, if he could, to fighting such ruthlessness. At the University of California he took forestry courses, and later on courses in law—an excellent combination to fight, in conservational campaigns, ruthlessness. Albright has shown himself such a powerful executive that every year he is offered positions in the business world that would pay him far more than he is now getting. Men who have no regard for their country do not like Albright as a public man; he loves his country too passionately. Their attitude, however, is more than reciprocated. But, curiously enough, few people, even his public enemies, dislike Albright personally. He is too good a fighter and too clean a fighter for that. Besides, he is a difficult man to dislike personally.

Use your powers of visualization in imagining what this man has to do. He administers an area of 12,101 square miles, soon to become much larger with the addition of the two new parks, Shenandoah and Great Smoky; and these present 12,101 square miles are divided into twenty-one separate units scattered from Maine to Hawaii and Alaska to Oklahoma, and this not counting the thirty-two national monuments also administered. Into these twenty-one units pour, for not much more than three months of every year, more than 2,500,000 people.

There are only about 200 permanent rangers in the park service, and the staff in Washington is proportionately small. I wish I could describe each of these men in detail; but I must confine myself to superintendents, and to only a few of them, and briefly at that.

Fitted for the Job

In Sequoia and General Grant parks there is Col. John R. White, born in Reading, England, Oxford man, author of Bullets and Bolos, six feet three in his stocking feet, red-headed soldier of fortune and gentleman adventurer extraordinary. His first fighting was against the Turks in Thessaly in 1897, his next with the American Army in the Philippines. There, first as private and corporal in Company D, 4th Infantry, then a second lieutenant, up through the various grades to colonel in the constabulary, he saw almost fifteen years of continuous warfare. For two years he was superintendent of the Iwahig Penal Colony, which, incidentally, he put upon a trusty basis, and in 1911 he was acting governor of Agusan Province. He was awarded a medal for exceptional gallantry at Bud Dajo, Jolo, on March 6, 7 and 8, 1906, and was honorably mentioned in orders for having saved a man from drowning on August 9, 1909.

Before the United States entered the World War he was a special representative of the American Red Cross and the Relief Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation in various European countries, and after the United States entered the war he served first in the Signal Corps and later, although a mature man, he qualified as a pilot in the Air Service. In France, by this time a colonel, he was assigned to duty as a commanding officer of the military-police training school at Antan, and later became deputy provost marshal of the Paris A. E. F. In 1919 he joined the National Park Service and for a year was chief ranger at the Grand Canyon before being appointed superintendent of Sequoia and General Grant parks.

In Mt. Rainier National Park there is another Philippine veteran, Maj. Owen A. Tomlinson, an Indianian. From 1899 to 1904 Major Tomlinson was in the United States Army as private, corporal, sergeant, quartermaster sergeant and first sergeant. From 1905 to 1918 he was a third, second and first lieutenant, captain and major in the Philippine Constabulary. From 1910 to 1915 he was chief civil executive of provinces; one year acting governor of Neuva Vizcaya; five years governor of Ifugao. His superior officer at the time spoke of him as "one of the very best men who ever worked under me in the non-Christian tribal service." When he entered the National Park Service he was field manager of the United States Air Mail station at Reno, Nevada.

Roger B. Toll, a native of Colorado, the new superintendent of Yellowstone Park, formerly superintendent of Rocky Mountain Park, is one of the most famous mountaineers in the country, having climbed all the fifty peaks in the Rocky Mountain Park section and, with three others, having made the first ascent of Mt. Rainier by the Kautz Glacier route. He began his career with the engineering department of the Massachusetts State Board of Health in 1907, after graduation from Columbia, and the next year went to Alaska with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Later on he became chief engineer of the Denver Tramway Company. During the war he was a major in the Ordnance Department. His first position with the National Park Service was as superintendent of Mt. Rainier National Park.

Outdoor Men on Outdoor Jobs

C. G. Thomson, the new superintendent of Yosemite, until this year superintendent of Crater Lake, has had an equally interesting career. For ten years he was in the Philippines and the South Seas on Federal work; first, in the study of epidemic diseases which were depleting livestock; second, as assistant director and acting director of the Central Bureau of Prisons, with administrative control of the large insular prison in Manila. During the war he served in France as captain and lieutenant colonel in the remount division and was commander of all troops at Lux. He was cited "for exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous service."

Edmund B. Rogers, new superintendent of Rocky Mountain Park, is, like his predecessor, Superintendent Toll of Yellowstone, a famous mountaineer. He is a former member of the United States Geological Survey. Samuel Woodring, first superintendent of that newest of parks, the Grand Teton, has been for years chief ranger in Yellowstone. He, too, is a Philippine veteran and, until he joined the National Park Service, was chief pack master of the United States Army. He packed Pershing into Mexico. Short, broad, humorous, decisive in a quiet way, he is the most perfect example of the top sergeant of the old Army I have ever seen. Up in Acadia Park, formerly Lafayette, is George B. Dorr, a charming and scholarly man who has devoted the best part of his life to the vision he now administers. Down at the southern rim of the country, in Grand Canyon, and Zion and Bryce respectively, are two as interesting and efficient men as there are in the service—E. T. Scoyen at Zion and Bryce, Miner R. Tillotson at Grand Canyon.

Scoyen might be called a child of the parks and is typical, perhaps, of what the newer generation of park men may be. He is one of the few persons I know who were actually born in Yellowstone Park. It was as natural for him to become a ranger and then a superintendent as it is for the son of

Interesting

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Consult your architect or painting contractor about this important question. For the difference between the enduring beauty of an Aluminum-primed paint job and the problematical life of an ordinary one may spell the difference between the complete delight of having everything "just right" and the disappointment of one defect (*in this case, an important one*) in your otherwise perfect home.

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ALUMINUM PAINT
"IT LEADS"

an army officer to become an army officer. Tillotson, an engineer, formerly a forest-service man, is tireless, charming, philosophic and practical.

Washington B. Lewis, known to thousands of people as superintendent of Yosemite, of which he had charge from 1916 to 1929, and now assistant director of the National Park Service, Lands Division, stationed at Washington, is one of the great engineers of the service. He has explored and surveyed the two Americas from Patagonia to Alaska. And so it continues, each man with a specialty, each man with a distinguished and adventurous career. Think about that the next time you see one of these rangers with their spick-and-span, forest-green uniforms, little gold acorns embroidered on the sleeves and collars.

I wish I could impress firmly on everybody's mind the strange, gigantic, utterly different personalities of the parks. Yellowstone with its great slumbering forests, across which cloud shadows travel, its lonely geysers, so typical of the disinterested, endless toil of Nature, its high keen air, a threat of winter always in it even on the sunniest of days; Glacier, savage and lovely, like an Indian bride; Yosemite with that exotic, dusty California quality; Zion, a breath-taking splash of color; Bryce, almost too fantastically like a city of the Arabian Nights; the Grand Canyon, space and color turned to a swelling symphony of earth, or the other way about. Either way. You can't describe it. But it makes your heart stop and then come back trembling every time you see it.

I dare say I have a passion for arranging things in my mind; getting them co-ordinated, straightened out. At all events, it seems to me a pity to go at the national parks in a haphazard way—almost as much of a pity as to go at them hurriedly. They fall naturally into certain groups, and by remembering these groups and planning your visits accordingly, you will learn more about your own country than you have ever learned before. Hawaii, Mt. McKinley and Acadia are off by themselves. So are the smaller parks. They should be visited separately or en route somewhere. Glacier should be visited separately. It is really a horseback park. To try to see it any other way is a mistake. To try to see it in less than two weeks is a mistake. The longer you spend there, the better. It should be the objective of a summer. But the other great parks can be combined profitably. In Colorado you can see Rocky Mountain and Mesa Verde, and realize their astounding contrasts. Sequoia, General Grant, Yosemite, Lassen, Crater Lake and Mt. Rainier form a Pacific Coast chain. By starting at the first and ending up at the last, not only will you have had a thrilling and infinitely varied trip but, what is more important, you will have achieved a perfect perspective upon that great stretch of country that extends from Southern California to Puget Sound.

A Park Itinerary

I suppose, however, that also I am prejudiced. I am almost a child of Yellowstone myself. At least, for years I have been a resident of the heart of our country, the Rocky Mountain section, and that heart, it seems to me, epitomizes America in a curious, unexplainable way that no other section does. Fascinating and worth visiting as all the other parks are, there will never be for me another park like Yellowstone and, after Yellowstone, its closest of kin, the Utah parks—Zion, Grand Canyon -although it is in Arizona—and Bryce. Not to mention Cedar Breaks, which is not yet a national park but a national monument. If you see these parks, especially within a short time of one another, you have summed up the Rocky Mountain northwest and the Rocky Mountain southwest. You have seen the two aspects of the heart of our country.

By a thoughtful arrangement of Nature, aided by man, these parks are so situated as to form a delightful and convenient trip. If you go by train—and you'd better, for to the south there is lots of desert—Salt Lake City is the axis. To the north, one night's trip away, is Yellowstone station, starting point of the circular tour of Yellowstone Park. You leave about eleven at night and arrive about eight the next morning. To the south, one night's trip away, is Cedar City, starting point for the circular tour of the Utah parks. You leave about ten at night and arrive about eight next morning.

Take Yellowstone first and spend all the time there you can. Then go back to Salt Lake, and that night take a train to Cedar City. You had better do this even if you have driven in an automobile as far as Salt Lake. You will find the trains far more comfortable and convenient, and the time you save can be spent in the parks.

Come Often and Stay Long

From Cedar City you take a bus through the hot, bright coloring of the Southwest, startling after the cool greens and saffrons and salmons of Yellowstone. You'll notice, how different the people are—the few you see. The cow-punchers, their rigs. This is the stronghold of the Mormon Church, the Mormon Dixie. Atmospheric, filled with history. Far off on the desert you see wild horses. The first night you arrive at Zion, a miraculous, multicolored cleft in immense limestone cliffs. You need four days at Zion at the shortest. You will have no idea of it unless you ride to the West Rim and the East Rim. From Zion the Grand Canyon is another day's trip south. All morning you ride through the desert and at noon you arrive at Kanab, a little oasis of a town, cool with irrigating ditches and Lombardy poplars, frequented by Piute Indians. That afternoon there lies before you the finest lesson in Western flora and scenery imaginable. In a few hours you ascend from the desert to the Kaibab Forest, 7000 feet high, and in that time you see every variety of growth and horizon, from cacti and alkali to aspen and the cool depths of evergreens that take you back to Yellowstone. A week for the Grand Canyon? In reality that is about four times too little, but do the best you can and come back as often as possible. Bryce, another day away, this time north, is smaller. You can see Bryce in four days.

Then, once more, at the end of this circular trip, you are back at Cedar City, a night south from Salt Lake. I have taken many trips, but I do not know of a finer one than this anywhere in the world. It lingers indelibly in your memory.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Burt.

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 44)

whom he had vowed his life, that divine lady who from her ineffable height above him cared for him plainly in more than kind compassion, who, in that care for him, demanded that he should swiftly achieve the masterpiece already surgingly potential in him!

It was March of that next year, 1492. Throughout the month, Florence had been in *festa*. At last Lorenzo had realized his heart's desire. Pope Innocent had maintained his flickering prayed-for life. The anxious three years of waiting had expired, and on the ninth of the month his seventeen-year-old son Giovanni had been proclaimed in his hitherto-secret cardinalate, had been solemnly inducted to that dignity in the abbey church of Fiesole, had returned in magnificent procession to a Florence welcoming him with bells and banners and

(Continued on Page 58)

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WORLD'S LARGEST BALL BEARING MANUFACTURER

"NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL"

In Motor Buses

(Continued from Page 56)

triumphal arches, with a delirious enthusiasm. Now, after unparalleled festivities where the entire city had freely participated in the joy of their Magnifico—though he himself was evidently ailing, could show himself only momentarily at the splendid banquets and *giostre*—the young cardinal was riding with a princely suite to Rome. Happy, indeed, had been that month when all the intimates of the Magnificent had been gathered again in his household; Poliziano called back from the journey to Ferrara, Padua and Venice, whither he had been seeking precious volumes for Lorenzo's library; Pico della Mirandola persuaded to return from his distant, rarely visited little hereditary princedom where, men said, he had lately shut himself up to excessive and almost monkish austerities.

However that might be, here in Florence, amid the unceasing round of festival, a subtle transformation had visibly come over that hitherto gravely serious, handsome young aristocrat philosopher. Watching him with tolerant astonishment, his friends whispered to one another that surely such as this must have been that gay pleasure-loving early youth from which, it was asserted, Savonarola had terrified him in a chance-heard sermon at Bologna. The change dated from that first evening of his arrival, when, pale and wan with his recent solitary asceticisms, he had sat by Lucrezia's side at the joyous feast, presided over by Lorenzo, exerting himself brilliantly if briefly to be the fascinating host of a year before. Lucrezia, dazzling in her richly adorned beauty, had filled his goblet with wine, had filled her own, had pledged him with a cry: "Welcome back to life, best beloved of Plato's realm!" He had pledged her in return, had drunk the wine she poured for him, had gazed at her as though suddenly there were something new in her.

"Queen of that realm!" he had said slowly, his voice altered. "Queen of beauty! Surely in thee is Plato's Perfection incarnate! Who might not surrender to thee!"

She had laughed, had thrown a garland of flowers about his neck. "Then my prisoner shalt thou be, Messer Best-beloved, Giovanni!" Her voice had sunk to a soft whisper with his name. That night had they danced together in the great tapestry-hung hall where socketed torches illumined the company, moving in saraband and pavane to the jocund melodies of the musicians in the gallery, and the next morning had they ridden forth together into the Tuscan countryside, vernal with pink and white fruit blossom in its orchards and newly peeping flowers starring its meadows of fresh green. Thenceforth, indeed, had they been ever together. Radiant was Lucrezia in those days. The youthfully adoring Michelangelo thought that never had he seen her look so divinely beautiful.

He also was happy. Though, indeed, that fancied inspiration at the Villa Careggi had collapsed in bitter disappointment, as had miserably collapsed many subsequent fallaciously ardent certainties, at last was he thrillingly sure beyond doubt that he was achieving that perfect work worthy of his lady. At last, quite suddenly, when almost he felt like ending his thwarted life in his despair, a masterful new potency had spontaneously awakened in him, had taken utter possession of him. Now for weeks, with a tirelessly deft certitude of chisel stroke, the joy of creation like a song within him, had he been laboring at what was assuredly his first authentic masterpiece. It was a sleeping Cupid, curled upon its bow and quiver, seeming to want but a touch for its exquisite infantile form to start up into life. Obscurely symbolizing something profoundly elemental within himself, it had seemed almost as if he had but to release it from the imprisoning block of marble as he had fashioned it, feverishly reckless whether he were in fact damning his immortal soul if the monk Savonarola should be right.

Now was it quite finished, the last touches given. Verily, might it have been taken for the work of one of those ancient sculptors whom no modern might equal! All the morning, in that neglected little summerhouse in the small garden behind the Casa Medici where he had worked, had he been polishing it with handfuls of marble dust, working its surface to the perfect texture. He stood up, stepped away from it, contemplated it in an ecstasy of achievement. There was nothing more he might do. He had but to bring his lady to see it, to receive that enthusiastic praise, that radiantly affectionate gratitude, which all through his solitary toil he had eagerly imagined.

His heart throbbed almost painfully as he hurried into the palace, ascended the great staircase to the *piano nobile*. It was the greatest moment of his young life. How astonished she would be with that work, shown to her first in all the world, smitten perhaps for an instant speechless with its lovely perfection. Then assuredly would she turn to him, would recognize that he was no more a boy, but a man, a great sculptor whom all Florence must acclaim. With new, strange eyes would she look upon him, incredulously wondering; her affection, her belief in him, suddenly justified. He would kneel, would pick up the hem of her robe, would say: "*Madonna*, this have I done in my great love for thee!" Yes. He would dare to say that to her, although his heart checked in the audacity of the mere thought. He almost ran in his impatience as he hastened through those endless, splendid, intercommunicating apartments toward that room where surely at this hour Lucrezia would be seated at needlework among her maids.

As he plucked aside the heavy curtain from the doorway, he heard an altogether unexpected voice—a voice that startled him like the voice of God's own wrath. He checked on the threshold, saw Lucrezia—her face blanched and drawn as he had never seen it—crouching in her seat; saw standing in front of her, a crucifix held up in his right hand, his coarsely haggard features contorted under the cowl of his Dominican habit—Savonarola! Terribly, the monk thundered at her:

"Vile creature of the Evil One! Yet art thou defeated, and all thy wicked arts brought to nought! Though thou didst bewitch him who was as a saint of God, corrupting his fair purity to thy carnal lusts, yet have I saved that precious soul from thee! Not in vain have we wrestled and striven with Satan, he and I together, with prayer and scourge, all the night long in my cell, until the fiends fled from us, shrieking on their wind from hell! Now is he again delivered—as once before I delivered him—from the sin that is but horror and abomination to him. Not again shalt thou see him!"

Michelangelo stood rooted in awe and shuddering fascination. What meant this dreadful scene? Who was thus delivered from this woman he had adored, this woman now incredibly denounced as a sorceress of the Evil One?

Lucrezia, crouching white-faced in her seat, snarled at the monk like an animal at bay.

"Thou liest, friar! But a word have I to send to him—but one little word—and nought can hold him back! More! Wherever he be, he can hear me when I call!" She raised her voice. "Giovanni! Giovanni Pico! Giovanni Pico della Mirandola! It is thy Lucrezia who calls! Come! Come! Thy Lucrezia calls!" Uncanny was that crazy summons.

The monk laughed, terribly.

"Thou mayest call, woman, but yet he will not come! No more power have thy love philters over him! Behold, this token he sends to thee for a sign—he who now kneels in my cell and bares his back to the scourges of my monks!" He took a ring from his robe, flung it upon the floor. She stared at it incredulously, uttered a choking cry. "Never again shalt thou see him! And unto thee, woman, I say: 'Repent, ere fall upon thee the woes which overhang thy house!'"

He turned to go. Lucrezia sprang up from her seat, clutched his robe, implored him in a sudden hysterical sobbing:

"No, no! Friar! Holy father! No! Let me but see him once again; though but for a moment—a little moment! I do repent! I do! True it is that wickedly I put love philters in his wine, but it was because I loved him! Because not otherwise might I compel his love! But let me see him again—of thy charity—thou who art a saint! Let me see him! Let me tell him that I repent also—for the love of God!"

He flung her from him.

"Already begins the judgment of God upon this house!" he said, in that awful, harsh certainty with which he delivered his fatal prophecies. "Already is smitten down he who stole liberty from this Florence he has corrupted, nor shall he again rise from his bed! Beware, woman, lest God strike thee now also! Betake thyself to a nunnery and repent while yet there is time. But not again shalt thou see him who now has reconciled himself with God!"

He strode to the doorway, turned his intolerably blazing eyes upon the youth who stood there.

"Thou!" he said, in what seemed again an inspiration of prophecy. "Thou art the sculptor lad! Stand away from this house, or all thy long life shall it but bring thee bitterness and woe!"

Michelangelo did not heed him. He ran to Lucrezia, stretched upon the floor, assisted her to rise.

"*Madonna! Madonna!*" he cried. "Weep not! It is I, Michelozzo—thy Michelozzo!" Recklessly he ignored the monk's denunciation of this exquisite young creature, miraculously held in his arms. "Though Messer Pico love thee not, yet do I love thee, *madonna*, with all my soul. I came but now to tell thee, to prove it to thee. At last have I completed that work thou didst ask of me. It is in the garden, *madonna*. I came to bring thee to see it. Wilt thou not come? It is of a loveliness to banish grief, *madonna*—even such grief as thine—and in love for thee I wrought it!"

She reseated herself upon her chair, drew a deep breath, looked at him, and laughed in bitter mockery. "Thou lovest me! In faith, that is great consolation!"

Unrecognizably transformed she was, nevertheless, he continued to plead.

"True is it, *madonna*. With all my life do I love thee, and loving thee, have I wrought as thou didst command. It waits for thee now, *madonna*, completed but this day. A work so lovely that I myself can scarcely believe it mine. Wilt thou not come to look upon it, *madonna?*" In the naïvely simple sincerity of his artist soul, it seemed to him that the wondrous perfection of his work must necessarily banish her grief, must convince her of the love with which he had carved it. "Then wilt thou indeed believe that I love thee, as none other could love thee! *Madonna—madonna mia*, wilt thou not look upon it?"

She laughed again, cruelly, and her laughter smote him like the sword of death.

"Art thou mad, child, to pester me thus now? What do I care for thy foolish carving? I will not look upon it. Never—dost thou understand?—will I look upon it! As for thy puling boy's love—what is that to me who have lost all that the world held of love? Begone, now, ere I call my women to put thee out through the door!"

She laughed yet again, harshly, as though in thus mercilessly slaying love in him she were slaying love in her own heart.

The world swayed and went dark to him in catastrophic collapse. He hardly heard his own queer cry, wrung grotesquely from him as though it were another's. He knew not how he left her, knew not how he came to be again in that neglected summerhouse where his Cupid lay like a divine child magicked into marble. Insane in that agony of despair, he picked up his hammer, rushed at the statue to smash it into fragments; recoiled from it, the hammer dropping from his hand. He could not do it. Too beautiful was it, this first-born work of his newfound mastery, to be thus wickedly, sacrilegiously, destroyed. An inspiration came to him.

He found a spade, dug a hole in the garden, sobbingly carried that Cupid to the excavation, lowered it carefully, like a human thing, within. As thus he buried it, it seemed to him that he was burying his youth, that he was burying a capacity for love forever killed in him.

Absorbed in his task, he did not hear the commotion in Casa Medici. Lorenzo il Magnifico had been stricken alarmingly with illness. Now prepared they the litter and the carriages for that journey to the Villa Careggi whither a dreadfully pallid Lucrezia would accompany her dying father.

It was the year 1495. Terribly, indeed, had been fulfilled the prophecies of the monk Savonarola. With Lorenzo had died the peace of Italy. An invasion of the barbarians, the French had swarmed with fire and sword down the peninsula as far as Naples. The House of Medici had fallen when Lorenzo's son Piero had fled from the city in popular uproar at his cowardly surrender of Florentine fortresses to an invader who contemptuously spurned the traitor. Angelo Poliziano and Luigi Pulci were dead, brokenheartedly not long surviving that magnificent patron they had loved. Pico della Mirandola was dead also, had died in a Dominican habit, literally "in the time of lilies"; for he had expired on that fatal day when the Bourbon lilies of the conqueror had been carried into Florence. Forewarned by a supernatural apparition of Lorenzo, Michelangelo had fled to Bologna before the catastrophe.

Now had he again returned to a Florence unrecognizably transformed under the fanatical theocracy of Savonarola, a Florence where hymn-chanting crowds burned pictures and precious books in great bonfires kindled in the streets, where the Medici Gardens at San Marco were a ruin, and Casa Medici in the Via Larga was an empty shell gutted by the wild pillage of the mob.

He stood in the house of one of those few kinsmen of the Medici who dared to remain in the city where for sixty years their family had ruled. Between them was the statue of a sleeping Cupid, dug up from the garden behind the Casa Medici.

"In faith, Messer Michelagnolo, it is a noble work," said that Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, admiringly. "Thus, with the stains of earth upon it, might it well be an antique dug up from old days. If thou wouldst sell it, I know a dealer in Rome who would assuredly buy it to pass off on a cardinal who has commissioned him to find ancient statues."

Michelangelo—a gaunt, much older Michelangelo—looked at it for a moment with a strange expression, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"In truth, Messer Lorenzo, has it been dug up from old days long dead. Willingly will I sell it to thy dealer; for my father is poor and I need money for him."

Thus was sold, as a genuine antique, to Messer Baldassare del Milanese, who sold it to Cardinal Raffaello Riario in Rome, that celebrated statue of a sleeping Cupid which now has disappeared, but which drew Michelangelo himself to Rome; there to commence that long life of sublime achievement wherein he was never known to have loved woman save, in his old age, that elderly and accomplished lady, Vittoria Colonna. He was to labor, in endless trouble and disappointment, through that long agony when foreign armies trampled an expiring Italy, when Rome itself was sacked, when the Papacy sank to those lowest depths of degradation, from which, in his time, it began to raise itself in a renewed spirituality, when the Reformation began beyond the Alps. When, on the twenty-third of February, 1564, at the end of his eighty-ninth year, he died, the last of the Renaissance died with him who in Casa Medici had witnessed the zenith splendor of that dazzling rebirth of the human spirit to which our modern world owes its present liberty of thought.

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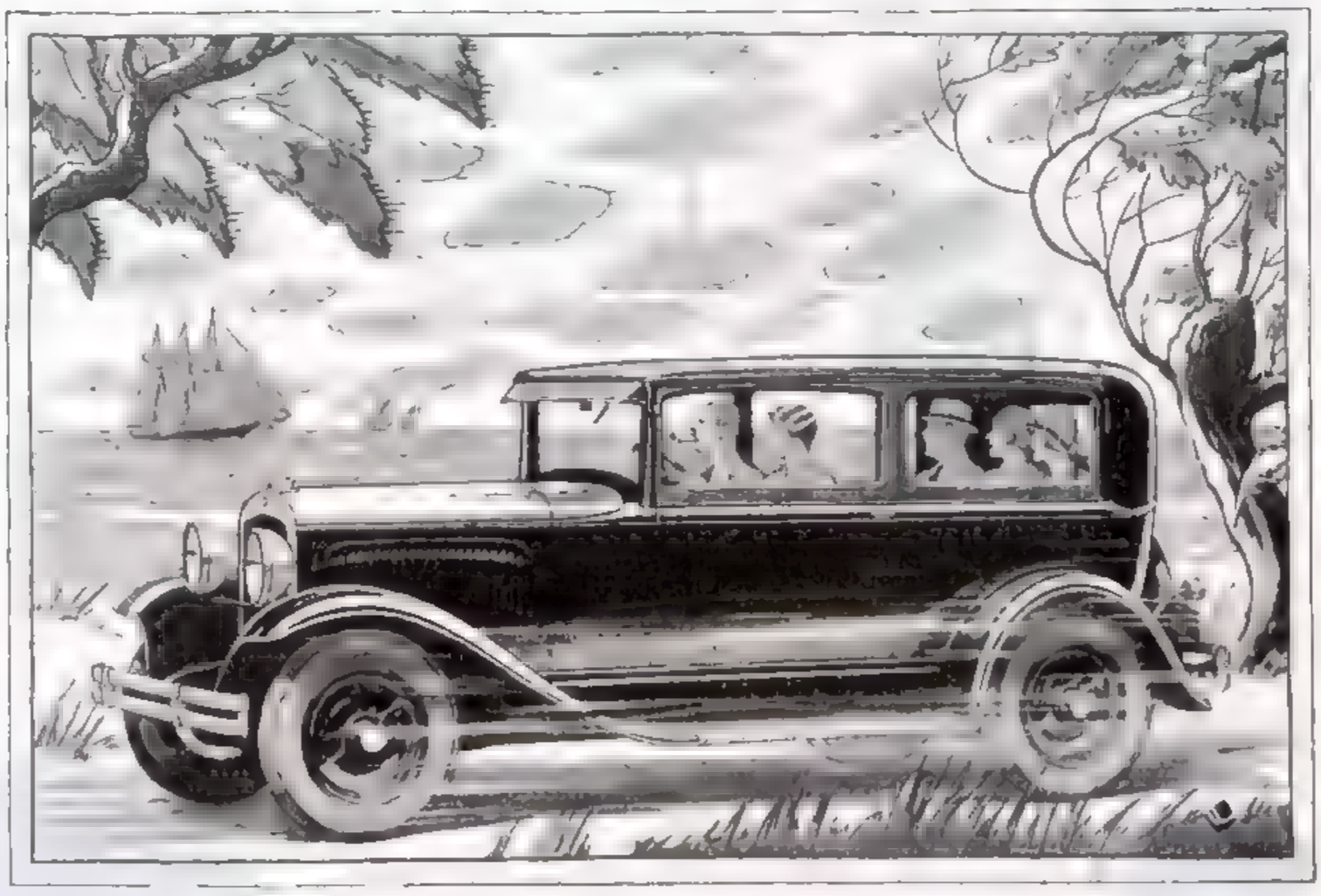

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PLYMOUTH quality begins with finer raw materials—where all true quality must inevitably begin.

Step by step, that basic quality is enhanced by advanced engineering, elaborate care and superior craftsmanship. It reaches its climax in a superbly finished product of *full-size* dimensions, easy-chair comfort and thrilling performance.

Plymouth has the substance, the stability, the quality and ability of a higher order than ever heretofore seemed possible in so low-priced a motor car.

Look at its rugged axles, its heavily-fortified frame, its large high-compression engine—strength and dependability in every detail. Look at its *full-size* Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding four-wheel hydraulic brakes—a marvelous safety factor. Plymouth is the only car sold at anywhere near its low price which is equipped with brakes of this advanced type.

Lay a rule on the extra-wide seats. Measure the spacious leg-room. Note the ample head-room. Relax on the form-fitting cushions. Close your eyes and you'll believe you're in your favorite lounge-chair.

Take the wheel. Touch the accelerator pedal. Feel that rush of power, that speedy get-away. Mark how eagerly Plymouth streaks from a crawl to sixty and more—and all so smoothly, so quietly, so eminently free from effort.

Chrysler engineering and Chrysler craftsmanship have established Plymouth as the distinctive quality car of the low-priced field—and there is no mistaking the fact.

PLYMOUTH—product of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship—has been so named because its endurance and strength, ruggedness and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that stalwart Pilgrim band who were the first settlers of Plymouth and among the first American Colonists.

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

{ "Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free." }

IN THIS country and Canada, there are many young and hopeful authors who have doubtless written good stories only to have them turned down by the publications to which they were submitted. Undoubtedly there are some good ideas and plots in these rejected offerings which could be developed into excellent pictures. I would like to see them, and these aspiring authors may accept this as an invitation to send them to me for examination. Periodicals are not infallible. Rejection by them does not prove that the ideas are not good. I don't doubt that many of the ideas might lead to good things in the picture line. So, send them on.

-C. L.

The great success of "*Broadway*" at the Globe Theatre, New York, has acted as a spur to the theatres all over America, and I know now that it will prove one of the most successful productions of the year. It is not difficult to enthuse over it. Remarkable acting is done by GLENN TRYON, EVELYN BRENT, PAUL PORCASI, OTIS HARLAN, THOMAS JACKSON, MERNA KENNEDY, ROBERT ELLIS and others of the notable cast. The scenery and action are dazzling and magnificent. You'll never forget it, and you are apt to see it more than once.

Glenn Tryon in "Broadway"

"*College Love*," another picture on the preferred list, is amazingly life-like and attractive. It is the first all-talking college production, illustrating the romance of the average university, the excitement of college contests, the singing and wise-cracking of the students, the flare and color of the campus, the dormitory and the field. It is a lively and highly amusing production and the cast consists of your favorites of the "Collegians," GEORGE LEWIS, DOROTHY GULLIVER, EDDIE PHILLIPS, CHURCHILL ROSS and HAYDEN STEVENSON as the coach.

Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut in "Show Boat"

Watch this column for forthcoming announcements of the Universal's Fall and Winter pictures. It will prove that this is another Universal year. "*Show Boat*" and "*Broadway*" will lead and many surprises are on the way.

Jane La Verne Universal Child Star

I don't want to be the judge of Universal Pictures. That's *your* prerogative because you are unprejudiced and are the ones to be considered. Your comments will be valuable. Will you write them to me now, together with any suggestions that may occur to you for their betterment?

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Getting On in the World

Wild Birds That Pay

A NEW industry is healthily gaining in popularity all over the country. Most people have known of its existence for the past thirty years, but information concerning its methods has only recently been given the general public. Formerly an aura of secrecy has been thrown about the operation of this new business; novices feared to enter it. Rich men started it in America during the last century, and it is popularly and erroneously supposed to be just a rich man's hobby.

This new way of earning a good living is by raising game birds in captivity. The fascination of these creatures is not the least item about them. They are related to the domestic hen, yet they have an entirely different psychology—wits still sharp from their hereditary struggle with the wild.

Though anyone who has raised ordinary poultry should find the breeding of game birds easy, there are a number of rules concerning game farming which have no connection with the hen business. The methods of marketing the wild birds differ in many ways from any other industry in the world.

The demand for birds already exists. It is miles ahead of the supply. Thousands of birds are purchased every year. Millions are wanted. Orders come from gun clubs for lots of five thousand at once. Owners of country estates use game birds to add to their attractiveness, whether they are interested in sport or not. State game commissions are the third class of large purchasers. Newcomers to the field want breeding stock. Smaller organizations devoted to the conservation of our wild life want small shipments for liberation.

I have never found a game farm that could use any additional advertising space to advantage. As a moderate estimate, I figure that the established bird farms of good reputation can use one hundred thousand ring-neck pheasants and fifty thousand Northern bobwhite quail a year more than they can raise or buy.

Some there are who will deny this assertion, even though they have an accepted position in game-farming activities. They will be the ones who have let the demand carry them along without making any attempts at greater efficiency, decrease in costs, or the production of better birds.

A Profitable Hen

Many ways of caring for and feeding game birds are too expensive to allow obtaining the most profit. Because old ways have proved productive is no reason for their perpetuity when better ways are found. It used to be said that nothing but specially prepared foods would do for pheasant and quail. Now costs may be lessened, with results as good or better, if ordinary commercial poultry feeds are used. Maggots were once a disgusting adjunct to the game farm. We do not feed them at all. And when an expert practical ornithologist, who had just visited every other large game farm in the country, inspected our stock he said they were as fine as any he had seen.

Another factor against the old-fashioned game breeder is that he does not make enough effort to get his portion of the spring profits. The majority of our customers who buy birds for breeding have the mistaken idea that there is too much risk, in wintering them, to pay for buying in the fall, when birds are fairly plentiful and the prices are at their lowest. For example, the fall price on a pen of five ring-neck pheasant hens and one cock is thirty-four dollars, less a discount of 10 per cent if the order is placed before June fifteenth. In March the price on a similar number of birds is forty-two dollars. The cost of feed during the winter is not more than fifty cents a bird. Where stock is bought in lots of one hundred in September at four dollars per bird, the winter profit is even greater. We have never yet wintered a large enough number of birds to fill every spring order.

Taking the well-known and popular laying hen as a basis for comparison, I have found that more money can be made, with less work, at a smaller initial investment in game birds than in the said hens. I have proved these statements by work with both types of birds for a number of years. Five dollars' profit a year per laying hen is conceded to be a very good margin by commercial poultrymen. A ring-neck pheasant hen costs four dollars. A dollar and fifty cents a year will feed her. Her pen is a wire cage. She lays at least sixty eggs a year. We count on raising a minimum of fifty youngsters from each hen, and these sell for four dollars each, costing less than a dollar to raise. About one hundred and fifty dollars' profit a year from each pheasant hen. That is the general idea.

A Good Cat on a Game Farm

However, I would have no one rush pell-mell into a large investment in game farming. Such is as disastrous as in any other business. Expansion should not come until one is ready for it.

Though the saturation point of game birds may be tentatively set as ten years from now, I have been assured by others that it will be twenty years before we see plenty of birds on the market. When this event does occur, the hotels, restaurants and markets will multiply the demand by ten and take every bird for the table they can obtain. At present the high prices prevent this. And the fact that most birds sold now are shot, further retards the millennium.

On our game farm we use no weatherproof houses or coops for our game birds. A pile of evergreen brush in one corner of the pen is as much shelter and privacy as they would get in the wild. Their stamina must be protected, for they are wild birds from the tips of their long tails to their strong beaks.

No one with but a small lot of land should attempt game farming. The birds need room and must have it to reach perfection. Breeding pens must be moved to fresh ground as often as necessary. Young birds must have free range, or their size will be runty and their appearance poor.

Cats and weasels are our chief troubles. House cats will clean out every brood of birds unless the owner is vigilant and a good shot. A chicken would run squawking home, but a game bird depends on its protective coloring and lies doggo in the grass. A cat can be cured of killing birds positively by the insertion of a small hunk of lead under her skin.

Lone Pine in Yellowstone National Park

Seldom do the buyer and seller of birds meet. The bulk of marketing is done by correspondence won by advertising in farm, poultry or sporting magazines. No special advertising training is needed. A simple, small piece of publicity is the best, and if it reaches the proper people the orders will come in floods. If only the finest specimens are sold, the farm's trade will continue growing through its old customers.

A bird that escapes is seldom caught without shooting. Inclosures must be absolutely tight all around. We had a resplendent cock ring-neck which would eat from our hands and fight with our toes. We had clipped one wing and had put him inside a fence eight feet high. One day, at our approach, he cackled joyously, flapped his wings, and flew away. We haven't seen him since. His flight feathers had grown out again without our noticing it.

Captivity has no permanent influence over game birds. Isolated cases may exist where liberated birds still loll fatly in the generosity of the owner, but ninety-nine out of every hundred will make as hard marks for the gun as if they had never known you.

Ever since the fascination of game breeding attacked me virulently in high-school days prices have remained about the same. Individual farms may quote figures that differ slightly, but over all there has been no rise or decline.

A Ready Market

People all over the country write me that they are discouraged from entering the poultry business because of the tremendous competition. The new game farmer will find no such condition. The wonder of it is that the industry is not already glutted, until one realizes that information on game breeding has not been disseminated as it might have been. The advantage of this is that the work has been set upon solid foundations before being presented as something to do for everybody with the proper facilities. The Belgian-hare episode cannot be repeated with game birds. For the latter have already reached our tables. No sentimental feelings must be beaten down to market them. Already guinea fowl and other domestic fowl have brought a change in our poultry diet. More variety is wanted and the delicious meat of the pheasant supplies it.

If game farming is so profitable, why should I seek to give it publicity? Why shouldn't I rake in the profits and let the other fellow's fortune be none of my business? Because there is no profit in refusing orders. I want to see more game farms established so that all these unfilled orders of the various big farms may be unfilled no longer—our own place in particular. The hope of the trade is the small breeder—the man or woman who raises a few birds each year.

Pheasants and quail have been produced in large numbers with incubators and brooders, but the method is too uncertain to advocate generally even if all the secrets were known. Pheasant hens do not usually become broody in captivity. Their eggs must be hatched and the young birds cared for by foster mothers—bantams or light-weight hens. This places the highest number of birds that may be raised in the entire time of one man at about three thousand a year. More game breeders are wanted who can and will produce birds that will be a credit to their owners. Will we ever have enough of them? Not for a long time.

BACK OF THE SATISFACTION OF OLDSMOBILE OWNERS STANDS THE SATISFACTION OF OLDSMOBILE WORKERS IN A JOB WELL DONE

After all, what is a motor car? Is it merely so much wood and metal . . . so many gears and cotter-pins?

Or is it, as Oldsmobile workers believe, something more . . . the culmination of the skill and ideals of the men who build it, from the first engineering sketch through to the final check-up and inspection? To express this spirit one of these workers—a veteran milling machine operator in the Oldsmobile factory—coined the phrase, "Anything short of my best is not acceptable." And this charge of responsibility has been adopted by his fellow workers throughout the organization, as their plant slogan.

Oldsmobile engineers are constantly at work—proving and re-proving the product they design—testing the merit of new ideas—ever seeking the better thing. In addition, they call upon the vast resources of the General Motors Proving Ground and Research Laboratories. Always, they have in mind . . . "Anything short of my best is not acceptable."

Skilled operators, unerringly guiding great machines—efficient workmen, accurately fitting Oldsmobiles together, part by part—keen-eyed inspectors, rigidly checking the work of the producers—each man, whatever his job, from the highest executive to the newest shop employee, follows the same rule . . . "Anything short of my best is not acceptable."

The result is a standard of precision, a degree of accuracy, worthy of the finest cars.

The satisfaction of Oldsmobile workers in a job well done is largely responsible for the thorough satisfaction Oldsmobile owners find in their cars. Oldsmobile owners are loyal, because they know that Oldsmobile is loyal to its owners, not only in the matter of fine workmanship but in all the details of manufacture—in the quality of materials, in the progressiveness of Oldsmobile engineering, and in the generous measure of Oldsmobile value.

This owner enthusiasm is reflected in Oldsmobile's tremendous and ever-increasing success. Month after month, Oldsmobile sales continue to grow. Time after time, new owners write, "My neighbor praised his Oldsmobile—and I find that everything he said is true."

Oldsmobile respects this public confidence. And, in return, Oldsmobile promises the public, in behalf of every Oldsmobile worker, to maintain steadfast allegiance to the Oldsmobile pledge: "Anything short of my best is not acceptable."

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE RIVER ROAD

(Continued from Page 17)

small silk-shod feet. She had been very angry, and she would be very angry again, but for just a minute she needed to breathe. One cannot be angry, breathlessly angry, so angry that one wants to pound someone with one's fists, without getting pretty tired. The girl was pretty tired. She was hot one minute and shaking the next. She didn't know which way to turn. She didn't know from moment to moment what to do next. There was a telephone on the desk beside her—Mimi—the Trevors. "I have been kidnaped by John Fielding's son and am being held in a garage. He carries me about. He spoils my evening, my life. He keeps me from eating Mimi's good dinner. I am hungry. I loathe all Fieldings. I dislike them very much. Please come and get me before I cry."

She was still sitting before the gas heater when he came in, but she had gone to the length of putting on her slippers.

"The car's ready," he said, looking down at her. He was tall. His eyes were very blue. His face was tanned and thin, and there were lines in it. He looked as if he had worked without a hat in hot countries. He looked as if he had gone through things. Lucy Cram had thought him attractive. "Are you hungry?" he asked, looking down at her.

"What car?" she asked.

"My car."

"Ready for what?"

"Ready for us. We are going to get into the car and drive. I am going to say some things."

"You! You are afraid to say your things!" She was scornful. She was pale, enchanting.

"I'm afraid all right, but I'm going to say them. Will you walk out to the car or must I carry you again?"

"My ancestors," she said, "are all that prevent me from screaming."

"A D'Oench," he said. "It's spelled with an apostrophe and two capitals, but it's plain Dench when you say it. Bianca—Bianca D'Oench. It's plain Dench in America. Ancestors are out. Louis XIV is dead."

"Please," she said softly, violently, "to leave my first name alone. Please from this moment to leave me alone. I will concede that you, personally, perhaps, have not been to blame, that you do well to stand up for your father as I stand up for mine. That is only natural. Possibly your father was not really a thief. Possibly my father was not a good business man. I am trying to be fair, to be patient. I concede so much. But beyond this I will not go. Drive me back to Mimi's or to the Trevors' and I will get out of your car and say good night politely and go my way. You will go your way. And we will not meet again. We will forget each other and you will marry Lucy Cram and I will mend my grandmother's roof. There is so much in life besides money. Let us be pleasant and sensible and go our ways and never see each other again."

"No," he said looking down at her. "No."

"Above everything else, I dislike scenes, noise, commotion. I dislike admitting that I need assistance. I dislike violence. Why must you be violent?"

"I'm built that way. You make me that way."

"All I do is walk off and leave you."

"That's plenty. I won't be left. The thought of it is incredible, unbearable. I've tried so hard to see you—followed you everywhere, dreamed of you, Bianca D'Oench—Bianca D'Oench—and then to be left! I had thought you might be kind."

"And I am not kind?"

"Kind? When you call my father a thief? When you won't even look at me?"

"I have looked at you. I am looking at you now."

"Only to turn away. You must come with me. You must listen. I have a plan, a proposition. I must show you my list. Half the names on it are crossed off already. When the last name is crossed off I'll be free—free to live my own life again, free to sleep without dreams, free to face people, free, perhaps, even to be friends with you."

She stood for a moment. She had poise, deliberation. She was not in a hurry. Then she looked up at him.

"Very well," she said briefly. "We will get into the car and drive away from here."

The car was a great roadster, opulent, powerful. It had not grown on a tree. It slid out of the garage over deserted, oily, wet streets. It headed north, uptown, out of the city. Boulevards, bridges, the river. The road followed the river. The girl, wrapped in her furred cloak, sat in her corner and looked at the river road ahead and at the clock on the dashboard. The clock had a busy little illuminated face and busy little ticking hands. The hands pointed to one. The man, bareheaded, a raincoat over his evening clothes, drove and looked at the river road ahead. He did not look at the clock. What was time to him? There was silence between them, about them. The city dropped away, fell behind. The rain poured down.

The hands of the little clock were pointing to two when he drew up suddenly and stopped the car. For an hour he had said nothing. For an hour she had said nothing.

"I've been looking for an all-night restaurant," he said. "You had no dinner. We may be able to get a sandwich here."

"I don't eat sandwiches," she said mildly, rousing herself to look about her. "And there's mud."

"That's all right," he said. "It's only a step. I'll lift you over."

He lifted her over easily, impersonally. He was very strong and quick. His raincoat was damp beneath her cheek. He was attractive. There was force to him as well as violence. He was a new type to her. He took things so hard. All the men she knew took things so easily. He set her down on a short flight of steps.

"What is this place?" she asked, looking about her.

"A coffee stand. You sit on a stool."

The coffee stand was warm, brightly lighted and clean. It smelled crisply of coffee, of toast. Several of the stools were occupied. An observant youth in a white apron slid back and forth behind the counter with great ease and rapidity. Bianca D'Oench sat on a stool and looked mildly about her and thought of Louis XIV. She had never sat on a stool. She sat on a stool between a truck driver in a blue sweater and the chief enemy of her house—a Fielding—a blond, masterful, steely, young Fielding—only son of John Fielding, that ditch digger, that thief—heir to the Fielding money amassed by hook, by crook. She sat close beside young Fielding, that upstart, that highwayman, that brigand; so close that she could not help touching him.

"They have four kinds of pie, Bianca D'Oench," he said in her ear, "and their specialty tonight is bean soup."

"Thank you," said Bianca D'Oench shyly. "I will take nothing. I am not hungry."

"Two bean soups, brother," said young Fielding to the observant youth. "Two coffees. One apple pie."

"We gotta swell lot a sinkers tonight," said the observant youth, eyes on Bianca D'Oench. "Perhapsthelady'dlikasinkerwithhercupacawfey."

"Would you, Bianca D'Oench?" asked young Fielding in her ear.

"What does he say? I do not understand."

"No sinkers, brother, but thanks for the idea. Slip a piece of cheese on that pie."

"With a smile," said the youth, eyes on Bianca.

"Are you warm, Bianca D'Oench?" asked young Fielding in her ear. "Are you getting a little used to me?"

"I am a guest, not a prisoner?"

"I'm the prisoner. I'm bound by you, to you. I've victimized you, or my father has, or his company has. I've injured you. So I can't forget you. The thought of you rides me. Days. Nights. I wake up with a start, thinking, 'Bianca D'Oench—that girl. I owe her half a million dollars.' . . . I'm the prisoner."

"Legally you have not injured me, victimized me. Legally you are not my prisoner."

"Who is talking about law? Law doesn't come into this."

The bean soup was served in thick white bowls. It steamed. It had a forthright, honest smell. It was gently flavored, reviving, cheering. It was accompanied by thick square crackers that were not ashamed of being thick and square. The coffee was served in thick white cups. Hammers could not have broken the cups. The coffee steamed. It was fragrant, black, pungent. It was liquid dynamite.

Bianca D'Oench liked her soup. "It is wonderful soup," she said. "There is a soup like this which they serve at Modane, over the border from Italy into France. . . . Legally you owe me nothing."

"Law doesn't come into this."

"What does come in?"

"You'll think I'm old-fashioned."

"What does come in?"

"Before I met you—honor. Since I met you—love."

There was a clock on the wall behind the counter—a large, placid, stupid-looking clock with a throaty tick. But the clock was not so stupid as it looked. It pointed to half-past two.

"Five hours," said the girl scornfully, looking up at the clock. "Five hours—short ones—and you can talk of love."

"I'm not talking of it. And time doesn't come into this. Your voice was enough there beside me at Mimi's, and your hands crumbling a roll. And when I dared at last to look at you ——"

The girl stirred her coffee. The screened door banged. The observant youth slid the length of the counter and back again. Dishes cracked. The clock ticked.

"Well, what?" she asked in spite of herself. "When you looked?"

"Love," he said.

The road followed the river, clung to the river, wouldn't be left. There were moving lights on the road, moving lights on the river. Trucks were rolling down to the city. Cans of milks, crates of vegetables were moving down to save the city. The car headed north. Across the river were dark hills. Below the hills was a moving diamond bracelet, glittering, gone. The railroad followed the river. It wouldn't be left.

"You spoke of a list," said the girl, secure in her corner, wrapped in her furs. "I should like to see this list."

He turned the car to the side of the road and stopped it. He got out his list. It was more a memorandum than a list, personal, revealing. It was brief, typed on one sheet of paper. Just "Blue Mountain" was written across the top and below a list of names. Half the names were crossed off.

"The largest investors I try to see personally," he said. "My lawyers are arranging with the others. These are the largest investors."

The stiff paper crackled as he spread it out before her. His hands were trembling. She leaned to look at his list by the light on the dashboard. The traffic slid by. The clock ticked.

J. C. Atherton, Chicago—$79,000.
B. M. Black, Denver—Approximately $100,000.
Bianca D'Oench, New York—Approximately $500,000.

The names beyond her own blurred suddenly as she looked.

"I have taken them by cities," he explained eagerly, "and worked east. When I couldn't find you in New York I jumped for Europe. From the beginning your name troubled me the most."

"Why?"

"For one thing, you were the largest investor."

"You offer money to these people and they accept it?"

"You bet they accept it. Why shouldn't they?"

"Charity?"

"It isn't charity. It has been their money and it becomes their money again. It's restitution. All I ask them to do is to sign a paper."

"You! You have so many papers. What does this other paper tell?"

He got out his other paper. His hands shook as he spread it out for her. It was typed also. It was brief, personal, revealing.

I believe John Fielding to have been sincere in his report on the Blue Mountain Mine. I believe him to have been an honest man.

That was all.

"These signatures I file away," he explained. "Some day my children will see them. And their children. My father was an honest man. And I want them to know it."

He folded up his papers and put them away.

"All this must take much money," said the girl indifferently, looking at him.

"There is more to life than money," he said.

"All this would be a drain on any fortune," said the girl, looking at him.

"I was getting ten thousand a year in China. I can make my own money."

"Aside from these signatures, these amusing papers of yours, you do not care what becomes of the Fielding money?"

"Not a tin button," he said.

He waited for a moment, but when she said nothing more he started the car. With his eyes on the road ahead, he drove. He followed his fixed idea. And he took her with him. The clock had left three far behind. It was edging up on four.

"I am tired with this journey of yours," said the girl at length, suddenly, casually, with a yawn. "Your car is very masculine and uncomfortable. You have no pillow. Mimi Drummond has a pillow. If I ever have a car of my own I shall have a pillow. I am very sleepy with this journey of yours. Where do we go?"

"Home," he said.

"To your home?"

"I have no home," he said.

"When you marry Lucy Cram she will do you a home," said the girl, yawning. "It will be very cold and uncomfortable. It will be all black and silver and decorated with moons."

"I am not going to marry Lucy Cram," he said.

"I am very sleepy indeed," said the girl, "but I have nowhere to put my head. It rolls when I try to lean it back. I am very uncomfortable."

"You might lean your head against my shoulder," he said tentatively, looking at the road.

The girl sighed with exasperation. "Any other man," she said, "would have thought of that two hours ago."

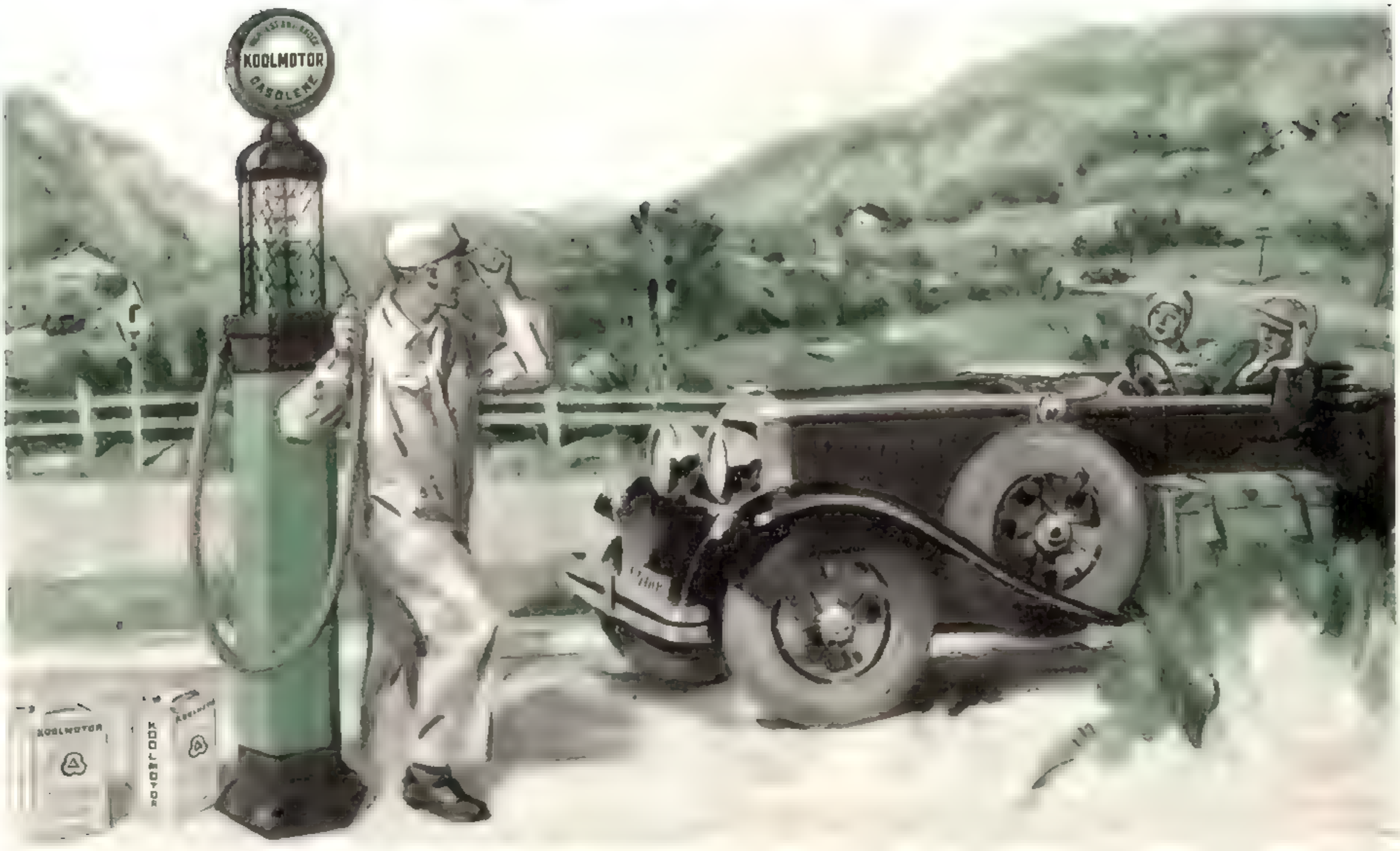
"Five hours ago," he said, "I thought of it."

The girl moved from her corner and dropped her head wearily against his arm. She yawned. He drove. He didn't even turn his head.

"I am very sleepy," she said. "This is more comfortable. This is, after all, a good car, a hopeful journey. I do not mind your journey so much. I do not dislike your papers, but I shall not take your money."

"Don't say that, Bianca D'Oench—Bianca D'Oench," he said very low, very

(Continued on Page 69)



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Wherever summer trails may lead, Koolmotor Oil and Koolmotor Gasolene will help to make them swift and pleasant. Drive as you will—where you will—care-free of motor trouble that might mar the days of unconfined joy and comfort.

Koolmotor products will guard your vacation pleasure.

Koolmotor Oil—the perfect Pennsylvania Motor Oil—is ideal for your high-speed, high-compression motor which develops high degrees of heat. This modern oil keeps it *cool.*

Koolmotor Gasolene—the *original* green gasolene—is both high-test and anti-knock—double benefits which mean unequalled starting, acceleration, speed and power. It minimizes knocks, kicks, and sputters, and never gets tired of the job. Its special distillation gives you more power per gallon, stronger, smoother engine action, less shifting, quicker pick-up and lessened overheating of the engine.

So . . . Koolmotor powered . . . drive on . . . swiftly . . . safely . . . surely . . . never a care . . . never a trouble . . . to the land of joy beyond.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY, 60 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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A great change is taking place in American homes and apartments. Today in over 700,000 of them the cooking is done electrically!

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

(Continued from Page 64)

quick. "Don't! You must take it! You must! If you don't I'm a failure. My whole scheme of life cracks up. Everything hinges on you—everything."

"Your raincoat is damp beneath my cheek," said Bianca D'Oench. "And you have no pillow. I am not so comfortable after all."

"Wait a moment," he said breathlessly. "Hold the wheel."

He stripped off his raincoat. He took the wheel again. He pulled her close, circled her with his arm, settled her. He settled her head against his shoulder, pushed it down, held it down.

"There," he said breathlessly. "How is that?"

"It will do."

"Can you rest so? Can you go to sleep?"

"I will try."

"You—you don't mind me quite so much? You are getting a little used to me?"

"A little."

"Bianca D'Oench," he said breathlessly, unbelievingly—"Bianca D'Oench."

"John Fielding's son," she murmured sleepily.

He drove with one arm around her. Through black curled-up lashes she watched him, her eyes half open, half shut. He was brown and thin and worn. His eyes were very blue. He was violent and repressed and terribly shaken by her nearness. He was controlled. He was incalculable, incredible. He was absolutely attractive. He was young, pathetic, heartbreaking. He took things so hard. Things mattered so much to him. Life was a struggle, a battle. Life was something to be taken into his hands, to be shaped, to be molded. Life was something that could so easily crack up.

The choice of any road, after all, depends upon what one is out for, and the justification of any road is its ending. In its upper reaches beyond Little Falls the river road meandered and seemed to lead nowhere. It branched off from the highway and followed the narrowing river. It wouldn't be left. The highroad roared on, hurrying from town to town. It enticed with signposts. It insisted. But the river road clung to the quiet river. It turned its back on the highway and let the world speed by. Willows bordered it and in the spring dawn the willows were yellow green and hopeful. There had been rain throughout the night along the river, and now that the sun had come up behind the willows little pools of water jeweled the river road and sparkled.

"Wake up, Bianca D'Oench," said young Fielding in her ear. "Wake up, Bianca D'Oench. We are here."

She roused herself, sat up, looked about her. "What is this place?" she asked tranquilly.

She looked at the river, at the willows, at the sunshine. She looked up at the great house, red-gabled, spreading, shabby, somnolent, all of it closed except for one wing. The hedges needed trimming. The cypress walk was overgrown. Tall grass grew where there should have been a lawn. Tall grass grew down to the river.

"It is your idea to kidnap a poor girl and take her on a journey," she asked mildly, "only to bring her home?"

"Where else?" he said.

"Other men do not so arrange matters in their minds. . . . It is a sweet place, don't you think? It waits so patiently."

"For what?"

"For me. To help it. To live in it. To open it all again to sunshine and happiness. To mend its poor roof. I was born here. There is no place in the world so lovely. I am still feudal, you see, about my houses."

She got out of the car.

"Please do not go away," she said over her shoulder. "My grandmother will wish to see your list. She has seen many things in her day, but nothing which resembles your list."

They went up the broad stone steps together, crossed the broad flagged terrace together.

"Seraphine will not be surprised at us," said the girl. "Seraphine is French. She is not surprised at anything. Seraphine will be up. She is French. She is always up."

Seraphine was up. She clattered across bare floors within to answer their ring. Seraphine was stout, elderly, immaculate in blue linen. The girl put an arm about Seraphine and dropped her head upon her broad shoulder.

"Do you see this young man before you?" she asked.

Seraphine saw him. She was French. She saw everything.

"He is John Fielding's son. He is our enemy," said the girl in Seraphine's ear. "He is too tall, don't you think, and too thin and too anxious?"

Seraphine looked up at John Fielding's son.

"He is beautiful," said Seraphine, who was French. "He is brave. A Fielding and here? Madame will approve of that. He is brave."

"Oh, Seraphine—Seraphine. You approve of him also? He may come in? You will announce him to Nounou?"

"My rolls are in the oven," said Seraphine.

"After the rolls come out, after we have eaten them with fresh butter on a green leaf, with coffee such as only you can make, with hot milk, on a tray in the library on the smaller marquetry table a tray for two—after all this occurs you will announce him to Nounou?"

"She is like that," said Seraphine to young Fielding. "I am wax in her hands. I am her slave. She can coax an owl from a tree. Her husband, when she has him, will be led on a dance. He will be her slave, unless he puts her well under his thumb. Stamp. Stamp. And she will adore him. She will follow him anywhere. Women are like that."

"Yes. I don't wish to be any trouble."

"Come in, young man," said Seraphine. "You are no trouble. You can manage. You are brave."

The library was paneled in dark wood and lined to the ceiling with books. There had once been a great Persian rug on the inlaid floor, but the rug was gone. That morning, however, no one missed the rug. A fire was laid ready on the hearth and young Fielding struck a match to it. Seraphine appeared with a dust cloth and Bianca D'Oench dusted off the marquetry table. Fielding arranged two tall leather chairs side by side at the small table before the fire.

Seraphine brought in their tray—coffee in a cream-colored Quimper pot, hot milk in a Quimper jug, hot rolls covered with a fringed napkin, fresh butter, honey. Bianca D'Oench poured the coffee into Quimper bowls—Bianca D'Oench so close beside him that she couldn't help touching him. The coffee was fragrant, delicious, French. It was nectar. The rolls were ambrosia.

"After all, if I had not liked you I could have telephoned from the garage," said Bianca D'Oench suddenly, casually, buttering a roll.

"Tele—— telephoned to who?"

"To whom. I could have telephoned to anyone—to Mimi, to the Trevors, to the police."

"Telephoned what?"

"That you had kidnaped me."

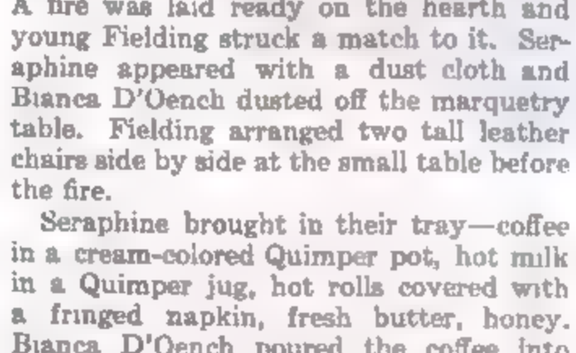
"But I hadn't kidnaped you."

"Don't spoil it," said Bianca D'Oench.

"Don't spoil what?"

"Everything," she said.

There was a silence. She finished her roll, drank her coffee. He sat looking at her.



"You—you liked me?" he said at last. "You liked me? A Fielding?"

"Why should I have come along with you else? At any moment I could have screamed. My ancestors would have understood. They would not have prevented me. A Fielding? Certainly. Why not? Our fathers were once good friends. Your father made a mistake. My father made a mistake. Anyone can make a mistake, and most people do."

"Bianca—Bianca!"

"Not so fast. Not so fast. Drink your coffee. You drink too much coffee, I think. . . . Where will you go when you have finished your list? Back to China?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought. I haven't looked beyond meeting you."

"Now that you have met me, look. Now that you have met me, think."

"I can't. You bewilder me. You enchant me. I can't see anything but you; I can't think of anything but you."

"Try."

"I can't."

The girl stood up abruptly, and he stood up also. She pushed back her chair, walked across to a window. There was a writing table against the window. She sat down at the writing table.

"Give me your papers," she said.

He gave her his papers and she spread them out before her.

"This money one," she said, indicating his list, his memorandum, "does not concern me. It is your money. You may give it to others if you like. But not to me. The money one is not important."

She opened the other paper.

"But this—the honor one—to show to your children, to your grandchildren—this is important. I believe in honor and in families and in all such old-fashioned, outmoded things. I am feudal. I, too, fight for my own. . . . This is important. There is no pen. Give me your pen."

He gave her his pen. She held it in her hand while she read the other paper carefully.

I believe John Fielding to have been sincere in his report on the Blue Mountain Mine. I believe him to have been an honest man.

She looked up at him swiftly before she signed, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. Then she signed: "Bianca D'Oench," the date, the place. She smiled up at him swiftly and he saw that there were tears on her cheek.

"You are so tall up there above me," she said. "Lean down."

He leaned down. He was silent. He was white to the lips. He kissed her hand as it lay on the paper. He kissed her name as it was written on the paper.

"You do not know all that you have done to me," she said. "You have made me cry. You break my heart with your amusing papers, with your quaint ideas. By your faith you have made me believe. But that is not all. Lean close."

He leaned close. His lips touched her hair. His cheek touched hers.

"You did not kiss me in the car," she said.

"No"

"You wanted to?"

"Yes."

"I adore your not kissing me in the car. You like me a little?"

"Like you? I'm mad about you. I can't keep away from you. I've got to be near you. It was heaven in the car."

"Put your arms about me—so—and lift me high, close—like before."

He put his arms about her—so. He lifted her. He held her high, close. His heart beat against hers, raced with hers. She was light in his arms. She was enchantment. She was love. She lifted her beautiful mouth to his mouth. She was love.

Seraphine, coming in for the tray, went out without the tray. Seraphine, back in her kitchen, nodded her head to the clock.

"So begins for us all," said Seraphine to the clock, "a new day. He can manage. He is brave."

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BETWEEN THE ACTS

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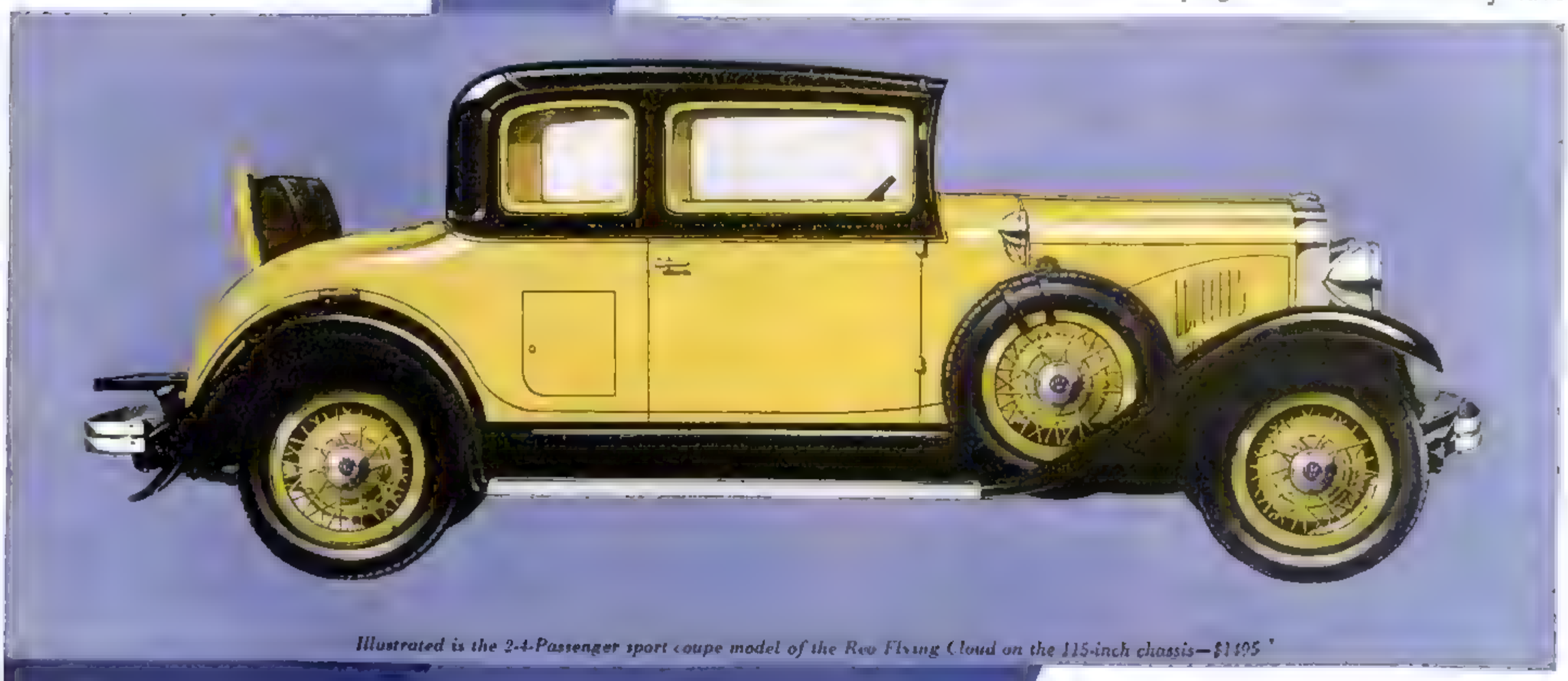

Illustrated is the 2-4-Passenger sport coupe model of the Reo Flying Cloud on the 115-inch chassis—$1495

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REO FLYING CLOUDS

SHELLBACK

(Continued from Page 13)

nervous. This was the embodiment of that devil of steam he had always hated. Speed! Haste! Bloody murder!

"Here it is, sir!" the quartermaster shouted. All ran to the bridge end. Half a smashed dory floated by into the dense fog. Frozen to the bow thwart was a yellow-clad fisherman, dead.

"Slow ahead," Garth ordered. "Poor devil! He probably belonged to that schooner not a mile astern."

John Jones was silent. That was a risk of sail. But he utterly refused to remain inside the covered bridge now.

"Log me if you like, Captain Garth," he said. "No rat trap for me!"

Dripping fog and an invisible sea, and all about the snore of the wind and the crashing of broken water at the bows. Now and then a fisherman's horn or a clattering bell caused Garth to swing from his cautious course. There were moments when John Jones almost appreciated the skipper's seamanlike care. And now that emergency arose, Garth himself refused to remain in the snug warmth of the glass house. He peered out upon the white pall of fog from a bridge-end dodger. Jones kept lookout at the other end. And it was Garth who, more than once, drifted across the breadth of the ship to chat uneasily with his second mate.

"Trouble is," he said on one such drift, "a steamer is under better control at speed than going slow. If something pops up close aboard, it's easier to steer clear at ten knots than at five. Easier still at twenty."

"Aye, and it's very simple just to run through the midships of a silly schooner and never know it or stop to find out!" growled Jones bitterly.

"As against a big steamer, a small fisherman must count little, mister. If one must go, better the little fellow."

"Aye, that's steam!" Jones stumped across the bridge alone.

The siren blatted. From far off an answer came—a weak, wavering, cold-handed pump horn. The fog was thick enough to make the steamer's forecastle an indefinite shadow out of which the foremast rose like a smoky pillar. Garth drifted over again to where Jones stood grimly trying to see through the fog. The old chap's eyebrows were glistening white; his rough woolen muffler was white with hoar. He leaned far out over the rail beside the dodger.

"Hear something?" Garth asked.

"Aye, seems different from other sounds, sir. Blow the siren again."

Garth went and pulled the cord without comment. The raucous bellow blared forth. Garth rejoined Jones, and both listened. There were many echoes now. They flew from point to point. And out of the void ahead, looming huge and lofty as a mountain whose crest is lost in the heights, sailed a berg, icy breath blowing from it now which was undetectable before because the steamer was to windward of it.

"Full speed astern!" Garth yelled to the wheelhouse.

He made to start himself, on the heels of his words; but a thousand tons of icy horror, leaning low in a grotesque gallows arm, picked off the end of the bridge as a carrot is taken by a knife, and swept along the boat deck with a hilarious splintering and rending of wood and iron.

Garth and Jones were plunged into the freezing sea among a churning maelstrom of icy shards. Boat splinters and ice fragments showered about them. They swam desperately, trying to avoid a mangled death, and the steamer, going astern to the pull of her engines, went from their sight. The shattered berg drowned with its falling their puny shouts. They came together in their struggles, and Jones silently made room for Garth on the edge of a floe big enough to float ten like them.

"They'll come back to seek us," said Garth, his teeth chattering.

"Yes, if they're lunatics!" returned Jones.

A broken boat floated to them, drogued by the head to a broken davit. Garth sped toward it like a slim mackerel, but the broken ice stopped him sadly. Jones floundered among the ice like a whale among capsized whalemen, and his very bulk rode down the ice and won him room. He floundered aboard the half-filled boat and dragged Garth over the gunwale after him.

It was No. 1 lifeboat. Directly in the wake of the bridge end, it had been taken by the ice that took Garth and Jones. It needed but a glance to assure both men that only a miracle could keep that craft afloat. Garth started at once shouting for the steamer. Jones found the jammed fall block, hove it overboard with the weight of the snapped davit upon it, and began bailing the boat with his hands.

"No use bawling for help," growled Jones. "If your steamboat officers are worth their salt they'll get that steamer as far from this ice as steam will carry her. They couldn't hear a hail anyhow, with this wind and sea and the racket of steam."

Garth seemed indifferent to whatever Jones might say. He shouted until only the iceberg received his voice and gave the echo back mockingly. Jones shoved the tholepins in and started to scull with one oar, gruffly suggesting that Garth save his breath and bail.

The wash of the sea drifted the boat around to leeward of the berg. Flurries of fog permitted a glimpse occasionally of the ice mountain. To leeward, the berg, with its deeper draft and faster drift, moved away from the broken floes and the boat was carried along on the piled-up calm water. Jones sculled desperately. He watched Garth bailing inadequately with his cap, which had been held to his head by the chin stay.

"Better drop that awhile and take an oar," he said to the skipper soon. "There's a forty-mile wind blowing and this berg 'll drift fast before it."

"It gives us a lee, anyhow," snapped Garth, hauling out an oar.

"Aye, and what fool's going to seek us to leeward of it? What fool is knowingly going to pass close to leeward of a berg if he can get to windward? . . . Pull!"

In half an hour the staved boat edged out beyond the limit of the iceberg, and immediately the heavy seas took her and began to fill her up. Garth ordered Jones to pull back into the lee. And after about two minutes of battling against the sea with his single oar the second mate silently obeyed. As soon as the boat rode easily on the calmer water, however, he sought for material to make a bail. A short mast and sail were becketed to the thwarts. The boat could sail only stern first, if at all; not at all unless she could be kept afloat. Jones got out his knife. Garth had no such thing. With a real sailor's knife much can be done. In half an hour, during which Garth kept bailing with his cap, Jones produced out of slivered mast and canvas a useful bucket bailer that would throw half a gallon at a time. He bailed the boat free himself before handing the contrivance to Garth.

He looked for a boat compass. There was none. He rummaged for bread and water. There was neither. He at length sat on a thwart and regarded Garth wordlessly.

"Don't look at me like that!" snapped Garth peevishly. "The mate looked after the boats."

"Aye, so I see!" retorted Jones, and thereafter for an hour no word was spoken. Garth bailed and Jones crouched in the shattered bows, trying with all the cunning of a lifetime at sea to bring those gaping bows together so that they might sail the boat. He knew how long they would last in that freezing sea without food or water. The chance of being picked up was slim, unless they were able to get out and keep out of the iceberg's lee. As he worked, he glanced at Garth now and then; and he saw that the bailing was going on without halt. He saw Garth's slim body shaking with weariness, and Garth's soft hands bleeding, and Garth's lips grinning tightly over set teeth, but the bailing went on. There was no whimper from the steamboat man.

Night was black over the foggy sea when Jones at last rose out of the bows. Saying nothing of his work, he groped for the mast and stepped it. Garth still bailed, seeming unaware that the water was scarcely coming in at all. Jones let him go on until the bottom boards were clear; then gruffly bade him find the tiller and ship it while he hoisted a rag of sail.

"You'll drown us both with your silly sail," said Garth.

"We'll starve to death in the lee of your silly iceberg!" said Jones. The older man, being less ready to lie down and give up, had his way. The boat began to move along the side of the berg. As if to emphasize Jones' wisdom, they were no sooner well into the upheaval of open sea than a sound came to their ears, faint, but clear.

"It's miles off," said Garth. "A fisherman. Never make it. It's to windward."

"It's close to and to leeward!" said Jones, and steered toward the sound.

No looming sail rewarded them. No kindly light dancing in the rigging of a friendly vessel. Nothing at all for eternal minutes. The boat filled fast, hove down with the gale abeam. Garth bailed madly, shouting as he bailed that both were dreaming of that sound. Jones bailed with the captain's cap, steering stubbornly on his course, listening sharply for another sound. It came, scarcely audible.

"There! Right ahead!" he shouted, and with cupped hands sent a hail to answer the wavering horn. In five minutes they crashed into a dory. The shock completed the ruin of their own boat. They tumbled aboard the dory, to find a slush lantern guttering to an end in the bottom, a bearded man collapsed beside it, fisherman's horn gripped desperately in one hand, and a younger man, still and crumpled, in the stern sheets.

A night of blind drifting, keeping the dory afloat and life in the occupants by sheer hardihood and grit, and in the morning Garth and Jones looked around upon a less tumultuous sea from which the fog was passing, but across which a stiff breeze blew snow squalls like puffs of smoke. Full daylight showed a sea as empty as a dry well; not even a glimpse of ice until an hour after sunrise. Then, after a level sheet of snow had flashed down wind, leaving the dory coated with ice, Jones caught a flash of cold glint right under the sun.

Garth was rubbing the wrists of the fishermen turn and turn about. He or Jones had done that all night. Life remained, truly, but in pitifully small degree. Jones had lashed the wrecked lifeboat to the dory when the crash came, and ever since it was gray light, when he was not chafing the unconscious men, he had been clearing away the tangled gear in hope of utilizing the sail. The first thing he had sought in the dory, and found, was the dory compass. Now the sail was ready, he looked for food, water. The water keg was empty. For food, there were two frozen fish in the dory, one partly eaten, raw.

"The best thing we can do, Jones, is to cruise across the steamer lane," the captain chattered, blue with cold and hunger. Jones was prodding with an oar for some floating bits of ice. He hauled in a lump of fifty pounds or so, dumped it into the dory, and went on for more.

"Captain Garth," he said, "I don't know what your experience may have been in such circumstances as these, but mine

(Continued on Page 73)

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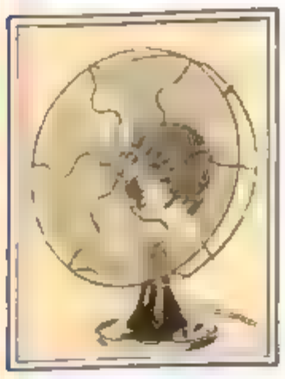


GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 71)

has been fairly wide. A steamer may pass within five miles of this boat and never see it. Ten steamers may pass by in a day hereabouts, and we'll be here until one of 'em cuts us down. There's fog yonder, the sleet squalls are like walls. My advice is, sail for the coast, haul in our belts, and if we must freeze, let us freeze with straight backbones."

Garth steered while Jones made a last tremendous effort to revive the two fishermen. He melted ice between his hands into the boat bailer and dribbled the water between teeth almost locked. He broke bits of raw fish, frozen hard as board, crumbling it with fingers grown horny in sail. The men lay stark. Yet he believed he could detect signs of life; and he had seen men in extremity before. He carried on. Kneeling low in the dory over his patients, he left the boat handling to Garth until a watery sun blinked out for an instant and warned him that Garth was not holding a course for the land, but was sailing broadly south.

"Captain Garth, sir, every mile sailed wide of the course is a mile nearer our finish!" he barked.

"Nearer the steam lanes and relief! Carry on your job!" the retort came harshly, and Garth hugged the steer oar against his body under his arms as if determined to defend his course with his life.

Jones had opened the clothing of one man, and now laid his ear against the cold chest. He seemed to have decided to ignore Garth's actions. Soon he straightened up, gently fastened the dead man's oilskins, and groped around in the dory's bows for any kind of weight. He found the trawl anchor and lashed it to the corpse's feet. Clumsily—for the dory was a crazy thing under sail—yet as gently as possible he lifted the body and launched it overside. He remained standing for a moment, his frozen hair wild and crackling in the hard breeze, and uttered some memorized parts of the burial service at sea. Then he turned his attention to Garth. Garth, who had never seen a man buried at sea in all his short steamer voyages, gazing with something like horror at this old shellback to whom death was no new thing, who had launched many a poor devil during a lifetime of year-long voyages.

John Jones swayed on sturdy feet midships of the careering dory, gazing over Garth's head. He slowly turned and scanned every fathom of the wintry sea. The horizon all around the circle was sharp and steely blue. Not a speck broke its level blankness. His face was set and grim as he stepped across the thwart that separated them and laid a heavy hand on Garth's shoulder.

"I'll take her," he said.

"I'll keep her!" said Garth, his voice cracked and shrill.

"Then steer west for the coast, sir!"

"Sit down! I'm master here. You may as well understand that. Melt some ice. I'm thirsty."

Jones sighed. He wrenched Garth's grip from the oar. Garth snatched the steer oar from the stern chock and tried to strike the second mate with it; Jones knocked it aside easily and struck his skipper full on the chin with all the power of his body. Garth pitched to his knees, and the dory almost capsized before Jones was able to replace the oar and bring her back to her course. Then for a moment the old shellback gave no heed to anything but settling the boat upon a coastwise course.

Through a bitter forenoon he held her true; Garth recovered and crept forward beside the supine fisherman, muttering threats. He lifted his voice once, when, refreshed by sucking a bit of ice, he realized that the second fisherman had died. Then he yelled above the whistling gale:

"You've killed us all! Remember that when you're passing out! But if luck brings us through—or a miracle—I'll see you tried for mutiny, and I hope to watch you hang!"

"Good enough, my lad. Meanwhile you bail, and if you step across that thwart again you'll never live to hang me," Jones told him.

The wind held. At night snow fell. Toward morning, fog. Still a furious sea. The lump of ice was salty with spray. The raw fish was a ghastly thirst producer. Jones held to the oar as if fatigue and he were not acquainted. Every drop of spray froze as it fell. A watery dawn found them driving through a fog bank which closed in until they swam in a circle no more than fifty yards across.

Garth seemed to sleep. Jones let the dory run off before the wind and steer herself under the single sail; then he tried to lift the dead fisherman overboard. It was beyond his strength now. Later, almost at the fall of another night, he aroused Garth. Together they tried to bury the dead. When their united efforts could not do it and the leaping dory threw them off their feet, Garth sat down beside the body and sulked. Through the night they sped forward blindly. Another dawn found them forced by the rising wind to run before it. Fine sea boat though the dory was, it was impossible to keep her clear of water now that she was heavily sheathed with ice.

Jones risked capsizing the boat to use the oar as a lever and with it roll the dead sailor's body into the sea. Then he sat down, as bowed as Garth, and held his head in his hands in distress.

Early in the night, far off they saw the red and white lights of a cable ship lying to at a mark buoy.

"A steamer, Jones!" Garth croaked. "I told you so!"

Jones was tenderly trying to pinch the dory to windward. The wind was too heavy. It had to be either a heavy wind or a thick fog to make a cable steamer stand to a mark buoy. There was no fog. The dory sagged to leeward. She was never meant to be much of a windward sailer. Jones watched the lights diminish. Garth sat beside him, touching the steer oar, mouthing unpleasant opinions of sail and sailing cranks.

"Take an oar!" snapped Jones. He tore down the sail, put out the steering oar, and they rowed like madmen for five minutes. And the gale suddenly slacked off. They rowed, shouting. The cable steamer picked up her buoy, seizing the chance, and steamed away. In fifteen minutes she was out of sight.

Jones ignored Garth's frenzied cursing, hoisted the sail and sat down to steer again. And the wind fell light; a calm covered the sea before dawn. The dory rocked lazily. The famished men lay in the bottom. Now and then they stirred. Garth muttered in semidelirium. His mind ran upon the futility of sail, the bullheadedness of sailing-ship men. When Jones found breath to mutter, his theme ran upon the inexorability of steam.

"If that had been a windjammer, instead of a steamboat, we'd have reached her in this calm," he vowed.

Jones chewed a bit of fish skin. Swallowing raw fish had convinced him that madness lay there. Chewing something he did not want to swallow induced the saliva to run down his swollen throat. As soon as he was sure of it, he tore off a piece of skin and forced it between Garth's teeth.

Another night was upon them. They crawled together. Now that the end seemed near, they were simply two men of the sea with courage to face it. Garth's hand, cold and numb, sought the big rough paw of Jones. Their hands were gripped when the stars came out over a tranquil sea.

"What's that?" cried Garth, suddenly struggling erect.

Jones listened. He heard nothing. He pressed the cold hand he held, muttering encouragement. And because, awake, he must labor toward their salvation, he stumbled to the oars, chopping the water, instinct driven.

Garth sat up again, listening. Jones stopped beating the gunwales with the futile oars, listening.

"It's a steamer! A fast one too," croaked Garth.

"Wind, and plenty of it!" muttered Jones, and pulled in the oars. He went to his knees with the effort. With the last ounce of strength left to him he tried to hoist the sail. He fumbled. Garth laughed crazily.

"It's a steamer! Row, you old whale!"

"Wind ——" groaned Jones, pitching forward.

Both lay in the boat bottom when a distinct sound filled the air overhead.

"Steamer ——"

"Wind ——"

The sound grew. It was a roar. A queer whistle, a rushing roar. Jones knew that for wind. Garth knew it was no wind. He fought to gain a kneeling position, and the machine-gun staccato of a great mail plane almost deafened him.

"Jones! Hullo! Jones! Get up and wave, you old windbag!"

He waved at the plane, waved in swift semaphore. Here was where progress beat the old-timer all to blazes. Jones sat up, blinking at the great wings, a little fearing all that noise. Garth was noisy about it. Where was the old canvas-driven craft now? The plane circled. It was going to alight on the calm water. The old shellback was silent. Garth was entitled to all credit. The windbag was dead. Deader than mutton. Steam was none too healthy, at that.

"Damn him!" croaked Garth. Jones followed Garth's open-mouthed gaze. The plane circled once, a man in her cockpit had waved cheerily; then the monster of the air, the giant of progress, darted off like a hawk, straight as a string on her course. In five minutes it was a speck. In five more, gone. And the shellbacks, old and young, sagged back to back, faces gray, but unafraid, to wait for the end all sailors must be ready to meet smiling.

Two hours later a feather of smoke plumed on the western sky line, right under the spot where the plane had vanished. In half an hour more a fast government patrol steamer stopped and lowered a boat alongside the dory. And in half an hour more, in warmth, and with hot soup trickling down him, old Jones sat up in a strange cabin.

"Where's Garth?" he asked. The blue-uniformed officer feeding him soup, laughed.

"It surely takes a lot to kill an old shellback, captain," he said. "Thought you and the young fellow were about gone."

"It's Captain Garth I'm asking about, sir. I'm but second mate with him."

"He's a bit worse than you, old fellow, but he'll make it all right. Both of you were wrapped around each other as if you meant to keep the cold away. Drink this up, and rest. We'll be landing you in an hour or so."

In an hour John Jones walked out of the cabin into the tiny messroom. He was a sailorman, he was, and no cuddler of bunks. A steward quickly appeared, eager to be of service. The table was laid for a meal. There were napkins on it. Jones looked down at his soiled and shabby garments, that had been dried in the stokehold while he lay unconscious.

"If you can lend me a collar, steward, and maybe a bit o' fat to black my shoes ——" he said. Garth appeared from his room. He held out a ragged collar and stringy tie to the steward.

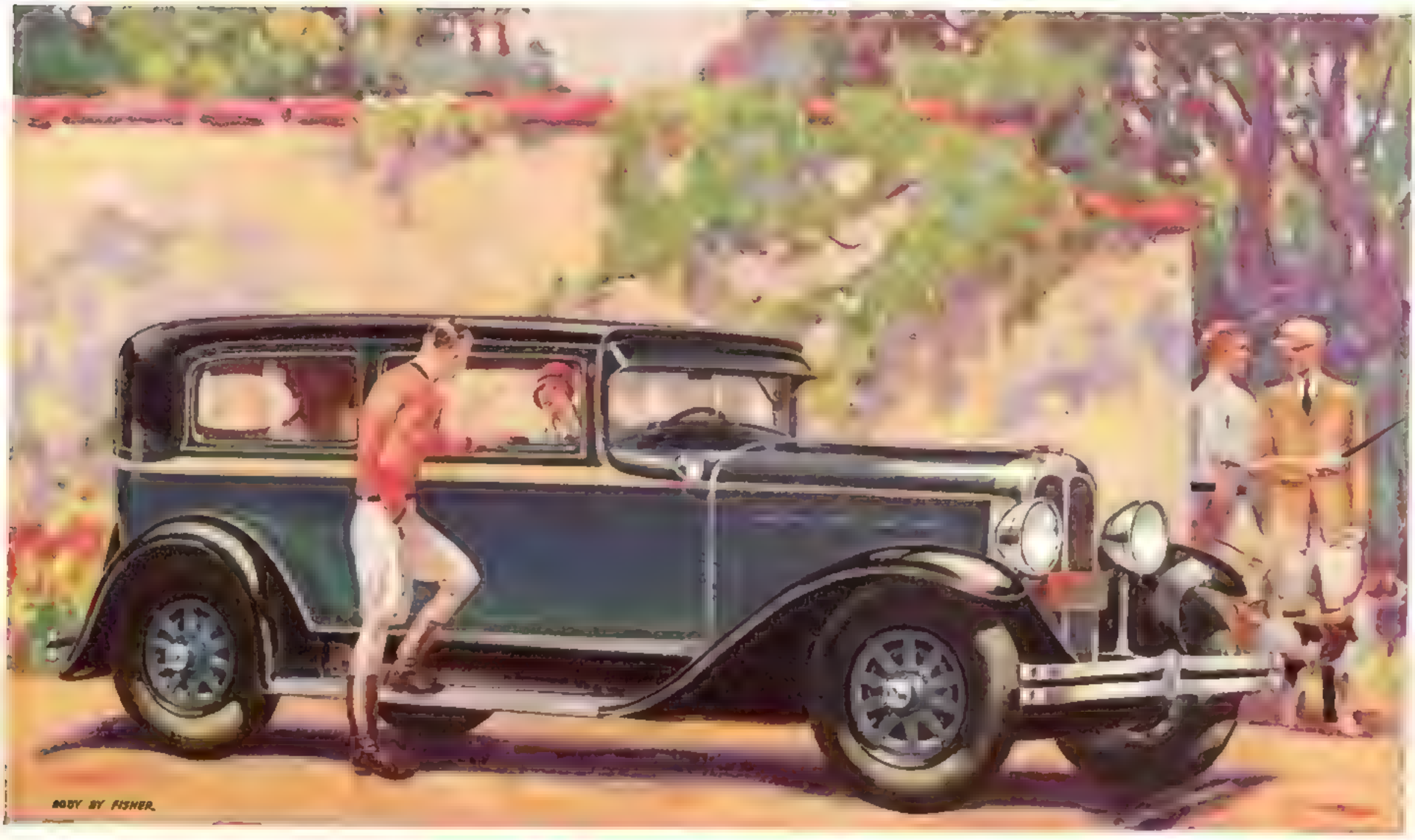
"Steward, chuck these things overboard," he said. "And if you can find an old sweater or a muffler, I'll be grateful. . . . Oh, Jones! How d'you feel now? Beat me to getting up, didn't you? A tough old shellback, that's what you are."

"Aye, sir, you're none so soft yourself. But 'twas a wind ship that saved us after all."

"Steam!" barked Garth. "Isn't this a steamer, steward?"

"What's a plane but a wind ship?" Jones demanded. An officer entered, four bands on his sleeves. He grinned. The steward nodded at him.

"Let's eat, gentlemen," the patrol captain suggested. "I've sent out news of picking you up, by wireless. Your steamer will have it by now. Which of you is the old shellback? All we could get out of either of you for half an hour after picking you up was the assertion that the other was a real old shellback. I'd say both of you, if you asked me. You must have been adrift for days, and the pilot of the plane that sighted you and directed us to you said you both stood up and wigwagged like boy scouts on summer hike. Sailormen I'd call you. The breed doesn't change much, sail or steam. . . . Come, eat."



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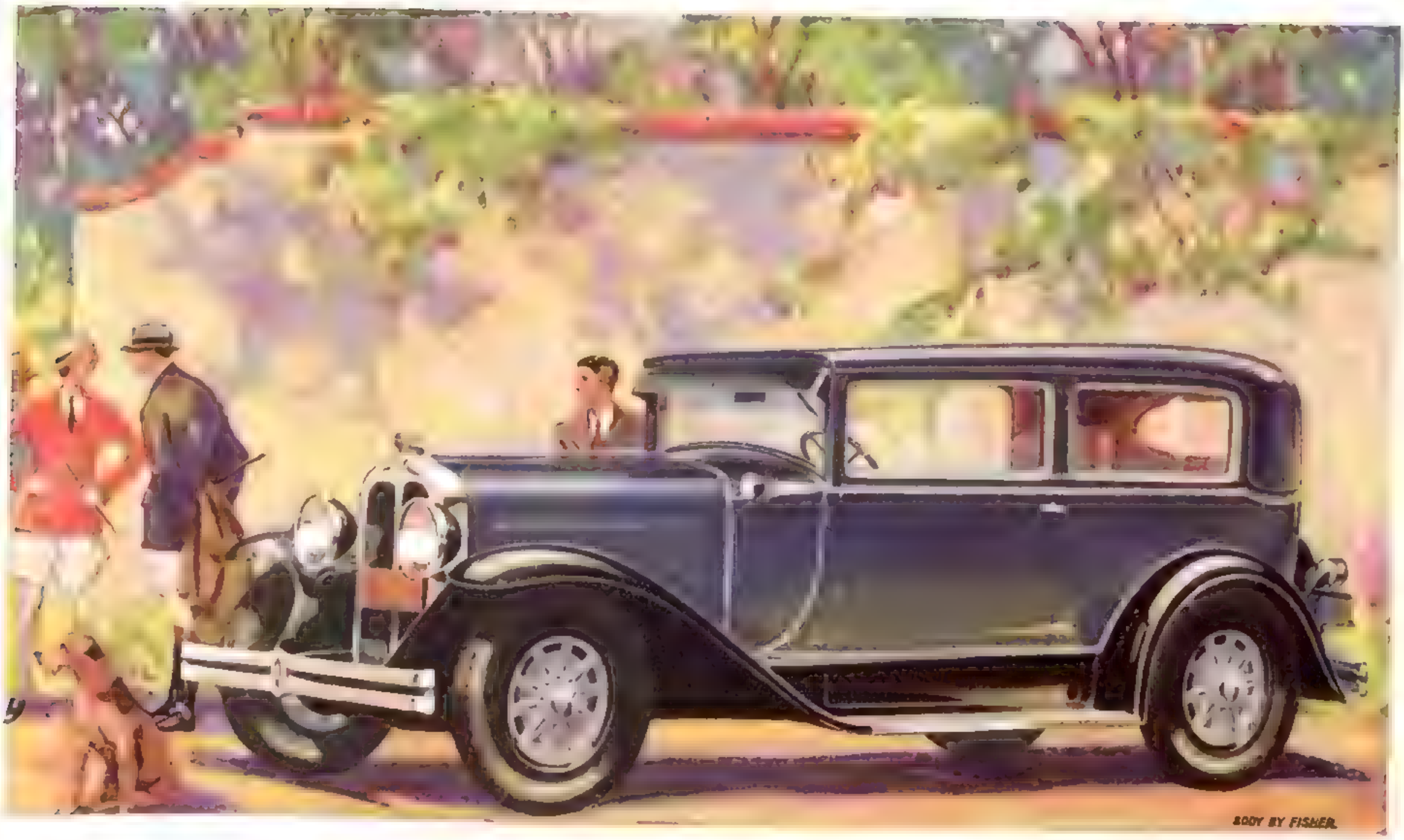

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SEE AND HEAR

(Continued from Page 21)

so in the talkies; there nothing but an act of God would let you finish what it was you were doing, and everything in the world conspires to halt and check you in your mad endeavor to get some phrasing and flow to your scene; and as for a springboard for your big scene, you shot that yesterday and you won't get to the climax till tomorrow. Now, you know that sort of thing is not conducive to peace of mind for the actor.

Of course he sees about him the familiar faces of property men, electricians, stage hands, and his guiding star, the director, just as he would see them in the theater; and, in a way, this enhances the dress-rehearsal hallucination to the extent that he is liable to do his work in just that key—the rehearsal key—until that monitor in his own brain lashes out, "Here, wake up! This is it! This is no rehearsal; this is your one and only chance to do it!" and he, or in this case, I, try to make the top of the mountain in one leap, managing a pretty poor scramble at the best. But the dread of having to do emotional scenes to order, such as is asked of you in the movies, is certainly a definite thing in the minds of the Broadwayites with whom I have commiserated; and when I told them my tale of going on the set at nine and doing the most difficult emotional work of my life till nearly one, over and over again—for it was the silent part of the picture and they had to get long shots, medium shots and close-ups of my agony—my colleagues, as yet only in the mild beginning, or not yet started, looked at one another wide-eyed.

A Glossary of the Talkies

I pitied them, too, for they didn't have the break I had, not only in a fine director, which was my good fortune, but in so simple, yet so important a thing as the music boy who ran the records to suit the scene. You see, it was the silent version and this boy would play records he thought appropriate to the dramatic action to help us with the mood. He was a quiet, unassuming lad, always being teased by the electricians and crew, always taking it good-naturedly, for he had no interest in the world but music. He couldn't make it himself, so he spent every cent he could get hold of on records; he told me he had five thousand of them. And how truly he instinctively felt the music for the scene perhaps you can understand when I tell you that, from his own taste, he chose to play—when in the story this great concert pianist sat down to play to a simple young woman who had shown him the beauty of the dusk on the ocean from her windows—what do you think? Harold Bauer's record of the Moonlight Sonata.

Another morning, when I had to come into the room where the body of my little boy was laid, I was standing outside the door wondering why the tears did not come and why I couldn't leap with one leap into the heart of the scene, when suddenly I heard coming from the corner where the music boy had hidden himself, the strains of a great orchestra playing the Prelude to Parsifal. The tears came fast enough then, partly for the great music itself, partly for the scene, and partly for the taste and understanding of that boy. I hope other stage actors may have him on the set, although what will become of him in the talking pictures, where of course no such musical accompaniment can be allowed, I don't know.

I hope he finds another niche as well suited to his talents as the one he has been in.

It used to be that the director, after rehearsing the scene to be shot in a silent movie, would call, "Lights! Music! Camera!" having spent, say, the better part of an hour to arrive at this crisis; but now, with the incandescent lamps used in the sound pictures burning from the time of the beginning of the set-up, with no undertone of music to color the scene and the cameras started silently, the whole aspect of the old movie studios is changed. Even the old-timers at it are having to learn new terms, and you can imagine what it means to a stage actor to come into a land where he is not only expected to get up at 6:30 A.M. and like it but also, when he gets to work, has to learn a new language, so as to know what is going on around him!

For instance, a set-up, such as I spoke of just now—I wonder if I hadn't better include a glossary here and now; it might save time and ink:

SET-UP. The arrangement of lights and cameras to photograph a scene. These are long and involved processes by which cameramen try to attain as much of a three-dimensional effect as possible in a two-dimensional medium. They are wonders at it too.

They can light a scene so it has depth and breadth, or make a person beautiful or ugly, or show the modeling of a mass, or focus the eye of the prospective audience to the important features of the scene, or almost anything you want. In this they are assisted with rare technical skill by juicers.

JUICER. An electrician. So called because he handles the juice.

GIMMICK. A strip of two or more lights which can be hung in a corner out of range of the camera, but which will light that corner.

RIFLE. Not an instrument of death but a huge incandescent lamp set in a deep reflector. They don't use Klieg lights any more since the advent of the talkies, for they make a lot of noise, nor do they use the mercury-tube lights which used to make you look like a badly embalmed corpse, for they banged like a cold radiator. All lights are incandescent bulbs of varying degrees of power.

GOBO. A gobo is an upright black panel about two feet wide, on a standard, and is used to shield the camera or some other object from too much light. Sort of a horse blinder. On sound stages they are made of black cloth; the old ones of board are too liable to ricochet the sound vibrations.

BUNGALOW. The steel and wood soundproof armor around the camera on a tripod.

BOOTH. A contraption like the ice box in the back of the butcher shop, with a clear glass window, where, instead of legs of lamb, there are one or two cameras, not in bungalows, but *au naturel*. This is completely soundproof.

OVERCOAT. A padding of felt and cloth to keep out the camera noise from the supposedly soundproof bungalows.

PERAMBULATOR. A device on rubber wheels, to make cameramen, actors and all concerned curse the Germans who invented and used it first in The Last Laugh. It is really a platform on wheels upon which is set the camera, which can then follow an actor no matter where he moves in the scene. It can run up to a close-up from a long shot without a new set-up.

WILD WALLS. A wild wall is one which doesn't really belong to the stage setting, but can be shifted around to accommodate a camera angle which might run past the end of the existing scenery. It is also handy to put in when some mirror is in the shot, in case the mirror is reflecting something that doesn't belong in the picture.

PRACTICAL. A practical is anything that works. For instance, if there should be a lamp on the table and at some time during the picture it must be lighted by an actor, it is called a practical. Anything that isn't fake is a practical.

PLAYBACK. A playback is exactly what the name indicates—a wax which is played back over the loud-speaker immediately after the scene, to show how it sounded. I believe that in some studios they have discontinued doing this, for so many of the moving-picture actors were upset by the sound of their own voices. They say Clara Bow wept bitterly when she first heard herself speak. But as for me, it is the greatest lesson in the world. I recall Galli-Curci's once saying that the finest singing teacher she ever had was the talking machine, and playbacks are no more than the wax records of one's singing and speaking voice.

Matin Song

Roland Young said the other day that he thought the greatest stunt in the world would be to make a record of a dress rehearsal of a stage play and play it back to the actors, act by act; it would be better than all the corrective notes in the world from those sitting in front of the footlights. In the talking movies, two wax records are made simultaneously, as well as a film record, so that if one goes wrong the other won't. One of the records is played back immediately after the conclusion of the take, then destroyed, and the other is sent off to be processed into a regular phonograph record. The film sound track is developed and shown in the sound projection room.

In the case of a song I sang in my picture, the playbacks were excellent, but when the sound track was shown it sounded fuzzy and queer. They made an investigation and discovered that the recording machines had got out of whack and the film stuff was no good. However, they still had the good wax, which was on its way to the laboratory to be made into a master record, and said I shouldn't have to sing the thing over again. I was glad, for I had sung that at 4:30 in the morning—we were on the graveyard shift, making the talking version, and worked from seven P.M. to seven A.M.—and achieved what I thought was pretty good sound, but I firmly believe I could never do it again, especially at that hour

MIXER. The mixer is a new term and a new face in the studios. He sits in a room placed about halfway up the height of the

Continued on Page 78)

The Nervous Habit of Scribbling While Phoning Has Its Limits

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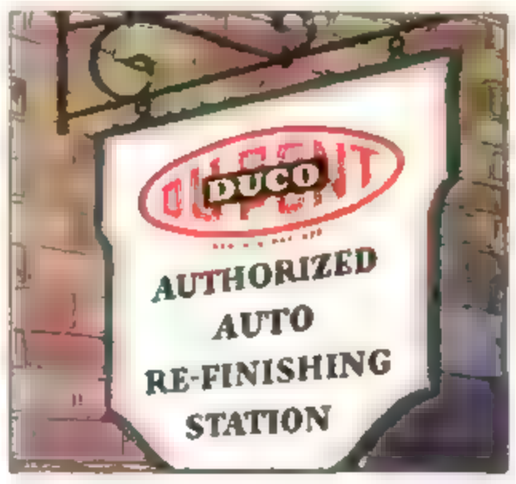

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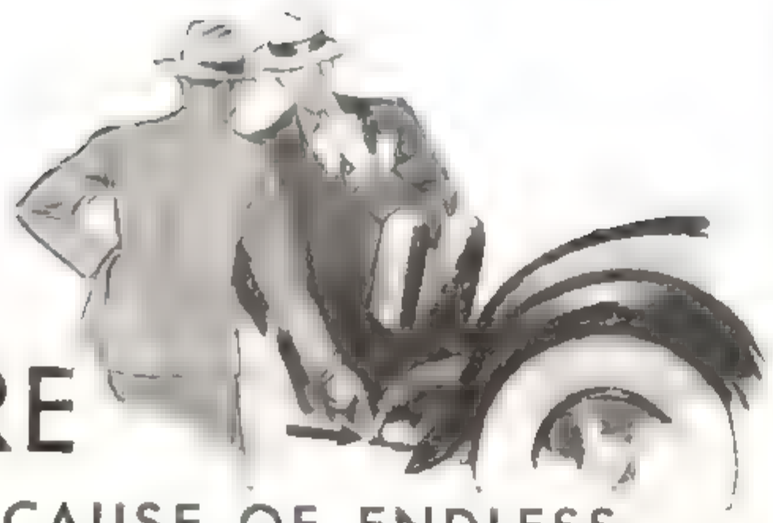

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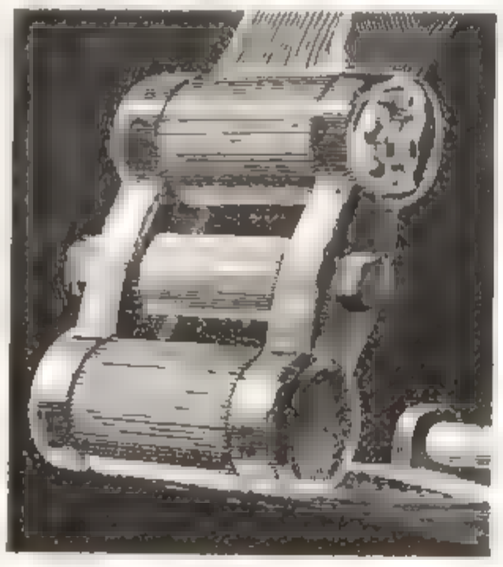

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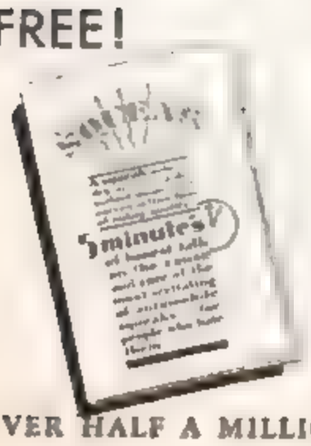

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(Continued from Page 76)

sound stage and looks out of a bay window, made of two thicknesses of glass, with an air well between, watching the scene as it progresses, twirling knobs and keeping one eye on the compasslike needle in front of him, which shows the fluctuations of the sound as the actors talk or the music plays or whatever. A loudspeaker in the room gives him about the comparative volume of the voices as they would sound in a theater. He can so twist knobs that if a sudden rise in pitch is required it will not blast the microphone, or if a whisper is necessary, he can key the recording to it. Of course, he has to know the scene, see it rehearsed, hear it spoken, both down on the stage and later through the mike, when he sits up in the monitor room—as it is called. He must know to the second what to expect and anticipate it.

Most of the mixers come from the radio business or from the great electric companies who are responsible for the talking pictures. You can see why they are called mixers, because they combine the recording with the pictorial action. They are gods in a way; they can make or break us the scene, the picture, or the director by toning the recording too high or too low. And besides, when the mixer is all through, and the picture cut and finished, there is still another mixer at the theater where the picture is shown, who also has the power of the high, the low and the middle justice, for he can twirl knobs, too, and make the actors roar or mouth as he chooses.

This business of tuning the mike is hard on the actors sometimes, for if there should be a scene where one person must play in a high key while the other must barely make an answer, we are up against a technical difficulty which may be solved, but certainly is not now. The microphone cannot be tuned to both levels of voice without losing one entirely or making the loud one so loud it is silly. So the actors have to bring the pitches of their voices nearer together, whether it is dramatically true or not. One will have to raise his voice and the other lower his until some sort of recording level can be reached.

I suppose I had better not be so final in my statement of what the microphone can or cannot do, for by the time this appears that little impediment to the marriage of true minds may have been removed. Perhaps by next week new gadgets will have been invented to make this infant obstacle-proof. Certainly we have learned in the past three or four years that nothing is impossible, and when we hear the sound engineers laugh deprecatingly at their efforts of two months ago, we are face to face with that new element in the entertainment business—science. Salesmen and efficiency men we have heard of before in show business, but this invasion of physicists and scientists is, as Montague Glass says, something else again.

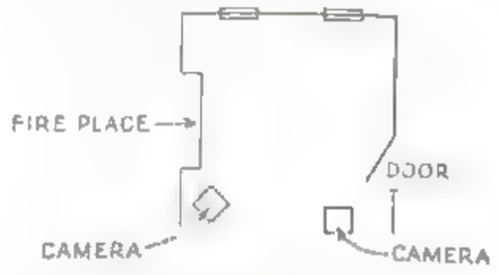
Plastering Out the Sounds

Some years ago I remember visiting Colonel Fabian, who has a research laboratory at Geneva, Illinois, for his own amusement, and seeing there his experiments with sound-proof plasters. He had one room plastered in the ordinary way—a large room with a fairly low ceiling—and when I spoke or sang in that room, I was deafened by the reverberations. Next to this room he had the exact replica of the first room, but plastered with some of the experimental plaster, and when I spoke or sang there, the result was perfectly normal—that is, there were no echoes and no reverberations. I recall thinking at the time that that was a fairly silly way to spend a fortune—to fool with plaster. Suddenly, the other day, I thought about that plaster and asked our mixer what he knew about it.

"We're using Colonel Fabian's stuff right here," he said—I was most interested, naturally—"but it doesn't help us much on this particular set. In fact, we had a lot of difficulty with that plaster because of our set being thin-sided, which made the sound ricochet back and forth. If the walls had been cloth, we'd have been better off, but of course we had to match a silent shot with plastered walls."

He was right. We had much less difficulty when our walls were a cotton cloth painted to look like tinted walls. That cloth was stretched taut over frames; pictures were hung by placing a batten in back for the hooks to screw into, and where it was absolutely necessary to have something solid under the cloth, that solidity was modified by boring hundreds of inch and two-inch holes all over the wooden backing to let the sound go through rather than be reflected.

All sets on sound stages are made as far as possible with two walls, leaving as much open space as can be had. For instance, if a room is built like this



the sound engineer would have the crew take out either the right or left hand wall and arrange the camera angles so that they would not show the absence. And as for the time they would take to do this, let me assure you that abracadabra would be about half said and the trick would be finished.

Just Like a Conjurer's Hat

That is one of the astoundingly efficient things about the movies. If you want a wall removed or a piece of two-by-six to make a new boom for the microphone to hang on, somebody says so and the answer is, "Coming up!" While you wonder at it, it is done. Property men produce thread, extra pieces of roast chicken, waxed paper, plates, unused napkins, tobacco, rabbits, toothbrushes—everything and anything—at a moment's notice. I never saw anything like it. Nobody says, "Oh, that's way up in the property shop. Let it go," but "Wait a sec. I'll have it down here in a minute."

We had to do a scene in a German railway carriage in Wonder of Women where I opened a tea basket full of food. Of course, since it was in the silent part of the picture, it had to be done over and over again with fresh pretzels, fresh beer, fresh cucumber salad—which, by the way, was so unappetizingly made by our own commissary that the director, Clarence Brown, sent clear to the best restaurant in Hollywood to get some—and never did the property man have to be told that now was the time to change the half-used stuff for fresh. While the scene was going on, he was washing cups and plates and tumblers to have them ready for the next shot. Just before every scene in the picture, he would see that no dust or dirt was on the carpet, and wipe the footprints of the juicers and grips and others from the polished floors with his oiled mop. He wasn't going to have any retakes because of his department. Nothing was too much trouble. When I think of the stage crew who told Winthrop Ames, after the dress rehearsal of Escape, in New York, that he'd have to get another crew, the show was too hard work, and forced him to open in New York the next night with a green crew, it makes me wish they could see the conscientiousness of some of the picture crews.

In the early days of the picture business they hadn't learned to be as foresighted as they are nowadays, nor had they had the time to accumulate all the bits and pieces of property which now are so numerous as to have to be catalogued. Lewis Stone was telling me the other day that when he first started out with the Biograph in New York, there was one time when they needed an ash tray.

"There seemed to be some reason in the plot why I had to have an ash tray on which to leave my cigar, and when we were halfway through the scene somebody discovered

(Continued on Page 80)

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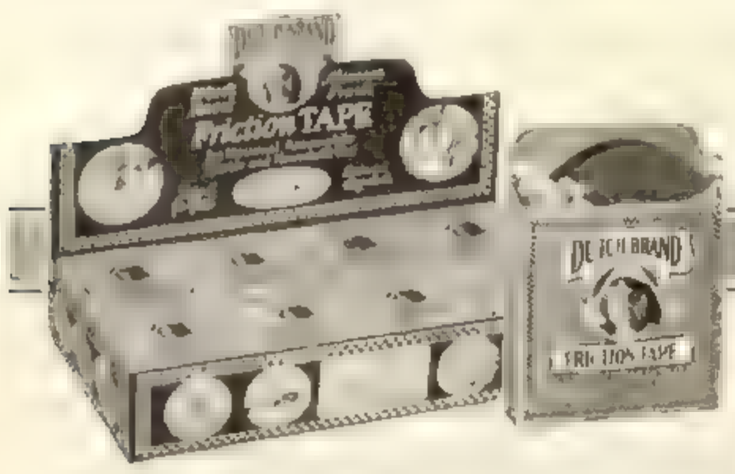

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(Continued from Page 78)

that there was no tray on the table. Not only was there none on the table, in all the Biograph studio there was none. Do you know what they did? Sent a one-ton truck all the way to a department store for an ash tray!

"But the prize story of that kind belongs to another Biograph opus." He chuckled. "We were all set to do a scene supposedly at the home of some swell, where a week-end party was in progress. We were to sit around a fake swimming pool in fancy bathrobes and look distinguished, but bored. Well, that part seemed to suit the director, but he wanted something extra for an added effect, and puzzled no little about what it should be. Finally he had a brilliant idea: He decided that it would be the swankiest kind of swank for us to fish in the swimming pool and catch trout for our breakfast—our supposed breakfasts. So, the next thing, two men were dispatched for the trout. Two men, a truck, some barrels and fishing tackle. Well, it appeared that there were no trout near New York city and it took, anyhow, two days for the men to drive one hundred sixty-four miles for them and the one hundred sixty-four miles back, besides the time for catching the trout. However, catch them they did, and they came back with the fish in the barrels. They weren't any too happy in those barrels, somehow, but someone had the bright idea that, of course, since they were brook trout they needed running water. That was a poser, for you couldn't buy running water at a department store.

"However, the germ of ingenuity was even then beginning to function in the property department.

"They decided to fill the bathtub—there was one at the studio—then pull the plug and let the water run in from the tap, just enough to keep an even amount in the tub. That seemed to be correct, for the fish revived and everybody went home, planning to start the scene next morning. But they forgot to tell the watchman, who heard the water running and carefully turned off the tap. Next morning, of course, the fish were dead, and the big fishing scene was once more postponed, while the two men went back to their source of supply for two days and more fish. This time the watchman was warned, and the fish were very chipper as they were poured into the artificial swimming pool. That is, they were chipper for twenty minutes. Then they died very dead, for somebody had thought he'd line that pool with creosote, so that it wouldn't leak, and that was the end of that batch of trout."

Norma's Flannel-Lined Taffeta

"By this time the overhead on those fish was so terrific that the director ordered the property man to get some wooden fish, and we angled for them with heavy sinkers, so that they wouldn't all float on the surface of the pool. I remember one actor, standing on the edge of the pool, who whipped out his fish—on cue—with such force that the sinker hit him in the back of the head and knocked him out cold. He fell in the water and nearly drowned. After that, we gave up the whole idea of fishing as impractical."

Those days have gone, and now each studio has a building department, a tin shop, a forge, and a charge account with the zoo. If you want anything, just call the slaves of the lamp and there it is, presto. No long-distance fishing jaunts these days.

Ingenuity, however, is still needed, no matter what the degree of efficiency developed by more businesslike methods of the modern movies, and I'll bet a hat it was somebody in the prop department who solved the difficulty of the rattling of newspapers and the hail storm which the opening of a letter caused on the microphone by suggesting that the paper and the letter be dampened. I may be wrong; it might have been one of the sound experts, or an electrician, or the director, but I have a hunch it was a property man. It might have been props, too, or maybe the wardrobe department, which, or who, fixed the business about Norma Shearer's taffeta dress in The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. Miss Shearer had worn a lovely creation in the silent version, and, naturally, put it on for the same scene in the talking version, only to throw consternation into the recording room; the silk made so much noise swishing they couldn't hear the actors! And it wasn't until somebody suggested putting layers of flannel underneath the bouffant skirt to keep the silk from rubbing on silk that the picture was able to go on.

Silk isn't the only thing to make things difficult either. I recall, one night we were working on a converted sound stage that is, an old silent-movie stage—which was, of course, not entirely soundproof, and hurrying to beat the daylight—which was due in a half hour—not only for the disastrous effect that would have, coming through the glass roof into our supposedly midnight scene, but we knew the birds would begin with the first thought of dawn and chirp merrily with no idea of microphones or how delicate they were, how sensitive to the slightest sound. I think the last time we shot that scene it was a battle between the actors and the birds as to which should be heard!

Minding Their P's and Q's

King Vidor told me that in one of the scenes he tried to take out-of-doors on the lot, in his all-colored picture Hallelujah, he spent the afternoon dodging airplanes for the mikes and clouds for the cameras. When the sun was out, so were the aviators, and when the aviators disappeared, so did the sun. After that the studio decided to send up a silver balloon whenever sound pictures were being shot and made a request that airplanes fly twenty-five hundred feet above the balloon or twenty-five hundred feet to one side.

And yet, I suppose about a week from next Tuesday somebody will invent something which will make the microphone immune from every noise but the voice it is supposed to pick up, and neither director, actor, nor the prop shop will be deterred by mechanical difficulties.

However, it isn't altogether mechanical things which are affecting some directors these days; certainly, the man who asked Roland Young, during the rehearsal of a scene, if the singular of "alibi" ought not to be "alibus" was more concerned with erudition than light valves. He was the same gentleman who, when seen in riding clothes at the studio by an actor new to Hollywood, and asked innocently by that actor if he had been riding, replied, "Well, no, not exactly. You see, I'm funny that way. I like to wear a different suit every day, and when I have come to the end of my wardrobe, I wear my riding clothes."

There are very few stories yet of the talking pictures; it is still too new for anything beyond technical jokes, but there is one tale, probably apocryphal, about one of the officers of a motion-picture company, sitting in a projection room listening to a rush—that is, seeing and hearing the scenes taken the day before. He said nothing until the thing was over and the lights went up, and then he turned to the director.

"That last scene vill have to be retaken," he announced.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the director, astonished.

"Diction."

"Diction? Why, I heard every word."

"Did you? Vell, I didn't. I didn't hear the final *k* in svimmink!"

Those final *k*'s and middle *t*'s in "often" are showing up these days, when every blemish of speech is picked up and magnified to the sorrow of many actors. The rush for elocutionists is on, and these same elocutionists are coming out from behind whatever it is they have been doing since teaching the young idea Mazeppa with gestures went out of style, and thronging to Hollywood. *A*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u* and sometimes *w*

(Continued on Page 82)

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(Continued from Page 80

and y are being worked very hard these days.

One very prominent movie star had the wit to send for Laura Hope Crews to coach her in her first talkie. Someone, at a party given for Miss Crews when she arrived, was telling the guest of honor how marvelous this stage woman was supposed to be—not having a notion to whom she was talking.

"Yes," said she, "they tell me she's wonderful at teaching talking. I can't just remember her name, but I think it's Carrie Jacobs-Bond."

These stage names are all new to Hollywood; even so widely known a person as George Arliss is refused admittance to Warner Brothers, where he is making The Green Goddess and Disraeli, by a suspicious gateman. Ina Claire found herself waiting in an outer office while extra girls were admitted to the studio where Miss Claire is being paid fabulous sums to make pictures. She had to get the main executive of the studio to explain who she was and that she had a legitimate right to come and go as she pleased.

Elliott Nugent, the author of Kempy and The Poor Nut, was accosted by a special policeman on the lot where he was rehearsing and acting, and ordered to produce a pass. Of course, he had none, while his luncheon guests, George Abbott, the author of Broadway and Coquette, and Donald MacDonald, of Strange Interlude, were well armed with theirs. In vain he explained he was working there. The man consulted his lists and found no record of his name. It was only the threat to leave the lot and let the policeman do the explaining to Sam Wood, the director, who expected Nugent at rehearsal immediately, that grudgingly made the officer relent.

All legitimate actors—called so in all seriousness, mind you—are asked in all interviews to say what they think the talking picture will do to the stage—will it help or hasten its demise—and are expected to have some sort of answer on tap. I have felt a little foolish with my "I don't know," so I've shopped around in the public prints for what sounds to me like the best reply carrying the greatest authority, and have come to the conclusion that Winthrop Ames' opinion makes the most sense.

A Chance for New Playwrights

He has contended for a long time that, far from hurting the legitimate theater, the movies have improved it by releasing it from the ten-twent-thirt melodrama type of play, which now the movie can do so much better, and allowing it to turn to the better plays. He says the acting nowadays is superior to that of former years, and the general run of plays much higher in literary and artistic value. He welcomes the talking picture as a further development of his theory that the theater—that is, the drama spoken by living people before your eyes—can turn now to its real place in the arts, will become very, very good, very expensive, and in the main, like a symphony orchestra, will be only supported in the large towns. In other words, the theater is an art and will not exist long in the mold of a business, which is what it has been in this country and most of the rest of the world; sooner or later it will burst the mold and such disaster as we have seen this season in the theatrical world will be upon us. Some say the real reason for bad seasons is that there are no good plays.

Mr. Sothern said, I am told, in his speech on Founder's Night at the Players Club, that good plays follow good actors and are usually written for them, asserting that actors these days have no time to learn their jobs; they make a hit in one play and play it for three seasons and are engaged as soon as possible for a part just like it. His father, he went on, played six hundred parts before he played Dundreary and he himself has played more than three hundred. What actor can say today he ever got so wide and instructive a schooling? You see, he contradicts Mr. Ames at the start by insinuating that the plays are not up to snuff and those who play in them are handicapped. Perhaps. But I am inclined to agree with the producer here, rather than with the actor; and may I add that if our plays aren't so good this year, the reason lies not in the lack of good actors, but in the fact that playwrights have been tempted to the silent and talking pictures during the last two years as never before and simply have not had the time to turn out more than their stint for the movies.

Sidney Howard is now on the Coast, where he will probably stay for some time; Arthur Richman is working there on talking pictures; Charles McArthur and Ben Hecht, the authors of The Front Page, have signed on the dotted line; George Abbott is writing and directing pictures, and I could go along the list of practically every author of importance to the American theater and find they have almost all agreed to give considerable of their time to this new invention, and you will see that it will mean a dearth of plays from their pens for the next two seasons. Now is the chance for the unknown author to make his mark! Managers must have plays to fill their theaters and the legend that they never give a break to the man with his first play under his arm can be exploded

The Play is Still the Thing

Don't get the idea from all this that we of the stage feel we are the crusaders of art in the movies. On the contrary, we feel mighty humble come tumble, as Uncle Remus says, for it is bewildering, to say the least; from the change in working hours to the attitude of the script boy that every word in the script he holds is precious. I assure you, the boy on our set was most disturbed one day because I said "It's" instead of "It is." Truly. No, we are learning, along with the rest, that the best talking pictures are just that—moving pictures with speeches in them which further the plot, get a laugh, or characterize, according to Professor Baker's three rules of what a line should do in a play. But first they are moving pictures, not plays, and, I believe, are best made by those who understand moving-picture technic.

Perhaps the marriage of Ina Claire and John Gilbert is more symbolic of the talking pictures than we know. Gilbert came from a theatrical family to the screen, just as movies themselves did, and Miss Claire has reached the brilliant place of a star in the legitimate drama as well as in the musical-comedy field before that. The best that the screen has, then, combined with the best the stage can offer, will make the perfect talking picture. It won't be a stage play put directly on the screen, and it won't be a picture with noise effect; it will be something specially made for itself, combining and blending two technics. James Forbes said, in that old play of his, The Show Shop, that technic was something an actor worked all his life to get, and when he got it, nobody wanted it. That's about the place we have all got to, in the theater and in the movies; but in the process we perhaps have acquired the habit of learning. If so, we can keep on learning new things. We'll have to or sink; for who knows but that the next baby out at the Infant Industry's house won't be some device to project ourselves in the flesh to Siam or Lansing, Michigan, or both at the same time? "See, hear and touch" will probably be our next miracle, and when it arrives, I suppose there will still be long howls for what it will do to the theater. But somehow, I think the theater—that is, what we now call the legitimate theater—will survive; it has survived so much before now that even inventions cannot kill it. And to it every so often those who have ever had a taste of it will return, as Antæus to the earth, no matter what the lure of the new invention. It will always be the first love, which no new babies, no matter how charming or interesting or successful, can supplant.

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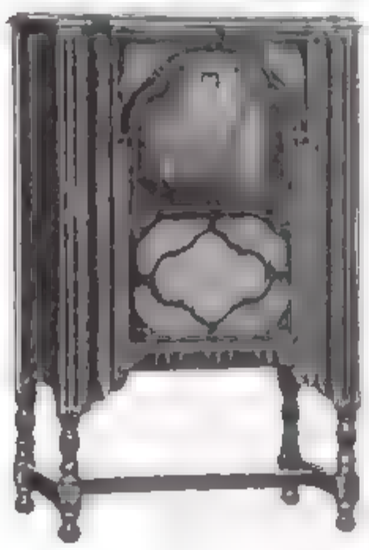

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KROEHLER

This Kroehler label *identifies the genuine*

YOUR NECK'S OUT

(Continued from Page 19)

"Swell, ain't it?"

She looked up at him and wrinkled the corners of her eyes.

Somebody gripped his arm. "Break, please."

She squeezed Ol' Candy's hand as he relinquished his hold. She made a little face at her new partner behind his back as they moved away. Then she looked up into his face and said something and laughed.

"Smooth," Ol' Candy decided. "Smooth as they come."

He joined the line of stags crowding along one side of the room like crows on a fence. Every few minutes one of them swooped out on the floor and slapped one of the other crows on the shoulder. When they were cut in on they came back to the line and looked hungrily at the circling crowd.

The dance ended, and the orchestra put down their instruments and straggled out to the kitchen. It was intermission. Ol' Candy got in line at the table and grabbed the two nearest sandwiches and two glasses of punch.

She was sitting alone by the piano. He bore down upon her, balancing the punch. She patted the chair beside her and he sat down. She took the punch from him.

"I've been hearing things about you," she said.

Ol' Candy put down his glass. He put it down gently, because he wanted to sock somebody with it.

"That's one great advantage of belonging to a fraternity," he said. "Your psychoanalysis bills amount to practically nothing. You can get the dope on yourself without even asking for it."

Out of the corner of his eye he could see her looking at him over the top of her glass of punch.

"Well," asked Ol' Candy, "what did they say?"

"They said a lot of things, but it all comes down to just this: They say you aren't really such a useless bum as you pretend to be," she told him. "They say this magnificent do-nothingness of yours is just a pose—that it's just your way of sticking your neck out."

Ol' Candy felt his ears getting red. He felt his stomach gathering itself into a hard ball under his belt.

"Is that all they said?"

"They said a lot more, but it all comes down to that."

He looked at her.

"What do you think?"

"I think they're partly right, Candy."

"Thanks."

It was the first time she had called him Candy. It sounded nice the way she said it. It made him feel better about the other things she'd said. He didn't mind what the brothers thought. He had been putting up with what they thought for a long time. But somehow he didn't want her to think of him like that. He wanted to justify himself.

"Look here," he said, "when I was a frosh and started to think about going out for something, the upper classmen tried to make up my mind for me and tell me what to go out for. They told me about pulling wires and trading votes and slapping some campus politician on the back and telling him he was a good egg, when all the time he might be so wet he dripped. They told me all about a senior pin in hushed voices like they were talking about something holy, and the whole thing griped me something awful. I told 'em I thought activities were the bunk. Then they started working out on me. They bawled me out in meetings and rode me at meals. Pretty soon I got fed up and told 'em I wasn't going out for anything."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Snap out of it, Candy. The trouble with you is your neck's really out about a mile. You've gone and made a regular religion of an attitude. You may not realize it, but you think you're a martyr to hold out against them all. You think you're noble and brave, and you're secretly convinced you're sort of a campus Carrie Nation or Savonarola. But all you're doing is missing out on a lot of fun. Get into college and quit being an individualist. Individualists are gummy. Also, they are usually a pain. I hate to have you being a pain."

Nobody had ever talked to him like that. For the space of five heartbeats he sat immovable. Then he got up and bowed.

"How interesting," he said. "And now if you will excuse me, I'll be on my way, sticking my neck out and being a lousy individualist all over the place. I've enjoyed these few kind words more than I can say."

Ol' Candy turned away. He felt an arm clinging through his. He didn't look down. He marched swiftly out on the porch and down the path. He went past the gym and climbed the little flight of steps in front of Doc Frazer's house. He could see the moon through the branches, and the air was sweet and cool. He walked faster. He felt vaguely that something was following him—something he wanted to get away from. All at once he knew what it was. He was running away from his thoughts. He knew, too, that he wanted to kiss Allison. If he could get far enough in front of his thoughts he would have time to do it. They climbed another flight of stairs and came out on the path circling the frog pond.

He stopped suddenly and disengaged his arm. He put his arm around her. Her head was against his chest, but it rested lightly there. Behind him a pebble rattled on the frog-pond steps. The branches made creeping shadows at his back. Quickly he lowered his head. As he kissed her his thoughts caught up with him. But they caught up with a new Ol' Candy. He remembered he had been a lizard, but that was ever so long ago—'way back before minute before last, when he hadn't kissed Allison. He'd never be like that again. He was all running over with ambition and energy and serious purpose. It was a new feeling. It was a swell feeling.

When he raised his head again the noise of the pebble's splash was disappearing into the engulfing hush. The little wind had stopped stirring the branches.

"Neck's in now," Ol' Candy said. "Local Boy Burns 'Em Down. Ex-Lizard Covington Gives Little Woman Credit."

She gave his hand a squeeze.

"In there fighting, Candy?"

"Yes-sir, in there fighting."

"I'm proud to feel I've been instrumental in making something better of you. Something fine and strong."

"Oh, that's all right," said Ol' Candy.

III

OL' CANDY saw that the meeting of heelers for the junior Simple Simon competition was posted for 3:30 and he went across the grass behind the administration building to the Lit Club. The offices of the Simon were in the cellar of the Lit Club. He went down the worn wooden steps into the gloom.

Heelers rustled chairs out of the Pundit and Ivy offices and dragged them across the floor. Ol' Candy sat down and fingered the sheet of paper in his inside coat pocket. He had written two poems in psych lab.

The chairs around him filled slowly. Someone bummed a cigarette from him. Feet shuffled and the air near the ceiling became gray and then purple. He pulled out the sheet of paper and read the first poem:

Here lie the bones
Of Susan Bleat
Who always asked,
"When do we eat?"

He paused in a sort of glow of self-admiration. Then he read the second:

Here's all that's mortal
Of Tessie Katz
Whose tour de force
Was, "I love frats."

They were, he felt, in the best traditions of collegiate humor.

The shuffling of feet stopped, and the hum of voices died away. Paul Burphy stood up, enveloped in the dignity appertaining to his high office as Chief Pieman, and knocked on the table.

"Fellows," he said. "I'm mighty glad to see you here. I know you all think the Old Simon is a pretty swell paper and I know you want to keep her that way. I guess a lot of you think you are going to have a pretty soft time getting on the old sheet and after you get your gold pie boards I guess you figure you can lay back ——"

A piercing sibilant noise came from the back row. Somebody was giving the Chief Pieman the bird. He looked sternly toward the back of the room and went on in a slightly louder tone:

"—— lie back and do nothing and flash 'em on the girls and be hot stuff. Well, I just want to tell you fellows that making the Simon is no child's play. We've got a pretty high standard here on the Simon and we're going to keep it high. The reason we called a junior competition is that a lot of the freshmen and sophs have been handing in reams of lousy he-and-she jokes cribbed out of comic strips or Campus Cracks, and a bunch of bum funny poems. Now, if you fellows think you are going to slip anything like that over on us you'd better quit thinking along those lines right now. What we need is some good snappy poetry that is different. We're going to run a few pretty girls' heads from time to time that our art editor, old Russ Pennock, here, is going to draw, and we want something pretty hot to put under them. In order to make the board you fellows have got to get seventy-five lines in the book before May Day, and I just want to tell you you've got to hit the ball to get seventy-five lines in the old Simon."

The Chief Pieman reached behind him and held up a large, glossy print of a lady whose costume consisted in the main of a toy balloon and a pair—generous, to be sure—of earrings.

"I have here," he went on, "a picture of Miss Betty Maye, sent to us especially by Miss Maye's press agent, to be used in our Harlequinade Number. Now I want all you fellows to hand in a poem tomorrow morning we can use under this picture in the Harlequinade Number. Anybody not handing in a poem for this picture in the Harlequinade Number will be dropped from the competition. Now, fellows, I guess that's about all I have to say. We're glad you're out for the old Simon and we hope you all crash through, but of course a lot of you fellows will get brain fag or hook worm or something and drop out. Old George Harriss here will take your names and addresses on the way out."

The heelers shuffled into line and Old George Harriss took down their names in a notebook with Heelers printed on its cover. Ol' Candy gave him his name and went outside.

When he got outside he looked around to see if anybody was watching him, and took the paper with the two poems out of his pocket and tore it into small pieces. He still felt they were good poems, but they could not, he decided, be called "different."

IV

THE crack of bats against horsehide and the noise of infielders talking it up, came around the corner of the training house. Ol' Candy walked past the training house toward the gym. The gym was of mottled stone. It had mullioned windows, and flagged walks ran around it and up to it without disturbing its air of cloistered peace.

The gym basement was dark and cool. He opened his locker and took out the gym suit he had used in compulsory freshman gym, a sweater and a pair of battered old track shoes. The leather of their soles was all chewed up. They were cross-country shoes, but Ol' Candy didn't know that. He had bought them from Mike, the ground keeper, for one dollar and eighty-five cents.

He put on the gym suit and shoes, and pulled the sweater as far down over his hips as it would go. He walked across the hard floor toward the door. He had never worn track shoes before, and the spikes held him up off the floor and made him feel as if he were walking on stilts. They were several sizes too big for him, and his feet slipped loosely around in them. He stooped over and pulled at his shoestrings, but it didn't seem to do much good. The shoes still slipped up and down on his heel.

He walked out on the track. He felt uncomfortable and self-conscious, and his legs seemed indecently white and hairless. He felt almost naked. He blew on his hands and jogged up and down for a minute. A knot of blue and white jerseys swept by. Ol' Candy fell in behind them and jogged halfway around the track, with scattered cinders kicked up by the pack spattering on his thighs and chest. His arms seemed to get in his way and a spike on his right foot brushed his left ankle, leaving a red streak. He slowed down and the jerseys drew away from him.

His jersey had begun to stick to the small of his back and sweat broke out through his scalp and made his head itch. He went over to the baseball dugout and leaned over a spurting nickeled jet for a long time. He spat out the water. He had heard that trackmen merely gargled water without swallowing it. Letting it slip down the throat was bad business. It sloshed around inside you and got your wind.

He felt better. His body glowed pleasantly, but the wet spot in the middle of his back felt cold and clammy, and the shoe on his right foot had worn a hole in his heel, and the scratch on his ankle smarted. Aside from that, he felt pretty good.

He walked down to the start of the hundred and watched Flick Hopkins, the coach, open a box of blanks and cram them into a snub-nosed revolver with a blunt thumb. When he had it loaded he said, "Take your marks." Five men got up briskly from the grass on the edge of the track near Ol' Candy and spread across the track. When Flick said, "Set," their backs came up as if raised by one big hand. They poised for a moment on quivering leg muscles and exploded down the track in a spurt of smoke from Flick's gun.

Their spikes dug up patches of soft track and their legs moved pistonwise. Before they were twenty yards down the track five more men had taken their places and were listening for Flick's voice.

Ol' Candy watched them carefully. Then he went back of the catcher's cage and tried it out for himself. A patched quilt hung on the wire of the cage to soften the shock of missed balls, and nobody could see him. He scratched two holes in turf and took his mark. After a while he decided he had it down cold and he walked back to the rest of the squad. Two of the men had dropped out. When Flick said, "Get set," Ol' Candy crouched down on the track and stuck his toes into a pair of vacant holes. The holes seemed enormous, and he wondered how he could ever lift his feet out of them in time to be off with the others.

The gun kicked up in Flick's hand. Earnest elbows sawed past him and he heard the whistle of indrawn breath. He lunged forward and made his own elbows saw. He moved his knees as fast as he could drive them, but when the squad straightened up and let their speed diminish he was five yards behind.

There must be a trick to it he hadn't quite mastered. He went over to the cage and went through the motions until sweat ran down his forehead and into his eyes.

A group of runners came around the edge of the cage and pulled off their sweaters and

(Continued on Page 88)

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RUSCO
BRAKE LINING

(Continued from Page 85)

piled them on the ground. Ol' Candy pulled off his sweater and joined them. They danced on nervous feet and stooped over and slapped the muscles of their calves. Flick came over and said, "Once around and that will be all. Matt, you take them around. Make it about fifty-five."

Ol' Candy didn't know what fifty-five meant, but it seemed like a swell opportunity to make an impression on Flick. Nobody had paid any attention to him. As far as he could see, his first day out for track was on the verge of being a complete bust. He took a deep breath and shut his jaw tightly, so that little white bunches of muscle showed at the corners of his mouth.

Suddenly the group stopped dancing and tensed their legs. Flick said, "Go," and Ol' Candy found himself rounding the curve. He stretched out his legs and put his chin down on his chest. Wind began to hum in his ears. The hum changed to a roar and the roar changed to a steady pounding. The pounding filled his head and he realized that it wasn't wind at all, but the noise of his heart beating. The track rose to meet the bottoms of his feet and the concrete wall on the outside of the track wavered and danced crazily.

Away off in the distance he saw the cage with the sweaters piled against it, but instead of coming closer, the cage moved farther and farther away, until he couldn't see it at all.

He heard the slap-slap of feet beside him, and suddenly he felt very sick and the track came up and hit him in the face. The concrete stadium slowly lifted itself on end and began to turn. It revolved faster and faster until it became a spot of whirling light.

Hundreds of years passed. The light unraveled itself and became the stadium again. It was still daylight. A hundred yards down the track six tiny figures strained at a tape by a baseball cage.

Ol' Candy looked down at his legs. Dark drops were oozing from long straight scratches on his knees. His knees were thickly powdered with cinders. They looked like four pounds of caviar, he thought.

Somebody was saying, "He drew a blank," and somebody else said, "Who is the dope? What was he doing in that trial?"

A row of faces hung over him and looked at him curiously. One of the faces belonged to Flick. He looked at Flick and tried to grin, but a wave of nausea swept over him and ruined the grin.

Flick looked at him sternly and said, "Who told you to get in that trial? How long have you been out for the squad?"

Ol' Candy said, "This is my first day."

Flick said, "Judas," and the row of faces grinned.

He turned and said something to the faces and they quit grinning and went away. "Have you ever been out for track before?" Flick asked.

"No, sir."

"What made you think you could run the quarter without training for it?"

"I don't know. I just thought I'd try."

Flick started to say something and then changed his mind.

"Take a hot shower and get Pop to put something on those knees."

"Yes, sir," Ol' Candy said.

"Come around tomorrow and I'll give you a real pair of shoes."

"Yes, sir," he said humbly.

He stood up slowly and carefully. His knees felt numb. He went inside and took a shower in water as hot as he could stand. The water hurt his knees at first, but after a while they became accustomed to it and it didn't hurt very much. Pop Morse put salve on the cuts and strapped them up with gauze and adhesive. Ol' Candy felt proud of the bandages. It made him feel like somebody to have the varsity rubber working out on him and to have important-looking bandages on his knees.

He put on his clothes and walked up the Long Walk. He passed two crew men flapping along in white ducks.

"Hi, gentlemen," said Ol' Candy. It was deep calling to deep. He was one of the elect.

V

IN HIS room he took off his clothes and looked at his knees in the mirror. They were noble-looking bandages, he decided. He put on a soft, worn old shirt and a pair of grass-stained flannels. He closed the door and sharpened a couple of pencils. He spread paper on his desk and sat down to write a poem to Betty Maye's legs. He stared at the paper for about five minutes. He wrote a line and scratched it out. He stood up and lit a cigarette. A prickling in his knees made him remember that he was a track man and couldn't smoke cigarettes. He put it out and stared at the paper again. He wrote down the line he had scratched out and read it out loud to himself. It sounded pretty good. For a few minutes he wrote furiously. He looked up a word in the dictionary, scratched out three or four words, put them back again, and copied the whole thing over once more. He sat back and read it over again out loud. He wanted to hear the syllables roll off his tongue. It seemed pretty hot. The men who could do a better poem, he thought, were probably all dead, like Byron, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and those people.

You want a poem for Betty? Say
That should be easy. Take
A shake, a shiver, music gay,
Mean syncopation, trick oscillation,
Grass skirts a-swing in rhythmic sway,
Defying gravitation, producing new sensation –
That's my presentation of Betty Maye.

He folded the sheet of paper and wrote his name on the outside and felt as tired as if he had been digging ditches all day. He hadn't done anything more strenuous than shoot pool for so long that running had discovered a lot of muscles in his back and legs he hadn't known about before.

His brain felt pretty fagged, too, and he had the same tired feeling in his forehead that he had in the calves of his legs. He felt tired way down in his neck. He went over to the bed and sprawled out. An aggressive hollowness in his stomach woke him up. His knees were full of shooting fire. It was dark outside.

He let some cold water run in the basin and stuck his head in it. Then he went downstairs. The dining-room doors were closed. That meant dinner was over. He went out to the kitchen and persuaded Adolph to make him some scrambled eggs and coffee. Then he went upstairs and went to bed again. This time he undressed.

When he woke, dawn was sneaking between the lunch wagon and the Students' Hand Laundry. Without opening his eyes he could sense its presence.

Presently he was conscious of a sound pressing down on his ears. It sounded as if something were being dragged up the stair well and bumping against each stair on the way up. He lay still and wavered between finding out what it was all about and going back to sleep. The bumping stopped and he heard whispers outside his door. It was too much for him. He sat on the edge of the bed and felt around for his slippers with his feet.

His knees were stiff and sore. Stabbing in the dark for slippers made them ache. The burst of energy that had lifted his head from the pillow flickered and died. He put his head back on the pillow and tried to make his mind a vacuum into which sleep would inevitably flow. But his mind refused to be a vacuum.

He thought about the poem he had written to Betty Maye and he found himself repeating the last line with satisfaction: "That's my presentation of Betty Maye." He thought of Allison. Her sleek hair in inky arabesques. Her face white with starlight against the flowing blackness of the frog pond. After a while he stopped thinking and dozed.

At 8:15 he put on a bathrobe over his pajamas, tied it about the middle with an

(Continued on Page 90)

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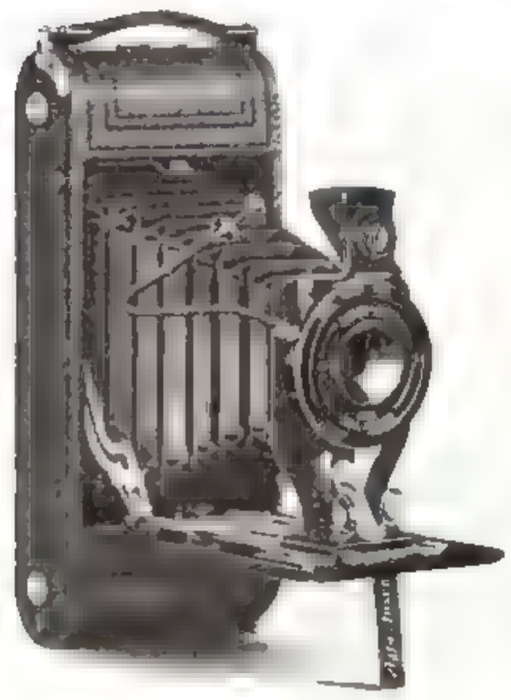

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Continued from Page 88

extra long necktie and went down to breakfast on uncertain legs. Joe and George were sipping black coffee.

Ol' Candy ordered hot cakes and sausage. Then he remembered that track men didn't eat hot cakes, and changed his order to oatmeal, a baked apple and coffee. In the middle of the floor, leaning drunkenly on its hook, was a telephone. Its wires hung limply. From its back protruded four screws with bits of wood caught in their threads.

Joe and George were talking.

"He was pretty bad."

"He was bad, all right."

"He didn't want to go to bed."

"He gets like that."

Adolph came back with the oatmeal. Ol' Candy said, "Who gets like what?"

Joe ground a cigarette in the heel of his coffee cup

"Blimp Swift. He was tight. He went around to Beth Morril's to a party, and they did it to four or five quick ones, and Blimp decided he just had to call up somebody. He called up a fellow in Syracuse, then he called up somebody in Realtown. Beth tried to stop him, but he was having a swell time. . . . S'more coffee, Adolph."

Adolph took his cup.

"He went out and changed some bills into a lot of nickels and dimes and quarters, and started all over again. He called up this Syracuse fellow again, but the guy hung up on him. Blimp tried to make the operator give him his money back, but she told him to go on home and put a cold towel on his head. Old Blimp argued with her awhile, then he got sore and ripped out the phone and brought it back to the house with him. He put the phone on the table and started dropping in nickels and having conversations with people."

Ol' Candy finished the cereal and started in on his baked apple.

"It was awful funny for a while, but he started to talk louder and louder and dropping in quarters, so we took it away from him and poured him into bed."

"Sounds sort of sappy," Ol' Candy said.

Joe leaned back in his chair and looked into the bottom of his coffee cup expectantly

"We ought to do something about him," he said. "He thinks he's the village cut-up. His neck's out about three miles."

An idea came out of the coffee cup. He put the cup down and looked at Ol' Candy and George.

"Tell you what. We ought to talk to him about it."

George thought it was a swell idea.

"Just the three of us."

Ol' Candy put two lumps in his cup.

"Can't do it," he said. "I'm going to take some poems over to the Simon office. After that I'm going to have the bandages on my knees changed; after that I'm going to let Flick give me an order for a new pair of shoes; and after that I'm coming back here and work on some more poems for the Simon."

"Well, I guess work comes first," Joe admitted. "In there fightin', Brother Covington."

A tinkle came from the phone booth. Adolph shuffled into the booth. He came back and said, "It's fo' you, Mistuh Covington."

Ol' Candy pushed back his chair and went into the booth.

It was Allison

"Hi there, Candy," she said. "Drag you out of bed?"

"No, I'm up."

"How's the campus cyclone?"

"Blowin' 'em down."

The conversation languished. Then she said, "I guess you think I'm crazy calling you so early, but I think it would be fun to fix up a date. How's to feed a lady at noon?"

Ol' Candy thought about it.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it," he said

"Heavy date?"

"No; things to do. Taking poems over to the Simon, getting bum knees fixed, going downtown. After that I've some work to do."

A long silence followed. Ol' Candy wondered if she were shocked about his bum knees. Maybe he shouldn't have told her about it. Maybe she would worry about it.

Her voice came over the wire thinly, as if from a great distance: "Taking it pretty serious, aren't you, Candy?"

"Hey," he said, "stand up closer to the phone, will you, Allison? Sounds like you were in San Francisco."

"Can't make it this noon?" She was closer now, but her voice was still thin.

"Nope," Ol' Candy said, "not this noon. Sorry, Allison. You see how it is."

"Yes I see."

"Not going away mad?"

"No"

Nobody said anything for a minute. When Ol' Candy thought of something to say, she had hung up. He jiggled the hook for a while, then he came back to the dining room. His coffee was cold and Joe and George had gone.

It was, Ol' Candy decided, beyond him. She had been keen for him to go out for activities, and now that he was really hot after them she wanted him to drop them and play around with her. He supposed he should feel flattered, but somehow he didn't feel flattered. It seemed inconsistent. It didn't fit in with her attitude the night of the party. It wasn't helping him any to call him up and upset him and make him restless.

After a while a comforting explanation came to him. She had been testing him to see if he would weaken and let things slide. When he had that all figured out he felt better. Probably she respected him all the more for being steadfast. Only, somehow, the feeling of reality she had put into her little act worried him. He wished she hadn't done quite such a good job of acting.

Adolph closed the dining-room doors. Ol' Candy drank his cold coffee and went upstairs. He put his clothes on and walked over to the Lit Club and dropped the poem to Betty's legs in the contribution box nailed to the door of the Simon office.

VI

COPIES of the Harlequinade Number were strung across the top of the newsstand, and a big pile of them made a column of black and gold on the front shelf.

Ol' Candy put down a quarter and a dime and picked one up. He made up his mind not to look at it until he had walked back to the Omega Lambda house, but he couldn't wait.

In addition to the poem to Betty Maye's legs he had three other poems in it. There was one called Dream Castles, one called Lines to ——, and a short one without any name. The Dream Castles one had twenty lines in it. The one to Betty's legs had seven. That made twenty-seven. The other two had eight each. That made forty-three. The three he had turned in for the May Day Number had been pretty long. They made it sixty-seven. All he needed was eight more lines.

He turned the corner by The Wagon. About twenty yards in front of him he saw Allison and Blimp Swift. He hadn't seen Allison for two weeks. He had called twice, but her mother had answered the phone. Each time Mrs. Ellis had asked, "Who's calling, please?" Then she had told him Allison was out of town. He had been too busy to worry very much about it, but when he did think about it, it sounded sort of funny. Maybe Mrs. Ellis didn't like him. Maybe she thought he was a bar fly like Blimp Swift.

Allison and Blimp walked around to the side of the chapter house and went up on the porch. Ol' Candy went into the living room. He would give Blimp just about fifteen minutes and then he was going to bust in. He wanted to tell Allison about the relay team. He had won the novice three hundred in the spring handicap meet and he rated Number Five on the relay team. He wouldn't really run on the relay team

(Continued on Page 93)

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Features of Ford Plane

All-metal (corrugated aluminum alloys)—for strength, uniformity of material, durability, economy of maintenance, and structural safety . . .

Tri-motored (Wright or Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engines, totaling from 900 to 1275 horsepower)—reserve power for safety.

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OUR AIRPLANE FACTORY at Dearborn is now producing three giant, all-metal, tri-motored commercial planes a week, and will soon be producing one a day! In one year we have had to increase the capacity of our factory 400%!

A glance at the skyways where Ford planes fly gives you a comprehensive view of the whole field of commercial aviation in North America.

Maddux Air Lines employ a fleet of thirteen Ford planes in regular service between Ensenada, Mexico, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, and all important points between.

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Transcontinental Air Transport (T-A-T) has ten Ford planes for transcontinental air-rail service between New York and the Pacific Coast.

Northwest Airways flies Ford planes regularly between Chicago and the Twin Cities.

National Air Transport operates six between New York and Chicago; Chicago and Dallas.

Pitcairn Aviation, Incorporated, is using Ford planes for express-mail-passenger service from New York southward, paralleling the Atlantic Coast.

Colonial Airways flies Ford all-metal planes between New York and Montreal; Albany and Buffalo; New York and Boston.

Cia Mexicana de Aviacion S A, connecting Brownsville, Texas, with Mexico City, Guatemala City and Managua, Nicaragua, and Panama uses Ford planes.

Pan-American Airways flies Ford planes from Havana to Santiago de Cuba.

Standard Oil of Indiana, Standard Oil of California, the Texas Company, Curtis Publishing Company, and Reid Murdoch Company, are among the industrial users.

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Ford Air Lines have flown 1,200,000 *miles and carried over* 7,000,000 *pounds!*

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Safety . . . dependability . . . long life . . . speed with stability . . . spaciousness . . . comfort . . . high efficiency . . . and a really wonderful record of performance have won for the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane the sincere approval of all air-minded America.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

The first plane flown in regular passenger-mail service from the Mexican capital to the United States. Col. Lindbergh was at the controls.

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Color—
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Color in the kitchen—
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Color here, there and everywhere,—on every product for home, office, factory.

Nothing about color that will make a car run better, make a chair more comfortable or a table more useful. Yet people buy all these things chiefly on their color, their looks. Good products can't afford to be ugly.

Many products have gained a fresh, modern, colorful note through the use of paint or varnish, enamel or lacquer, for paint products are color itself—every color of the rainbow. Through them you may have the brightest of hues or the softest of pastel shades on whatever you wish. Through them, worthy products take on new beauty, fresh sales appeal.

Are you using modern color effects in your home—in your business? Are paint and varnish, enamel and lacquer helping you all they can?

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This cooperative movement by the Paint and Varnish Industry has for its object the awakening of the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The world-wide slogan, "Save the Surface and You Save All" is your reminder of that need. Discrimination in the selection of materials and in their proper application is essential to good results. Your guide to quality and satisfaction is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter

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(Continued from Page 90)

unless one of the first four men broke a leg or something, but he'd make all the trips, and next year two of the four wouldn't be back. That ought to rate him Number Three man at least.

He might as well tear off those eight lines while he waited. He took his psych notebook out of the coat room and pulled a chair over to the window. It was getting dark outside, but enough light came over his shoulder if he turned his chair with its back to the window. He unbuttoned his vest and tapped his teeth with his pencil. Somehow he couldn't get started. He kept thinking about Blimp and Allison out on the porch in the gathering dusk and wondering what Blimp was saying to her.

Somebody walked across the porch. He heard a chair scrape. Somebody said, "I feel awful." That was Blimp.

"Your eyes look terrible." That was Allison's voice.

Ol' Candy started to get up. But the next sentence stopped him.

She said, "I've been hearing things about you."

"I don't doubt that," Blimp said.

"They say you can't enjoy a party without getting tight. They say you don't stop at one or two drinks. They say you don't stop till you're outside all there is ——"

Blimp didn't say anything, but he gave a hollow cough.

She went on. "The trouble with you, Blimp, is your neck's out. All you're doing is glorifying an attitude. You think you're bad and desperate and you think you are being smart. Snap out of it, Blimp. Quit being an individualist. Individualists are gummy. I won't have you being gummy."

Ol' Candy sat unbelievingly and listened to her repeat line for line and letter for letter the same uplift talk she had given him. Was it possible that she was going around the campus uplifting people en masse? What was she trying to prove? Maybe she was the Allison Ellis Mission for Fallen Undergraduates or something. Queer as it all was, Ol' Candy clung stubbornly to a forlorn last hope. She wouldn't go that far. She couldn't do that.

Blimp thought about it for a while. Then he said, "How about putting me on a pledge, Allison?"

"You won't keep it."

"I'll keep it if you'll seal it."

"What do you mean?"

Ol' Candy heard the movement of feet and a soft, sibilant sound, an unmistakable sound. His last forlorn hope left; Allison was sealing the bargain.

"I'm proud to have been instrumental in making something better of you. Something fine ——"

He stood up and tiptoed out of the room.

VII

UPSTAIRS he turned on the light in his room. He closed the door and sat down at his desk with his head in his hands. After a while he said softly, "Boy, what a line!"

He took one hand away from his head and drew triangles and squares on the blotter. On top of the biggest triangle he printed S. W. A. K. and beside it in parentheses, "Sealed with a kiss."

Somebody came upstairs and a door slammed on the third floor. Ol' Candy unsnapped the clips of his notebook and took out a piece of paper. The pencil slid across the page and hurried back to start another line. When he had finished he held the paper up and read what he had written:

RETRIBUTION

With cruel, white feet you trampled on my heart
And pressed a vintage red and bitter sweet,
Then quaffed my cup of love and flung to me the lees
Like coppers flung to lepers in the street.
And as I see my dream a blackened thing
I make to God on high one little plea
That as you count your string of broken hearts
Your heart may crushed and broken be.

He read it over slowly. His expression was one of gentle melancholia. Then he counted the lines carefully. There were just eight of them. Reluctantly he gave up the enjoyable flagellation of his disillusionment. Eight lines would put him on the Simon. After all, doing things like making the Simon and fifth man on the relay team were the really important things of life.

He looked down at his watch chain. Mentally he clasped a gold pie board upon its middle link. He would, he decided, buy a solid gold pie board. One that wouldn't tarnish, one that wouldn't lose its glitter, one that wouldn't turn phony on him, like a woman's love.

On the California Coast

Bunions

and tender, enlarged joints are among the worst foot troubles

"FEW foot ailments are more painful, crippling and ruinous to health than Bunions. This affliction is caused by wearing shoes too pointed, short or narrow. When the weight of the body is brought to bear upon the foot, full expansion is restricted. The great toe is thus forced backward and outward. The joint becomes swollen, tender and, in time, excruciatingly painful.

"The cause must be removed, otherwise correction is hopeless. By using the proper Appliance pain is immediately relieved, inflammation is quickly dispelled, and the crippled structures gradually restored to normal."

—By W. M. SCHOLL, M.D.

IF you have a bunion, tender or enlarged joint, do not neglect it. It will not correct itself. The longer it is unheeded, the worse it becomes.

As Dr. Scholl has stated above, permanent relief and correction can be had only by *removing the cause*. That is exactly what the various Appliances and Remedies perfected by Dr. Scholl for this foot trouble will do: they end pain instantly and soon restore the crippled structures to normal.

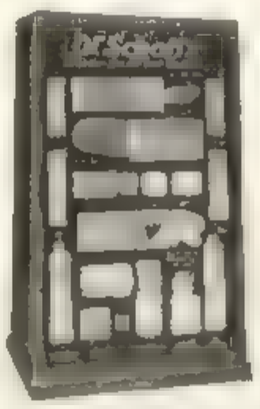
Other Foot Troubles

For all other foot troubles, too, there is a specific Dr. Scholl relief—corns, callouses, tired, aching, tender or swollen feet; weak or broken down arches, sore heels, weak ankles, odorous feet, excessive perspiration, etc.

These Dr. Scholl Aids for the Feet do more than relieve pain—*they remove the cause*. They are the newest, most advanced, efficient, safest, surest methods of treating the feet known to science. They are endorsed by physicians everywhere, and sold the world over.

CORRECTS FOOT STRAIN, WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports give instant relief to tired, aching feet, weak or broken down arches, foot and leg pains, corns, callouses, bunions, weak ankles, tender heels, etc. They restore the arch to normal by easy and comfortable stages. Remarkably thin, strong, light and flexible. Worn in any shoe. Scientifically fitted at shoe and department stores, $3.50 to $15 per pair.



40 AIDS FOR THE FEET

Practically all Drug, Shoe and Dept. stores have this Cabinet of Dr. Scholl's Aids for the Feet. In it you will find displayed the Appliance or Remedy you need for your particular foot trouble. Each device and preparation is made under medical and orthopedic supervision, and is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction.

Write for free booklet

On request we will gladly mail you a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's helpful booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." Address The Scholl Mfg. Co., [illegible] Chicago; for Canada, 112 Adelaide St., W., Toronto.

BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer quickly relieves bunion pain by removing shoe pressure, reduces by absorption, locks the bunion, preserves shape of shoes. Worn invisibly. 75c each

ENLARGED JOINTS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Spring is an adjustable appliance designed to restore the crippled structures to normal position; draws the great toe into proper position. Worn at night. $2.50 each.

SWOLLEN JOINTS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions give instant relief to swollen joints by removing the cause—shoe pressure. Thin, protective, healing, safe and sure. 35c box

CROOKED TOES

Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex straightens crooked toes with comfort by exerting an even outward pressure to the great toe. Insures gentle, safe correction. 75c each

CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns end pain in one minute, remove the cause—friction and pressure of shoes—thus protective, cushioning, soothing, healing. 35c box

Dr Scholl's

Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

Fresh as the Ocean Breeze . . .

is the air that circulates over ICE in a good refrigerator

If you ever have experienced the healthful, refreshing, invigorating effect of fresh pure air as it sweeps over the clean surface of the seas, you will appreciate what happens to the food in a good ICE refrigerator.

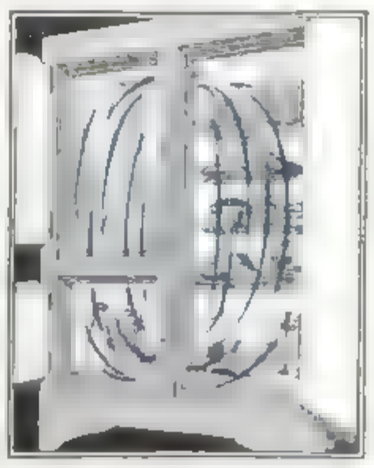
The air in a well-designed and well-constructed refrigerator flows over the ice in a constant cycle. Chilled by its contact with ICE, the air drops to the lowest part of the ice box, and then rises through the food compartments, collecting and carrying with it the excess warmth, moisture and whatever odors the foods give off. These are absorbed by the film of moisture on the ice cake, run down in meltage through the outlet—and away they go! This constant purification of air in a well-iced, well-made refrigerator goes on every minute of every day in the year.

Keeps Food Not Only COLD—*But* FRESH

To keep foods fresh, sweet, and wholesome, and to protect their delicate flavors, requires more than keeping them cold. There must be pure air circulating with proper atmospheric balance—and that is what ICE accomplishes. ICE provides air that is *clean* and *cold enough* to keep foods fresh; *dry enough* to prevent mold; *moist enough* to retard the drying out of meat, cheese, butter, eggs, fruits, and vegetables. It thus preserves the savory, healthful juices, and delicate flavors of foods. The most precious thing about food is its flavor. Excessively *dry cold* draws flavor out—and once lost, it is gone forever.

Use a Good Refrigerator

The only way you can enjoy all of the advantages of ICE is to have a good ICE refrigerator. Be sure that it allows free circulation of air to all parts; that it is tightly constructed and *well-insulated*. Your ice box should be correctly proportioned for food and ice space. You should have room for enough ice to keep all food compartments cold and for use on the table, too. Smart hostesses the country over are popularizing the generous table use of clear, sparkling ICE.



Have All the ICE *You Want*

You need never again experience the embarrassment of running out of ICE in the midst of a party, if you have a refrigerator of ample ice capacity and instruct your ice company to keep it well-filled. Put the responsibility up to them.

If you feel that you need help in selecting a good refrigerator, get in touch with your own ICE company.

SAVE WITH ICE

FOR INSTRUCTIVE FOLDER

(43)

National Association of Ice Industries, 163 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail your free illustrated folder, *The Miracle of ICE-Freshened Air*, explaining why ice is the ideal refrigerant.

Name _____

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES

LONE TREE

(Continued from Page 23)

"You got the poor cuss into a temperature," accused Ben

"Just the same, I got his number. That squirrel's afraid to think anything whatsoever that he can't find some rule in a book to prove it. He don't have any good time a-tall."

"He thinks he knows all about problems," grumbled Ben. "I bet I could put him up a few that would have him walking the floor."

The sun now hung low above that far palisade. A paint-sky sunset pretty soon, Ben thought. Man talk sure had tasted good. He was sorry when Miss Ellis came for him. His new acquaintance swept her trim figure with his one competent eye.

"You got a pip of a nurse," he declared in tones he took no pains to muffle.

Miss Ellis welcomed, though not effusively, a tribute she was so richly qualified to exact. "One of these fast workers, buddy?"

"Sister, I'm a speed demon."

"I simply never mix with the customers," retorted Miss Ellis, though still with that genius for benevolence which so became her.

"Well, so long, sheriff!"

"So long, Whitey! Maybe we'll cut trails again and powwow some more tomorrow'"

Back in his bed he read fresh letters. Addie had bought a new wedding ring to replace one old and worn—a simple platinum band studded with small diamonds. Mrs. St. John Smythe had pronounced the old one outmoded. He wondered if Addie had thrown the old ring away. It had done for her twenty-five years. She ought to give it a good home for the rest of its days. The same social authority was showing Addie how to "slenderize." He wasn't sure what this meant. He looked glum after the letter and remained so until he found a vivacious item in the fresh Advertiser: "Mrs. August Engstrom, aged eighty-six, living with her married granddaughter, Mrs. Mels Holtman, over Beaver Head way, smoked in bed for the last time Tuesday night."

His thoughts floated back to the wondrous hour outside. He dismissed the unpleasant incident of the vandal with a lawn mower and thought about having Whitey around quite a lot. Concerning the professor he wondered what you could do with one like him on a cow ranch. It was certain he wouldn't be any top hand. But someone was needed to play off against this Madame St. John So-and-So. Smythe—that was it. Smith spelled as fancy as you could and still keep the sound. And calling herself madame when she came from Chicago, even if she had forgotten how to pronounce Illinois. Mrs. John Smith—that's what she was, practically. He guessed you were meant to be sort of keeled over by the "Madame St. John" part so you would forget the following "Smith."

Then his mind returned to another of Addie's disturbing suggestions—sports clothes. This last letter said he would of course be needing a full outfit of these; they were so useful for week-ends. He asked Doyle for the meaning of these terms and Doyle enlightened him—golf clothes and white pants and such.

And week-ends—he remembered those now. He'd had a couple at Bill Hepburn's new house. They were nothing much. At a week-end you got drunk on Saturday and had a hang-over on Sunday. You could do that any days in the week if so minded.

IX

BEN looked forward to his afternoon outings. Of course, the view, all cluttered with roofs and full of straight lines slicing up things, wasn't much to a man used to big plains and rolling hills softened by distance. But the outdoors was good to smell; at least, no taint of antiseptics.

It was especially good when a rain brought the smell of growing things up to the roof; although Ben was always troubled by rain that fell into other water. Jealously he watched it fall; an ocean close by, not needing the precious stuff, yet indifferently drinking it; good inches of it that, in a better managed scheme of things—what the professor called "a superior millennial pattern"—would have fallen on parched fields and made feed for hungry herds. Rain wasting itself, when he could think of country so dry that two head to a township would overstock it. He often wondered how feed was holding up around New York until he remembered that here they called ranches "farms" and measured land by the square foot.

And there were his pleasant new friends. The professor never seemed quite at ease with Whitey, always scanning his face to make sure if he meant what he said; yet he sought him out each day as if in the thrall of some sinister spell, as the tongue persistently seeks out a doubtful tooth.

"That professor, with you," Ben told Whitey, "is like an antelope that sees a red bandanna a hunter puts up on a stick. Something tells him he better not go near it, but he just can't help edging closer."

That was the day Whitey returned an improving book the professor had recommended—a book professing to expose the mysteries of space by means of a non-Euclidean geometry. Whitey disparaged the volume to Ben.

"Batty diagrams, mostly. The guy that wrote it had just one flash you can take hold of. He says space is limited and all around space is chaos. Now I ask you! Is that anything to cost two-fifty, which is what this book is marked? But it's the only thing you can get your teeth into and answer yes or no. And when I ask the professor what the hell this chaos is that surrounds space and what's outside of this chaos, he'll be right there with a mess of words."

The professor was. After a masterly smile at Whitey's question—calling it "quaintly naïve"—he quoted an authority named Einstein. Ben knew the Einstein who kept the Broken Dollar Store at Branlock, but it seemed that another was in question; one of whom the professor spoke almost with awe. This superior Einstein had discovered enough truths about space to enlighten Whitey, had not his reflective processes become atrophied, rendering him incapable of any schematic fashioning of conclusions from authentic data.

"What did I tell you?" demanded Whitey of Ben, who was himself astounded when the truth came: This other Einstein had discovered that space is not only limited but curved!

"Space curved, hey? So that's the royal raspberries?" demanded Whitey. He turned again to Ben, his one eye flashing scorn. "That's a nice thing to tell an airman who's proved different. You can bet this Einstein ain't ever been off the ground. Say, I'd like to give him a little trip on high. I'd show him some things about space."

The professor chuckled at this fresh naïveté and proceeded at once to a full and frank interpretation of his authority. Whitey at last gleaned that time was held to be involved in the muddle. He forthwith, in plain words, told the professor all about time:

"Yeah, time! Well, listen, brother, time ain't anything, and all the Einsteins in New York can't tell me different. You could put all time in your eye and not know it was there. Where would your time be if nothing moved? Answer me that."

The professor lightly began to answer him that; then, as Ben privately considered, he seemed to bog down; strike a muskeg or something.

"I don't think," he broke off—"I don't think I quite get your novel assumption."

Whitey patiently elaborated: "Suppose nothing moved; suppose the sun and the moon and us and all these atoms stopped short. Where would time be? That's what you and this Isidore Einstein overlooked."

The professor stared, shocked to silence by this blasphemy.

"I mean, suppose everything was nothing—just empty space. There wouldn't even be one second of time until someone hove a brick into it."

"A mere quibble. Quite too absurd!" murmured the professor.

"All right, go on and show me. Time ain't a thing but the way you measure how fast something else moves. I'm willing to give your boy friend a break, but I can't string with him about space being curly until after he's gone up and had a good look at it. I don't mean hedge-hopping—I mean up."

The professor smiled in a pained manner and returned to the battle with testimony that left Whitey thinking less and less of this Einstein. It was alleged that going up a few miles in space proved nothing; that with an ideal plane Whitey could fly a straight course and eventually, because of the curvature of space, find himself at his starting point.

This was plain apple sauce. Whitey sneered. It was an eloquent sneer, despite the circumstance that bandages concealed the most of it. "And us paying good money to these air-mail flyers for getting us nowhere. They leave L. A. and fly like hell, and there they are back again. Like climbing on one of these wooden horses. You can go round and round, and you get off, and where you been?"

"Pre-cisely, in a way—in a way." The professor was jauntily confident.

Whitey looked to Ben for understanding, his free hand tapping his head. "This Einstein friend of yours sounds like one of these typical New Yorkers that don't know a thing west of Hoboken or north of the Bronx. What business is he in?"

The professor replied with dignity that his authority was not in business, and vainly strove to convey some understanding of his eminence.

Ben, finding the talk barren, lost himself in a cluster of darkish clouds that promised rain. He pictured them above thirsty stretches of Lone Tree, wished they might hover there until too heavy with rain. Vaguely he gathered that the professor was putting a bee on Whitey, but that boy never knew when he was licked. And then he began idly wondering about time. According to Whitey, it was nothing, but that was strong language. Ben's thoughts wandered back over all the years—fat years and lean. Whitey might be right, but still time fooled you a lot. There was past time with dry years when he had to work his face at the bank. And now there would be future time with a big house and little gold chairs. He became aware that the professor was saying to Whitey, "Of course, I grant you a certain fumbling sagacity."

Miss Ellis arrived at this moment and there was a spirited exchange between herself and Whitey, who meaningly challenged: "I bet you're a hot number on the floor when the saxes get going."

"I never make blind dates," returned Miss Ellis pointedly.

"Meaning this disguise?" Whitey smoothed the bandages. "Well, I don't blame you; a girl can't be too careful after she's been chose Miss Atlantic City a couple of times like you must have been. Still you'd be surprised how much I looked like John Gilbert before my last crash. Of course I ain't had a peek at myself lately."

"Were you at the war?" Miss Ellis asked with mild interest.

"Me and some others. Sister, I hate to say it—this is just between us—but that war would have lasted longer without me."

"Trust me to keep your secret," the nurse told him, and wheeled Ben away.

There was no mail that day, so, back in his room, Ben read over Addie's last letter,

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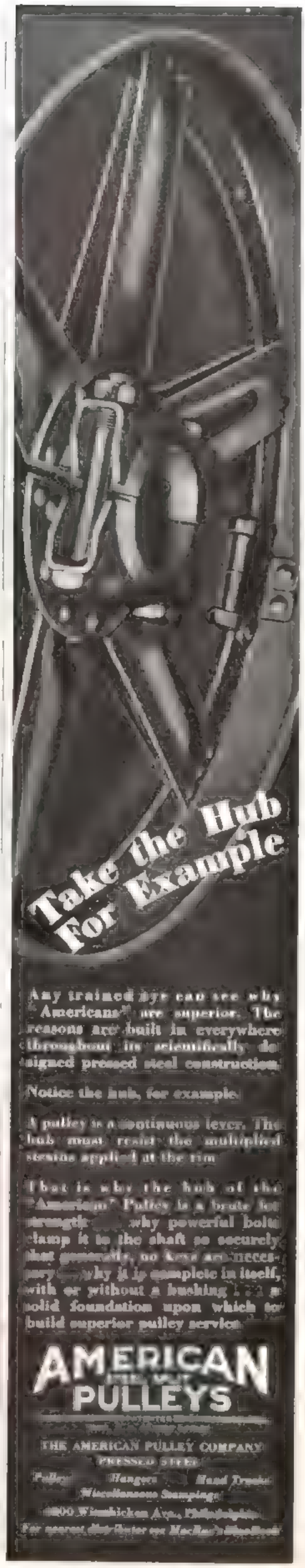
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Any trained eye can see why Americans are superior. The reasons are built in everywhere throughout its scientifically designed pressed steel construction.
Notice the hub, for example.
A pulley is a continuous lever. The hub must resist the multiplied strains applied at the rim.
That is why the hub of the "American" Pulley is a brute for strength ... why powerful bolts clamp it to the shaft so securely that generally, no keys are necessary ... why it is complete in itself, with or without a bushing ... a solid foundation upon which to build superior pulley service.
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(Continued from Page 95)

considering items hitherto neglected. When Doyle came he told her Addie had written: "Of course, we are all terribly provincial." He wasn't sure what that meant, though probably it wasn't true, anyhow. She said how jolly it was that the girls wouldn't have to take up their educational work again. "She means the school-teaching," he explained. Addie herself had taught school before they were married. And Mrs. St. John Smythe had told Addie that she was the perfect tawny type.

Doyle, with long needles, sat by the floor lamp and knitted gray woolen yarn into a rug, making short replies to Ben's comments as they invited.

After a while Belinda came in, bringing her doll. On Ben's bed she told him a lively story about a cowardly duck that lived in the bathtub and was afraid of cold water. It simply refused to have a cold shower turned on it after the hot bath, and then Belinda showed it every day how brave a girl could be—not squeal or anything when the cold needles pricked her. She went to sit in the rocker and sang a lullaby to her doll. This boasted a rhythm at the beginning, but after "Rock-a-by-baby" it went into a high, strained recitative, with repetitions and improvisations on the duck theme. These lost tone and at last flickered out. Belinda had put herself to sleep with her lullaby, the doll still wide-eyed. Doyle lifted them both while Ben noted the look that always surprisingly softened her face at these moments.

When she came back from restoring Belinda, "You'll soon be out," she told him.

"They can't put me out until I get good and ready, can they?" Ben asked in sudden alarm.

"Of course not. Are you getting to like it here?"

"Better than I like some things," he mysteriously told her.

"You're getting strong now. Pretty soon I'll prowl you upstairs and show you all those wonderful babies. There is the grandest one up there. It's four months old and weighs fourteen pounds, and has the loveliest ——"

Doyle was off again. You couldn't keep her away from babies—like sticky fly paper to her. He began to wonder what Doyle had to do with time and what relation she was to the star he could see through the window. Life, of course, would be long-trail for her; long-trail for her and all those babies she prattled about. Long-trail for everyone. Time couldn't be as simple as Whitey said. Time ate you up and was always hungry. It ate everyone up, though some it let get fat first. He thought of his lone tree—long-trail for that too. But time was a hungry, sneaking animal, playful often, but only just to fool you. He fell asleep wishing Doyle might have a dozen or so babies. But time was fooling her.

x

BEN CARCROSS was under his own power. Madden, after being nagged, had consented to a formal resurrection—his clothes on. Pants—those pants whose lack had left him so wretchedly defenseless—enfolded his sadly diminished, but now daily strengthening legs. It was only fair of Madden, after Ben had satisfied so many of his old woman's whims—having a lot of good teeth out and wearing glasses that you got on a prescription the same as medicine.

He dressed with the capable Miss Ellis to valet him. Miss Ellis approved his dark suit with the pin stripe, and selected a shirt and the gray cravat and handkerchief to match. He surveyed himself in the glass. Gaunted! Nothing left but the running gear; hollows under the high cheek bones, the outstanding thin nose with its bony ridge more than ever prominent, the dark eyes set farther in under heavy brows still black. Miss Ellis felt rather a pride in him now. His tall form was only a little rounded at the shoulders. But he refused to let her comb the shock of gray hair her own way, as she had done when he was helpless—with some sticky mess to keep it down. He parted the hair on the left and was careless about it. He still felt funny on his feet; be a push-over in a scrap. But he was up. He glanced over a New York paper, hastily because there was no Branlock news in it. Ben had to laugh at that. From all a body could tell by that famous paper, Branlock didn't even exist.

In the afternoon he proudly wheeled Whitey from his ward to the open place and Whitey was pleased by the attention, telling Ben he was a peach of a pilot. Ben had meant to go back for the professor, but his chair was already out and the professor was reading a large book that looked hard.

Ben settled in a wicker armchair with the aloof look of a hospital visitor, while Whitey told the professor a new thing he had learned about time. Probably the professor didn't know it, but when you went on a boat to China or some place like that, you went to bed Monday and got up Wednesday, and coming back you found two Mondays in succession, right out there in the middle of the ocean.

The professor waved a long hand of dismissal at this chronological freak. "A description of the unknown in terms of the known," he murmured; and again: "Nothing is the cause of a phenomenon in the absence of which it nevertheless occurs."

Whitey smirked at Ben, and Ben told Whitey a few shameful things about the cattle business. In '19 he sold fall calves for forty dollars; in '20 the same animals sold for twelve dollars. Again, in '19 he had been offered seventy-five dollars a head for a thousand picked cows. He turned it down, and one year later took thirty-five. It was happenings like that made a cow man wish time wasn't really anything—that it would shut up like an accordion.

The professor, looking up dreamy-eyed from his book, listened to these scandals. He had traveled in the West once and seen acres and acres of cattle preserves.

"'Preserves!'" echoed Ben.

"Illimitable gray stretches of them, arid and quite uninviting," the professor assured him.

"Get this bird, sheriff," muttered Whitey, slanting his head discreetly at a chair wheeled to a halt a little distance away, its occupant a blanketed small man with a huge bald head, the face, gray and hard, showing a livid pallor.

The vehicle moved rather like the triumphal chariot of a conqueror; a severe-looking, liveried manservant wheeled it; Doctor Madden marched gravely beside it, two nurses trailed it and an anxious young man with a leather portfolio stepped softly at the rear. One nurse tenderly brought the prisoner's shoulders to a closer confinement under the blanket; the other placed a cushion at his back and a water bottle at his feet; Doctor Madden reached for a wrist and became absorbed in the pulse.

"Don't badger me, quit pawing me!" ordered the object of this care in something more like a bark than human speech. Madden relinquished the wrist and, after a slight hesitation, vanished; the nurses fled. Only the youth with the portfolio remained, and he, at a little distance, seemed to doubt if this were wise.

"Well? Well?" It was an inquiring bark of rebuke, creating consternation in the waiting youth. He advanced timorously, drew a stool beside the chariot, opened his portfolio and gave a sheaf of papers to the conqueror, who, after ejecting the cushion from his back, and kicking the hot water bottle away from his feet, took them greedily and began to shuffle the sheets.

Presently he was dictating to the youth, who wrote in the book on his knee. Ben's group could hear the rumble of his tones and catch the blast of his stormy eyes as, from time to time, they swept the space about him. His words seemed hot with disapproval.

"Somebody catching hell," said Whitey, and Ben agreed.

"Know who that bird is?"

Ben didn't know the bird.

"That's little old Jackson Temple, directing five or six railroads from his wheel chair; got more millions than I got whole bones in me this minute. And ain't he passionate!"

Ben watched the personage. In the throes of dictation even the heavy brows seemed to talk, but at intervals the flow of words would cease and the erstwhile conqueror would be stricken with a dazed unbelieving awareness of his own collapse. At these times he glanced about him with a puzzled dismay, the look of one dealt a foul blow by something hitherto trusted. The recording youth waited, eyes always on his book, pencil alert.

"He don't know yet how come all this hospital stuff," explained Ben. "He thinks he's just having a funny dream."

The barking would be renewed at a faster tempo, the large mouth curling about the words with a savage relish.

"The professor is missing this," said Whitey. "Hey, prof!" The professor had been dozing and he started awake.

"I heard you. I merely loitered in the purlieus of the conscious, those dim labyrinths of color and confusion." He now enjoyed with the others the vocal discharges and pyrotechnic eyebrows of the dictation. After a while the portfolio was shut upon its treasures of acrimony, and the amanuensis sped off in a relief he but poorly disguised.

For the moment unattended, the now silent dictator glared about him, then waved, rather fiercely, it seemed, to the professor, who waved in turn. The stricken magnate grasped the wheels of his chariot and propelled it toward the group.

"Ah, doctor—gentlemen!" He took in Whitey and Ben with a questioning lift of the murky brows. The bark was gone, but must have lain close under the surface of that momentary cordiality, because a moment later he was using it to tell them this was all nonsense. Hospitals were for weaklings—women, children. He believed in them. Hadn't his own money built this wing on which they rested? But that gave them no right to interfere with his business, get his routine all mixed up. All the doctors' fault. They learned a lot of things in Germany and came back here to show off. He wasn't going to stand much more of their silly rot. On this he again abruptly suffered the stricken look; like a trusting child suddenly turned on by a friendly dog.

Nor was he more than a little restored by Ben's hearty agreement as to the doctors who slashed right and left. Ben was voluble about this. They'd never have got him there if he hadn't been light-headed for a minute.

"They badgered me into saying yes," admitted the other victim. "And now they say it was a narrow squeak."

The truth of his complaint—read between his words—was that a man of his importance should not have been subjected to such treatment. His glances at the others told that it might be all right with lesser persons. Ben and Whitey were, technically, quite blameless for this injustice; yet the face of each showed conscious guilt. But the professor tittered, unashamed and heartlessly, and wished to be told if Mr. Temple didn't know he was himself talking nonsense. Did he really believe that biological advantages accrued to one because he knew about bonds and stocks and railroads? Did he expect that ——

He was still lecturing when the parade of chairs left, headed by the professor's. Mr. Temple, observing Ben station himself back of Whitey's chair, all at once became a stricken child again; they were leaving him in a dark wood where wild beasts lurked.

"Like to stop at my place a minute?" invited Ben, noticing the man's dejection. The acceptance was eager and instant.

"Would you mind running me down the line first and coming back for your friend?" His harried eyes sought the entrance to the hall down which freedom lay. "They're liable to come back and gang up on me any minute."

"Sure—sure. Never mind me," begged Whitey. Ben took the other chair, and the badgered Temple drew a blanket over his head with the intention of disguising himself. "Step on it," he muttered in a husky whisper when they reached the clear stretch of corridor. Ben stepped on it just as another preciously freighted chair, also being stepped on, turned out a side alley; what would have been an interesting collision was averted only by the masterly driving of both pilots.

"Good work!" A muffled explosion of applause from beneath the concealing blanket. "Now you got a cleared main line! Let 'er out! Disregard all signals!"

Ben let her out and, except for grazing the leg of a terrified orderly crossing the right of way and blinded by his laden tray, reached haven without further mishap. The pilot leaned against the shut door, panting.

"You must be in rotten shape—all out of condition," criticized the passenger. "A little sprint like that ——"

Ben's breathing presently slowed under the other's censorious regard. "My first day out," he explained. "You can't expect me to break any track records when I just been caught up off soft feed." In form an apology, it was a little acid with protest.

"All right, then; I didn't know." Mr. Temple, graciously accepting the excuse, flung aside the disguising blanket and commanded a glass of water from his host's nurse

"Got some all-right bourbon there," suggested the host.

"Good! I don't want it, but I'll take it, because I can't have it." This was rendered in the familiar bark.

Ben had recovered now. "Excuse me while I go back for the other load."

"Look out for the turns," warned his guest. "Those curves are all down on the outside—rotten track work!"

"This here won't be any limited," Ben assured him. "This has got to be a slow freight or I'll fetch up in the repair shop."

"Nurses or anyone bawling for me—tell 'em I jumped off the roof." As Ben left, his guest had poured himself a drink and was diluting it with water.

Whitey, under escort at a sedate speed down the corridor, demanded: "Say, sheriff, how'd it feel to be pushing ninety million dollars all in one chair?"

"Like work, that's all," Ben told him shortly. "One of these speed maniacs; no slowing up for crossings. I nearly spilled him and someone else. He's a chancy cuss."

The three were about the little table. Whitey wouldn't be wishing any drink, but Ben took a small one after a defiant glare at Miss Ellis. He had his clothes on now: the legs under him were a man's legs once more, inside the pants of a man; one fussy word from these hospital people—he'd walk out on them.

"This is something like," declared Mr. Temple, tasting his drink.

"Here's how!" Ben drank with him and they talked.

When Ben returned from taking Whitey to his ward he reported that a general alarm seemed to be out for his remaining guest Two panicky nurses racing up and down the hall, and that preacher-looking man with the striped vest was walking slow like he had lost his best friend.

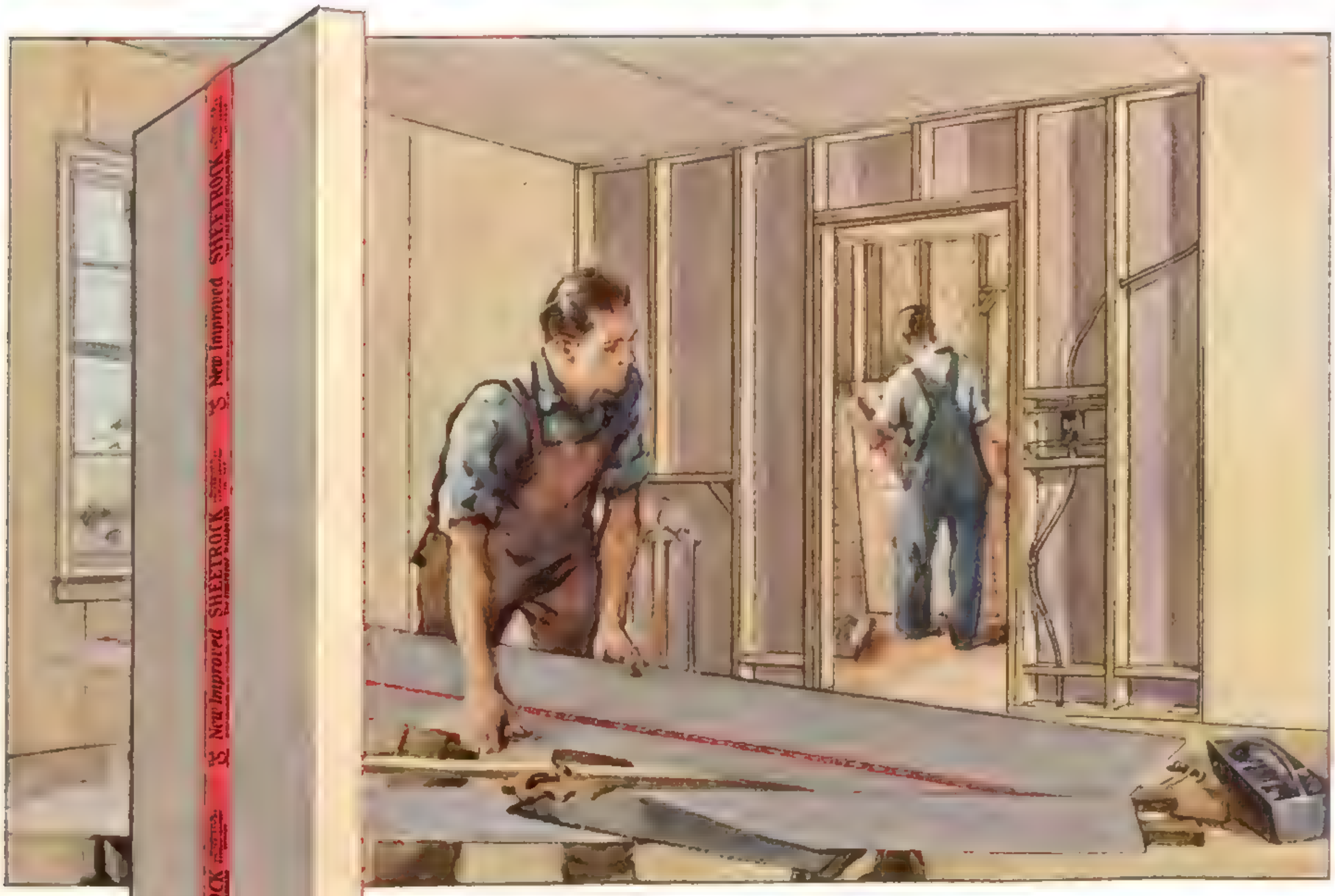
"He has, for the moment," said the pleased Mr. Temple, and conferred upon himself another small drink.

When Ben's dinner came, the magnate cordially invited himself to share it, and Miss Ellis, after being warned to keep her head closed about Mr. Temple if she didn't wish to be shot at sunrise, had to go to the diet kitchen for milk toast and a second piece of lemon pie.

During the succeeding hour Mr. Temple listened to a vivacious account of the past, present and future of the cattle business, its ups and down as far back as the dry year of '98, when beef on the hoof sold for two cents a pound. In turn, Ben heard what his adroit guest had done to the D. L. & T. in 1910; also how he built a certain

(Continued on Page 100)

WE ANNOUNCE



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(Continued from Page 97)

cut-off against the advice of all his associates; and to the low-down truth about his operations in a merger of scandalous repute; then to frank intimations of how he meant to put the skids under a certain bunch of Broad Street crooks next week or the week after. Of course, Mr. Carcross would understand that Mr. Temple could not be more precise, not give names. Mr. Carcross understood, and for Mr. Temple's further recreation told him at long length about a protracted litigation involving water rights on the Lone Tree ranch, from its inception in '84; full of dates, names of judges and the family histories of the litigants unto the third generation—an uninspired and discouraging narrative; but so had been those of Mr. Temple. Neither felt any interest in the talk of the other, but each manfully made a pretense of it.

Soon after eight o'clock a capable band of scouts quieted the general alarm for the hospital's missing guest of honor by running him to earth. The door, thrust decisively open, revealed two frantic nurses, a sad manservant and a stern Doctor Madden, the eyes of all widening with reproach, save only those of the two orderlies with trays. These, it seemed, lurked in the near background merely out of a friendly human interest such as any leisured passer-by might feel.

Mr. Temple, being caught, began volubly to placate the horde. He had fallen in with an old friend and comrade, and the time had slipped by.

His old friend and comrade hereupon slunk into the bathroom like a dog caught in offense, and the incensed rescuers deported Mr. Temple with no ceremonial pomp whatever. They made a chorus of bitter reproach ere the door was reached, nor did their prisoner venture a glance backward for any formal adieu.

XI

DOYLE, from the shadows, had pleasantly surveyed the scene. Now she giggled as her patient strode boldly from the bathroom.

"It's an outrage that poor cuss couldn't look in and swap the time of day and the price of cows," he grumbled. In a spirit of bravado he swaggered to the table and took a drink he had no wish for. Doyle continued to giggle. Miss Ellis had confided to her of the late guest, "He may be old, but he's very, very magnetic!" Doyle now supplemented this character analysis with a bit of her own: "He's just a bad little boy—and that's all you are."

"Me—I won't stand any more foolishness from hence on from anybody," retorted her patient. "I could walk right out of here now if I wanted to."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Well—I don't know any place to go tonight."

"Bed," suggested Doyle, suspecting rightly that he would prove contrary.

"When I get good and ready." He firmly seated himself near the lamp and rattled a twice-read Advertiser. Doyle picked up her knitting. He ignored her for a while, then glanced toward the already sizable rug she worked at.

"What's that tarp going to be for?" he wanted to know.

"It's going to keep some baby warm, I hope."

"Some baby, hey? Say, you talk so much about babies, why don't you get a few of your own?"

She was apparently deaf to this, and he idly watched the white-capped head above the glinting needles.

At last she exclaimed, "Let's!"

He stared at her aghast, exploding finally with a "Huh?"

Doyle arose, impaled the ball of yarn with her needles and stepped to the door. "Come and see something," she invited.

So that was it. Sane on every other subject but babies!

Down the corridor to an elevator, up a floor, along another corridor, until Doyle checked a progress that had become furtive. She listened at one door, then softly opened another and beckoned. They were in a small room, dimly lit; Ben was conscious of life all about him. He likened it to entering a stable at night—horses breathing; now and then a little moan, faintly fretful; a choking that became a cough; small gurgles that told of content.

"Stock under cover and fed for the night," he said softly.

Doyle turned on a light and went to push open a baize-covered swinging door. "Hello, girls! Don't mind me. I'm showing your nursery to my case."

A middle-aged nurse in white and three trainers in light blue uniforms left the table at which they had been sitting and came to the door.

"She's plain nutty," said the nurse to Ben, and the trainers looked respectful confirmation over her shoulder.

Doyle ignored this. "There, now!" She confronted Ben with triumph aglow in her softened eyes.

Ben was instinctively getting a count—a corral count on this bunch of stock. They were in what looked like baskets that swung from a rod extending about the room.

"Thirty-eight," he announced.

"Well, you're such a wonderful stockman—what would be your pick of this lot?"

"I've worked at stock shows some, but I never judged human babies. Anyway, I can't tell till you get 'em in the show ring with their blankets off."

Doyle was impatient. "But look! I could tell, right off."

"Ginger Doyle, if you start that bunch up again ——" The nurse was menacing, and the trainers looked severe.

Ben stepped closer. Some of this stock was feeding at bottles, avid animal lips curled about rubber nipples. The gurgles he had heard came from these; they were noisy drinkers. Here and there were small pools catching the light; opened eyes staring at him incuriously or sleepily blinking.

Then one of these with opened eyes held him; a plump-faced one, with clenched fist upthrust, had a bold-eyed stare and waved the fist at Ben, with what intention was not to be divined.

"This one," he said, merely hoping to escape further obligation.

"Of course!" applauded Doyle, as if there could have been no reasonable hesitation. "Four months old and the most beautiful baby ever was."

"Oh, you Ginger!" This came from the nurse. "Girls, how often does she say those very words?"

"Every time," chimed the docile trainers.

"But this truly is," insisted Doyle. They both bent to study the prize; Ben extended a finger and the fist clasped about it.

"Will you look at that?" he whispered.

"All babies do that," the head nurse coldly reminded him. "Monkeys too."

"You and your old monkeys!" reproved Doyle, and Ben didn't for a moment believe the head nurse. This was surely an especial baby. He pulled his finger away, whereupon the baby tightened the bold eyes to wrinkles and bellowed an able protest.

"Now you've done it!" accused the nurse, cocking an anxious ear toward the other baskets. Ben was frightened and restored the finger. It was promptly clutched and the bold eyes again opened upon him. The trainers tittered nervously. Doyle stood by with clasped hands and a strained gaze. Ben's back began to ache. But presently the bold eyes closed and, finger by finger, the stout fist relaxed.

"Now beat it before you start something else," ordered the nurse. So they did this.

Doyle waited outside the door, finger to her lips. In her secret, evil heart she was sorry they hadn't started something else. She liked her babies in action. But discouraged by the continued silence in that celestial room, she led the way back.

"Got a voice like a bull calf—a long yearling, at that."

"Hasn't he, though!"

"Got a grip like a vise."

"You should see his feet and his legs and his beautiful straight back."

"Chest sticks out like a shelf." These speeches of Ben's were undertoned by an excited, dry chuckling. Doyle's voice was lilting.

They still chattered about the points of this surpassing baby after Ben was in bed. The day had been exhausting with excitements, and this last bit had left him sort of weak and jumpy. Doyle, again with her knitting, explained in a voice she tried to make judicial that she must have examined at least one thousand babies in her time, but that this one stood above them all by reason of comeliness and muscular endowments. Ben did not question the appraisal.

Doyle fell silent, knitting for moments with a sort of grim intensity, then all at once becoming immobile, her hands freezing in the very play of her needles while she gazed off through the wall. Presently those smoldering maternal fires would again permit her to knit.

"What's its name?" Ben asked. She knitted on for a long time, then spoke while her needles kept to their play: "What difference? The poor little mother had to go—never saw her child. And all she left was one letter." Little stretches of knitting interspersed these fragments. She was telling it by jerks: "The letter said he was going away—not coming back. Some worthless scamp. Hadn't even married her. Serve him right never to see his child—not that he'd ever wish to—sailing off to South America. I'd like to shoot him dead—just like that." Doyle's right hand went out to operate a presumably lethal weapon. Her burning glance had flitted to Ben at each of her pauses accusingly, he was shocked to note. What was she blaming him for?

Doyle knitted on, her lips hard set in a grim face. Ben thought, "She certainly would gun that lad." Women could be a lot more vicious than men. He thought: "A bull shuts his eyes when he charges, but a cow keeps them open. That's the reason they have bullfights—they'd never get any fellow that savvies cows to be a cow fighter. I'd hate to be in the way of this buckskin when she started; she's knitting off her mad at this kid's father." Doyle stopped knitting and her face was again softened, her eyes eager, her voice thrilling on low notes:

"You remember your tree? How you took it up and planted it and nursed it and watched it and loved it?" He nodded from the pillow.

"It wasn't your tree, but you took it and made it yours. Then if someone had come along and cut it down, you'd have been ——" She brandished a knitting needle and was a menace to the vandal. Ben didn't know why, but his spine was tingling. Doyle was frozen once more; then abruptly became dynamic: "That's my very own baby!" She snapped out the words with a low intensity that again made his spine tingle—even the roots of his hair this time.

He turned on his pillow, ill at ease. She said the kid was hers and he knew it wasn't, but still, if she kept on saying so, he would be the last man to deny it.

"You took your tree and planted it and nursed it and loved it," she said, still not knitting.

"You get on with that knitting," he gruffly ordered. Why should she keep bringing his tree into her crazy talk?

"It's for him—this nice warm woolly. Funny," she added, "I didn't know that myself till just now."

After this she got on with her knitting as she had been told to, though with hesitations for rapt peering through the wall. Her needles were clicking regularly when the wearied patient sank at last into his hard-earned sleep.

He was up at dawn, dressed again. He stood, awaiting his breakfast, at a window looking to the lighted east. Below him spread a patch of green lawn with rosebushes trimming its edge. A kind of silvery stillness lay over it and the rose blooms seemed to be waiting for something, all hushed and listening. This was the hour he

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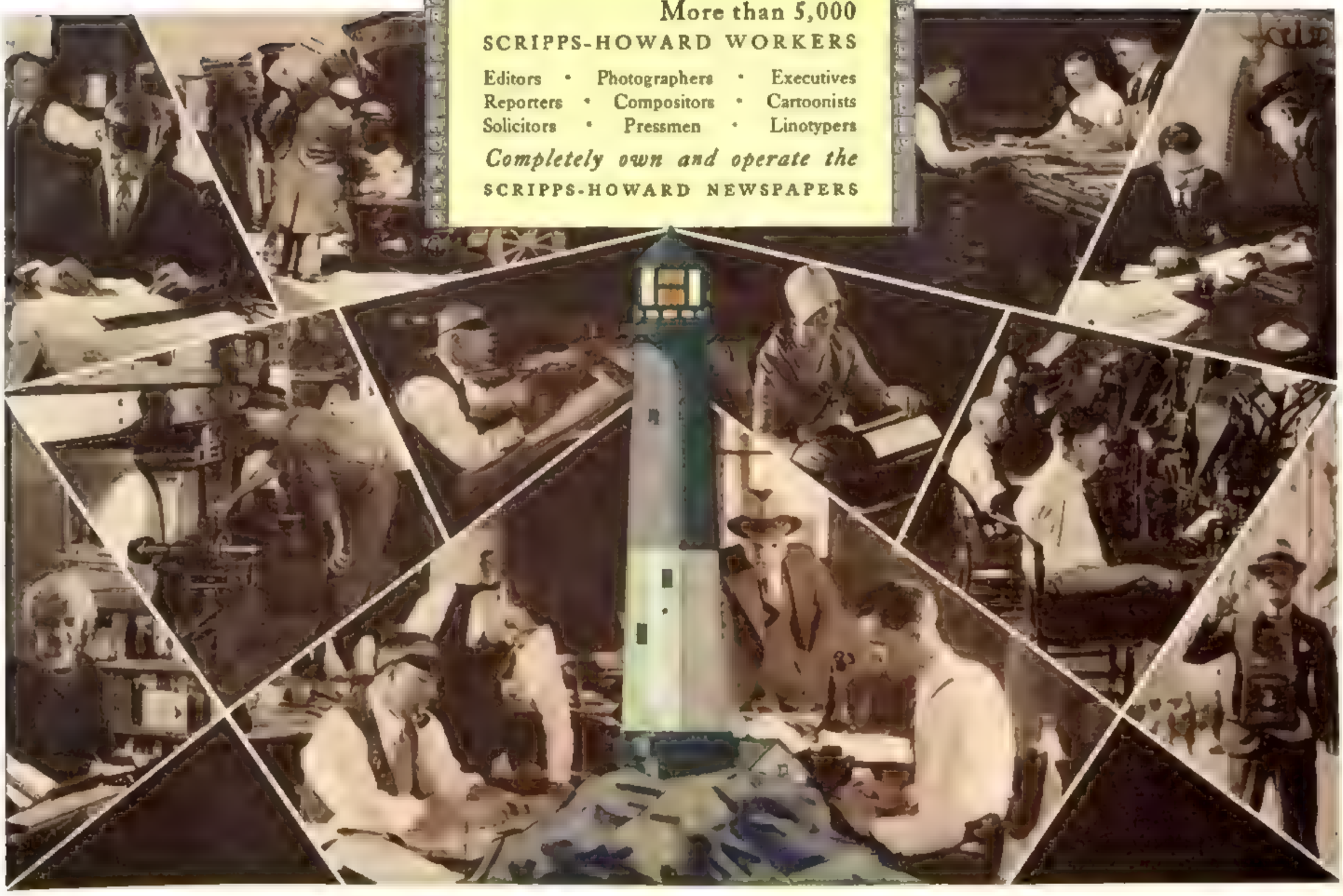

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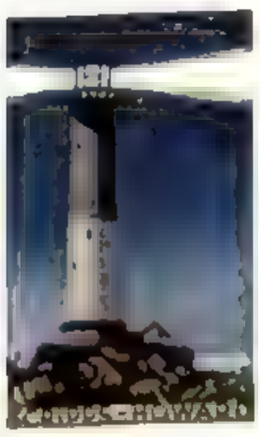

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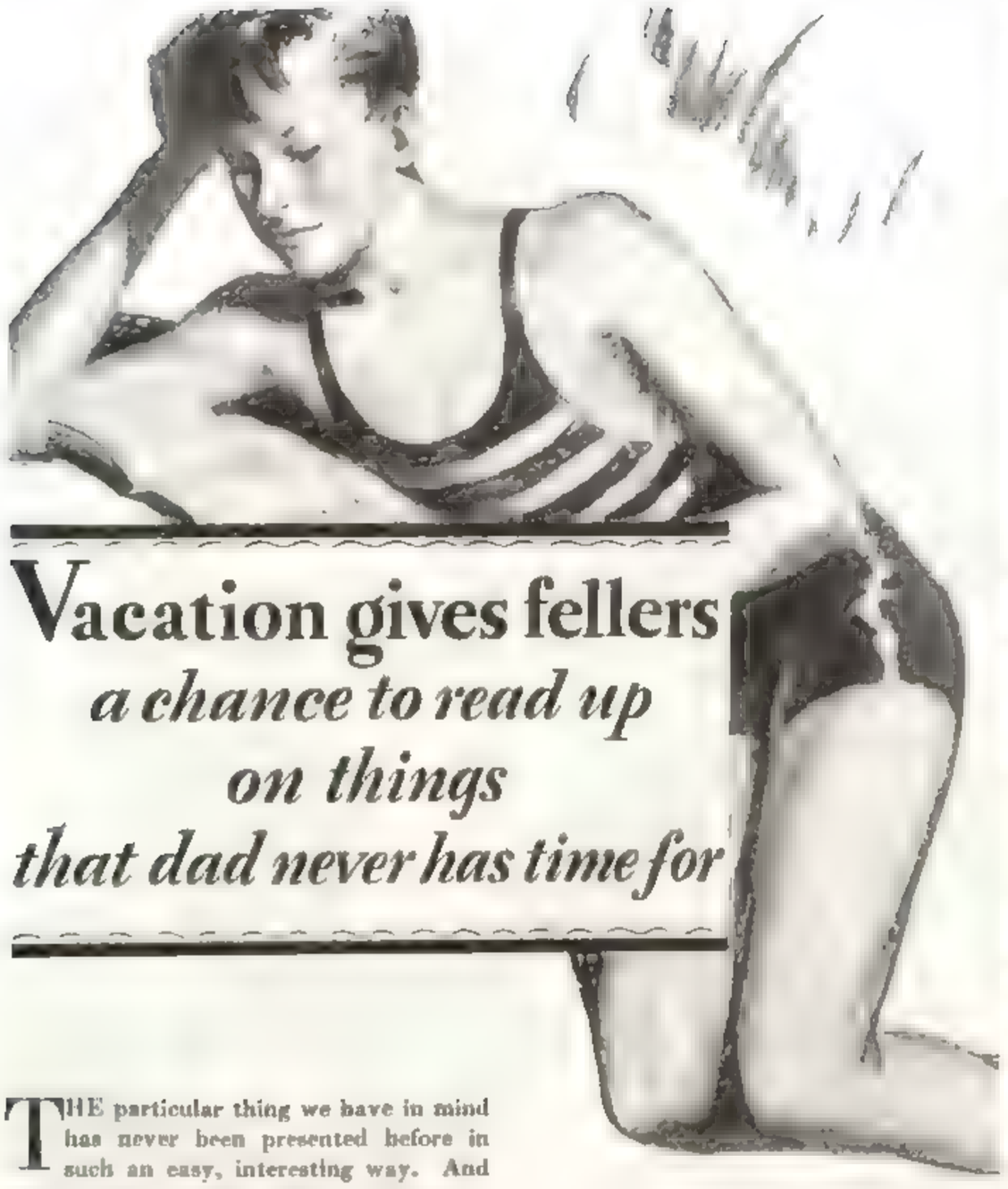

Vacation gives fellers
a chance to read up on things that dad never has time for

THE particular thing we have in mind has never been presented before in such an easy, interesting way. And with so many vacation days to enjoy, you will like to read up in this booklet. And mind you, dad would *make* time for it, too, if he knew what was in it.

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(Continued from Page 100)

liked best at Lone Tree. He would be getting on a sound-backed saddle horse, riding down the fields to look at about a thousand white-faced, stiff-legged calves, nuzzling their watchful and fighty mothers. And he'd look around sharp for a possible weak cow that had slunk her calf.

But just now he was far from this home idyl. He could scent the fragrance of the roses through the open window. Pale fires in the east and that waiting silvery hush below. He breathed it and was joyous, exulting in the old strength come back. Long-trail—yeah—but still good going. Then a sturdy figure of a man trundled a lawn mower onto the grass down there, a monstrous clattering grasshopper that ate the grass and spewed it out in green spray. That waiting hush of dawn was clattered to bits and gone with April's golden laughter.

When Doyle was leaving she stood a moment at the window where sun rays made a fiery splendor of her hair. Her eyes were sometimes blue, he had thought, but in that light they were greenish, and they were alive now with furtive designs. She held up the rug of gray wool that had a wide blue stripe across each end.

"It's finished," she told him. "It's to keep my tree warm. My tree," she repeated with a significance that made Ben uneasy. She was a secret sort, he reflected. But she was gone and Miss Ellis was there, rattling the dishes on his breakfast tray.

Then, late that morning, Ben Carcross, in the full tide of returning vigor, suffered a blow that threatened to make more trouble for Doctor Madden. A delayed letter from Addie had come, announcing her probable sailing. That was alarming enough, but a wireless arrived almost with the letter, disclosing that all the known Pettigrews, together with Mrs. St. John Smythe and her son Hercule, were at that moment in mid-Atlantic on a fast boat. Ben could see no other way out of it. He must have an immediate relapse. This was Tuesday. The boat would dock Thursday morning.

It meant quick work. But they wouldn't find him defenseless. He'd be bedfast again. Of course not enough worse to keep any of the family with him. He spent the rest of the morning anxiously wondering about symptoms. He fumbled dispiritedly with the letter and the wireless and with a Paris picture card from General Pettigrew imaging Notre Dame, of which monument the general had been pleased to write: "This is one of the world's historic structures. You would find it very instructive." That was like the general—always thoughtful, always hunting up things that would be instructive. Still, Notre Dame was no help in this emergency.

He made a beginning by telling Miss Ellis that he felt shooting pains "right across here"—his hands posed in a general embrace of his mid-section. Miss Ellis ordered him to bed while she would call Doctor Madden. The pains at that moment ceased to shoot and the sufferer manfully announced that he would stay in his clothes for the present. He was able to eat a hearty luncheon, but the pains shot again in the afternoon, stopping only when Miss Ellis approached the telephone. However, there had been enough pains so that tomorrow she would remember them.

At the out-of-doors session with his friends that day he was no longer carefree, but showed himself morose even about the cattle enterprise. It was no business for a white man; he laughed sardonically when the professor said he had always understood it to be a gainful pursuit.

Jackson Temple, after dictating venomously for an hour, tried to join Ben in his room, but was thwarted by the sad manservant, who had been set to spy upon him.

Ben took no interest in this failure, nor did he invite the professor in. He kept Whitey long enough only to inform him that General Pettigrew's private study was to have some lovely Renaissance tapestries. He had thought Whitey might be able to tell him what the hell Renaissance tapestries were and why a study for the general.

Whitey thought a study was a place to study in; about Renaissance tapestries he was unsatisfactory.

"You'll have to bed me down early tonight," Ben told Doyle. "These pains been getting me, right across here."

Doyle, more prying about the pains than Ellis, drew conflicting testimonies from him. He wished the pains to be some place that wouldn't require another operation, and this, he found, might not be so easy. Doyle suggested several possible operations that the curiously shifting pains might indicate an immediate need for; she was especially glib about one that she called posterior gastroenterostomy; much simpler than it sounded, she assured him; merely taking a few reefs in the anterior wall of the stomach to make it smaller and held higher.

Ben perceived the need for extreme caution. He became certain only that the pains were "shooting" and that they kind of shot around all over the place. He was pleased to note that at last he had her puzzled. But she would report to Madden that he had suffered. She persisted so long about his pains that he diverted her at last by deliberately mentioning the young of the human species. A few casual words sufficed.

Late that evening, the completed rug under an arm, she slipped out, luminous-eyed, returning with something in the rug which she carefully deposited on Ben's bed. A fold turned back revealed a slumbering very softly breathing infant with a mottled pink face.

"There, now!" murmured Doyle proudly. "And don't joggle it!" For Ben had instantly begun to joggle it.

"It's the same one," he announced.

"Of course it is!"

"Sure! I can read its marks." They studied the sleeping thing.

"His lovely, lovely brow!" whispered Doyle.

"Got a brain on him, all right," agreed Ben, hovering a hand above the fuzzed head.

"You're dying to touch him," guessed Doyle.

"Sure I am," he admitted.

They gloated in silence; the sleeper stirred, gurgled twice, swallowed constrictively and began to wave both clenched fists. The bold eyes slowly opened, wavering from one to the other of the bending faces. After a moment's blank stare, feet and fists were all waved rather aimlessly; then the mouth contorted to emit the short-breathed beginnings of a cry that would gather to an appalling climax. Doyle collected the protestant into her arms, replacing the rug about the uneasy body, and sat in the chair to hold it. Quiet strangely ensued some mother sorcery of Doyle's.

"Those old goofs upstairs" Doyle disrespectfully meant the nurse and trainers, only the head nurse being at all old, and probably none of the four really a goof—"they don't even know I took him. I'll prowl him back."

She returned, reporting the goofs still in ignorance of her prowling.

"My tree!" There she went again with that tree talk. And she kept calling the baby hers. "Queer it is," she went on, "but I've often thought about poor Joseph—our Blessed Mary's husband, you know. Of course he adored that babe in the manger, but how Joseph must have wished it could have been all his!"

"Well, I never thought much about that," said Ben uncomfortably.

"I thought about it just now," Doyle brightly continued. "You never had anything but a tree and you were wanting this little son."

"Oh!" Ben was at a loss.

"Didn't I know it? Very well, he's ours—yours and mine."

Ben's spine and the roots of his hair tingled a warning. This copper top was egging him on to something. As if he didn't have trouble enough already! He tried to go back to the trouble, but found himself wishing he had poked a finger at

(Continued on Page 104)

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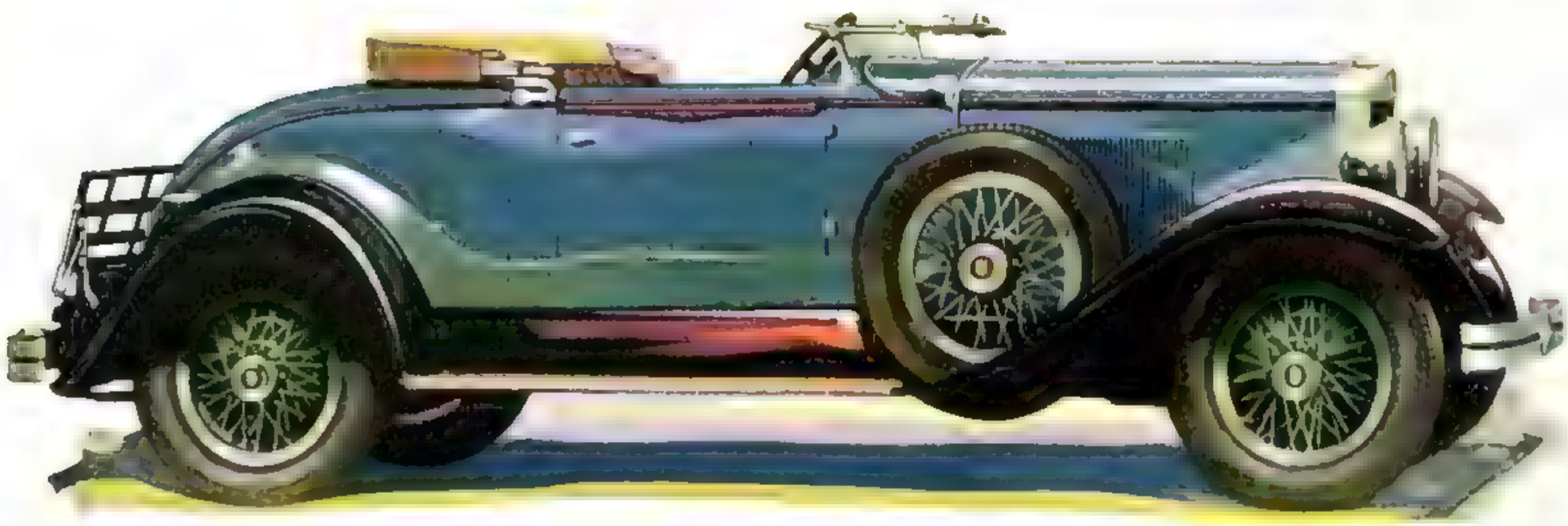

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(Continued from Page 102)

that baby so it might have been funnily grabbed.

"You see, it'll belong to us!"

That nutty Doyle. She was one of those that would odd things along till they sounded even. He didn't dare answer her last speech, and pretended to sleep before he really did so.

XII

MADDEN practically spoiled the day for him. His nurses had heard about the pains without too much alarm. Madden wasn't alarmed, but he was more curious than, it seemed to Ben, he had any right to be. Ben had believed that enough pains to keep him in bed might cause a little pleasant conversation. But Madden listened without a word, then began a process of prodding. He became, Ben was glad to discover, darkly puzzled by pains that persisted in keeping ahead of where he poked. They at length made him impatient.

Ben determined to have no more pains if this was the way it worked. These people might get him under again and go to slashing. It was simpler, he saw now, to be merely weak. This Madden went after a person's pains like a smell dog after a fox, and it was nobody's business but his own if he wanted to hole up here until he got his bearings. There remained but the minor details of convincing Miss Ellis that, with all his pains, he would need a large steak at midday and another at night. He overcame this difficulty with considerable fire of manner.

Doyle, that night, merely looked at him when he told about the pains. He broke off his narrative in some confusion and with a conviction that he wasn't putting anything over on Doyle.

But, anyhow, the next day at two o'clock, there he was, feebly on his back, when Addie and the girls came tiptoeing in - Addie and Gail and Vannie, with grave faces and muffled voices of greeting. He fluttered one weak hand, but closed his eyes while they stood in a hushed row at his bedside. Not until Miss Ellis had found seats for them did he venture to look. One brief glance almost made him forget his condition, and he propped himself on an elbow the better to observe what Paris had done to them. Miss Ellis ran forward to put another pillow behind him. Good work. He'd remember her for it; though at that, the cute little scamper was just trying to show off before company.

Seeing that he was not actually moribund, the others broke out in concert. Why hadn't he cabled? And what had he meant by saying he was in a hospital with a bad cold? But now they were here and how did he like these clothes and their hair?

"Arrwgh!" Ben muttered noncommittally.

And wasn't it grand about Mrs. St. John Smythe and Hercule, the two most adorable persons in the whole world? They knew simply everything. The mother was now making a round of the smart New York shops, Hercule was getting adorable things through the customhouse, and papa and Presh were sight-seeing. And when could he start West?

Ben let the question go by, still at his troubled staring; Addie was north of forty-five, Gail was thirty, and Vannie, the baby, was certainly twenty-eight. But to Ben's dazzled eyes and in that kindly light the three all looked to be the same age and like pictures he had studied without belief in a fashion magazine treasured by Miss Ellis. Their hair used to be different; now it was short and a pale yellow; their faces powdered and painted; their lips boldly reddened until one mouth was not different from the others. And there was a carefree bestowal of silk-clad legs which he did not remember to have seen equaled before.

His vision cleared as they talked; there was, beyond doubt, the old Addie dimly back of that flaunting front; the old Gail, always a little timid about everything; and the old Vannie who was by nature a minx—yet a conservative minx. He was placing them, with the yellow hair, the curiously shaded eyes and the mouths by some trick of pigment made to look of one pattern.

Gail was trying to tell him something thrilling about a cathedral and Vannie was fitting a cigarette into a long green holder ringed with gold. Addie choked off the cathedral speech for matters more immediately practical

"Wasn't it luck—the Smythes dropping everything to come over and start us right! Marianne is such a darling and Hercule is perfectly adorable—the smartest thing! He has such wonderful connections on the Continent; knows where to get everything cheap. They've promised to do the house."

"Do the house?"—blankly.

"But yes, do the rooms."

Ben's gaze was still blank, because one not-too-active Portuguese girl had done the rooms in the old house.

"Furnish them, decorate them—panels, tapestries, furniture, rugs, pictures, objects dar. You'll be surprised, really, when you see the stuff Hercule picked up for us at such wonderful prices out of old palaces. Lots of them museum pieces, amazing bargains, on account of him knowing the owners so intimately."

"A tea wagon?" suggested Ben knowingly.

"Oh, my dear, positively not!" This was Vannie, before Addie had been able to reply. "Tea wagons wouldn't do at all with our period stuff."

Addie regained control; she had progressed so far beyond tea wagons, it seemed, as to make an explanation needless. "And the dearest thing happened. Hercule actually had poppa painted."

"Painted?" Ben was trying to picture General Pettigrew being painted.

"Done in oils. Hercule happened to take him to the studio of a friend one day—one of the really worthwhile painters—and he was so struck with poppa's powerful face that he said he simply must get to work on a portrait of him. He wouldn't take no for an answer, so he did, and it's a stunning thing."

"You'll positively rave about it," Vannie put in, adjusting a fresh cigarette.

"And knowing Hercule so well," Addie resumed, "this painter chap did the portrait for actually half his regular price—only three thousand dollars."

"But it was on condition," Gail reminded, "that poppa wouldn't speak of it so other people would think they could get their portraits cheap. And don't forget to tell Ben about our busts."

"Oh, I nearly forgot." This was Addie again. "The dearest little old-lady French sculptor that Hercule has known for ages called us the three graces and she said she positively must do busts of us; and of course it was silly—her calling us that—but we let her, and they are remarkable pieces of art, Hercule says, and dirt cheap on account of her being such a close friend of his."

"In bronze," explained Vannie. "The peachiest bronze."

"Of course they don't look much like us," added Gail. "They kind of look more like art in the larger sense." She brandished an explaining thumb.

"Oh, but of course," agreed Addie.

"And would you believe it," Gail wished to know, "Hercule is really an American, but you couldn't tell it on him because he looks so perfectly, utterly French, and never learned English till after he was a big boy. Even now he'll burst into the sweetest French without ever thinking. You'll love the way he does it."

"And he knows the mode trend in practically everything. He took us to a marvelous little hat shop and picked out quantities of the smartest hats for us almost for nothing, because of knowing the people. You simply have to know the mode trend or you'll be buying something wrong—terribly wrong." This was Vannie.

"Sounds like you'd done nothing but save money over there," suggested Ben.

"Oh, of course, all in all we spent a lot of money," admitted Addie. "I suppose I'm

(Continued on Page 107)

I wish people liked me as much as I like them

I like people a lot, but I sort of feel that they don't like me as much as I like them. I sort of feel that if we—my wife and I—were better off people would be more cordial.

We haven't been asked out to dinner for five weeks now. My wife's a peach, so she doesn't rub it in that we aren't better off.

This fear that people don't like me makes me shy and unable to show the stuff I've got when I do meet the men that I admire.

The men I admire! I'd give an arm to look like them—easy, successful, sure in their work. They have the trim, unruffled look of success. The clothes of success. The laugh of success.

I sometimes think that if I looked like those prosperous men there'd be no reserve in their welcome of me.

The trim, unwrinkled look of success! At least that's one thing I can get.

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Through modern pressing equipment the care of clothes has become a scientific operation which delivers far more than perfectly pressed garments.

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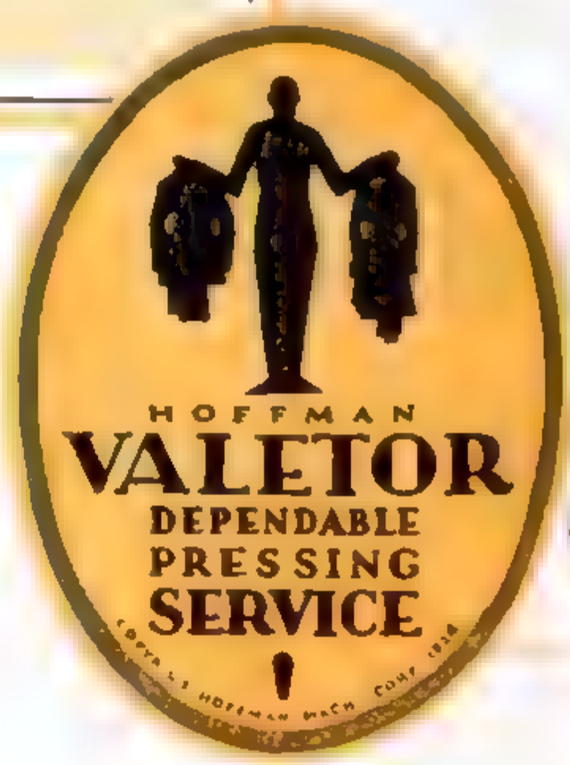

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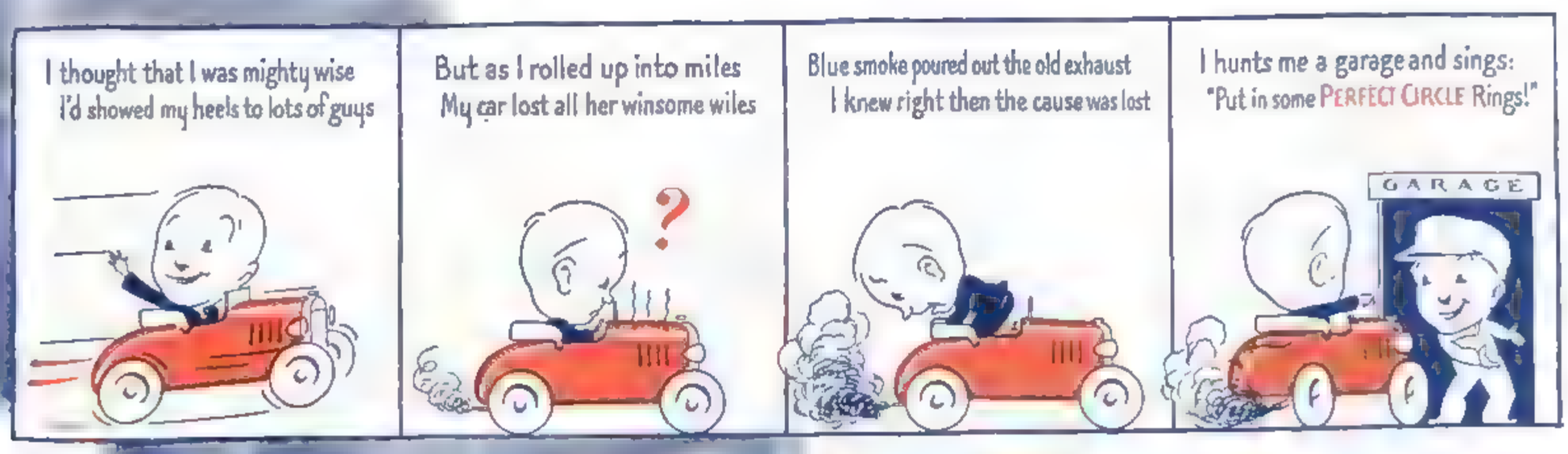
I thought that I was mighty wise
I'd showed my heels to lots of guys
But as I rolled up into miles
My car lost all her winsome wiles
?
Blue smoke poured out the old exhaust
I knew right then the cause was lost
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GARAGE

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(Continued from Page 104)

dreffle extravagant, aren't I?" Ben waved aside the possible extravagance to wonder about "aren't I." They all said it quite often, he noticed.

Followed talk of strange furnishings, of an adorable day bed for Addie. He wondered if she were about to become an invalid. "Day bed" didn't sound so good. And all the rooms were going to be period rooms. What were period rooms and what was a mode trend? And Addie was hoping he hadn't yet got anything in the way of semiformal day wear, because Hercule would be so delighted to help him. He was able to quiet Addie's fears on this point. Vannie was explaining that there were a couple of Louvres in Paris, one being a shop, though Hercule had never let them buy anything there on account of not having met the people.

Ben managed a swift wink at Miss Ellis and fell weakly back on his pillow. That was all he could stand the first time. Miss Ellis stepped forward and warned the callers that her patient must not be further excited. The voices were hushed; they kissed his forehead and tiptoed out with whispered promises of tomorrow. As he lay with closed eyes after they left, Miss Ellis picked up Vannie's cigarette case of gold filigree and withdrew quietly to the bathroom to learn what they were smoking in Paris.

Ben was congratulating himself on the wisdom of his relapse. This would have been a nice jam for a cow man of simple tastes to get caught in. He studied a card Addie had bestowed on him at parting. It told of a New York shop owned by one of Hercule's dearest friends where Ben could secure an amazing reduction on all prices. In chaste engraving the card announced:

DISTINGUISHED IMPORTATIONS COMPRISING EXCLUSIVE MATERIALS FOR THE CUSTOM-TAILORING, SHIRT AND CRAVAT-MAKING DEPARTMENTS

With dignified fervor it also mentioned "Sportswear and other gentlemen's apparel developed by this establishment for a particular clientele." Sportswear!—golf pants—something to make a horse shy when you went to get on it! And neckties made to order! You probably had to have a specialist's prescription for them. Not Ben Carcross. When he bought a necktie he picked it out in a window.

That evening Miss Ellis had another earful of hot dirt for Doyle, voiced behind the closed door of the bathroom.

"They're all cold-nosed; if you ask me, they're a set of these blond Eskimos you read about. Colder than penguins! Only God never meant a one of them to be blond. Wearing a million dollars' worth of clothes they can't forget. Me, I can put on my squirreline and appear to forget I'm wearing it. That's the test, lady. But not these dames. They're so busy thinking what's on their backs they can't remember what's on their minds. But I want to tell you there was one water-cress-green ensemble that this wage slave would sell herself body and soul for."

The departure of Miss Ellis restored a cathedral calm to the room and Doyle went to her patient.

He lay a moment silent; then his eyes flashed open and he demanded, "Ever see old dead circus bills on a wall—all torn and rained on and faded? They used to be gay—red and yellow and blue. But now—well, that's me."

"I don't believe a word of it," Doyle cheered him. "You're just a bad little boy." Doyle thought all men were just bad little boys.

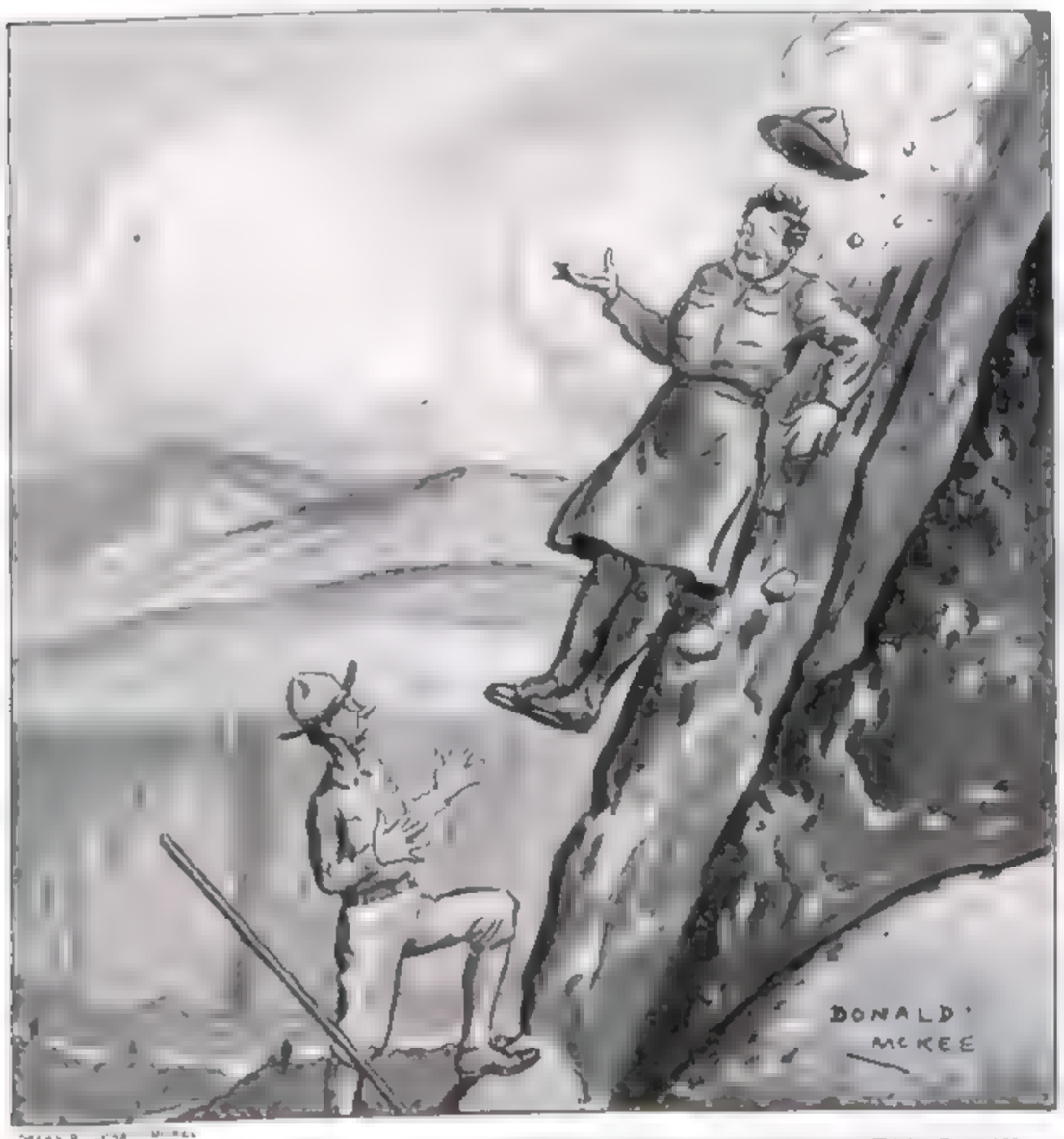
"You don't know the mode trend," he told her gloomily.

That night he loitered a long time on the foreshore of his sea of sleep. Doyle, after an absence, told him, "Our baby has gained two whole ounces." But Ben scarce heard this sensational report. He was wondering if he would really rave over the portrait of poppa, wondering if it showed his watch chain, and if the general would study in his study. And then about skirts. Stagged pants had long been the mode trend on cow ranches, and now the women had stagged their skirts—Vannie had worn a candid dress that showed all her ribs and most of her legs.

A curious, lost-dog feeling whimpered at the back of his mind. How the girls had yessed Addie, how she had backed their play right along, all the way. Shoulder to shoulder. Uh-huh. A body did need some human standbys in this vale of tears.

Well, he'd better be getting some sleep so he could react tomorrow. He knew what the word meant now.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Wife (an Incorrigible Raconteuse): "Stop Me if You've Heard This One!"

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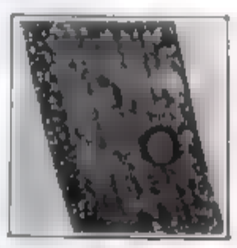

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BIRTHDAY

(Continued from Page 11)

some theater tickets you can use. We were going to take this other couple, but they can damn well wait until some other night."

"Oh, say now, dad ——"

"Not a word, Teddy! We feel pretty bad about leaving you and we'll feel better to know you're having a good time. Prob'ly we'll beat you home, but we'll sit up for you and have a few drinks and a talk when you get here."

"I'm certainly much obliged for the tickets."

"Not at all, son."

The conversation died and was reanimated by football. Mr. Craig wanted Ted's opinion of his five-thousand-dollar bet at even money that Princeton would beat Yale. Ted thought that the Yale ends wouldn't stand the gaff and that Princeton ought to win by at least one touchdown. Mr. Craig was glad to hear it. Every few minutes he glanced at his watch.

"We're due at the Bensons' for cocktails," he explained. "We'll miss out if your mother doesn't snap into it. After that we'll pick up this other couple—my New York broker and his wife—and go some place for dinner. Lord, I hope we can get home early!"

"So do I," said Ted.

When Mrs. Craig appeared Ted was still sipping his first highball. Mr. Craig had obliterated five.

"Ducky dear, be a loving son and get mother a pony of brandy while she's slipping on her coat."

"You'll get plenty of cocktails at the Bensons'," grumbled his father.

"But I feel so low! It won't take a minute."

Ted produced the brandy and saw them to the front door.

"Have a nice time, ducky."

"Yes, Ted. And lookit; I'm sorry you won't go with us."

Ted closed the door with an impression that he had hurt their feelings by not going along.

The house was very quiet. The evening paper had come. Ted looked through it until he came to a special article with the heading: Younger Crowd Continues to Blow Lid Off. Ted folded the paper neatly and stuck it in the waste basket. Then he went to the phone and called a number.

"Hello? Is Miss Miriam Gallantry there?"

A servant informed him that Miss Miriam Gallantry had left that morning for Santa Barbara. Ted hung up with a sensation of relief: Miss Miriam Gallantry had thick ankles.

It was eight minutes of seven when he started to look for Rags. Three minutes later he found her in the sewing room.

"I just wanted to let you know, Rags, that I won't be home for dinner."

"But, Mr. Ted ——"

"I know, Rags. I'm awfully sorry. But this bird just called me up from town a minute ago."

"Why not have him out here, Mr. Ted?"

"Well, you know how it is. We're going to a show, you see. Please tell cook I'm awfully sorry to be such a nuisance. But it's my birthday, you see, and I want to have a little fun."

"Of course, Mr. Ted! You do just as you please! Cook and I won't mind a bit. You run along and have a good time, Mr. Ted."

Ted drove the new roadster into town and went to the Ritz Grill. At an inconspicuous table he ordered a minute steak, French fried potatoes and coffee. These things he devoured as rapidly as possible. Afterward he cruised around in the Philadelphia traffic until theater time.

By the middle of the first act Ted understood why his father had been so generous with the tickets. He was alone in the eighth row and he felt like a fool. Nevertheless, he sat until the final curtain—chiefly because he could think of nothing else to do.

At 11:25 he drove up a side street and parked opposite Barney Moriarty's. Ascending a flight of carpeted stairs toward the throb of dance music, he tried to look as though he were joining a party. The check-room girl knew him.

"Hello, Edith. Has Bobby Steuben showed up yet?"

"I haven't seen him, Mr. Craig."

"Well, when he comes will you tell him I'm here?"

Ted waited in the door for Maurice, the head waiter. Glancing carelessly around the room, he saw a large party at one of the central tables. Directly facing him was his mother, smiling fixedly. Ted smiled back until he realized that his mother's visual horizon couldn't be more than eight feet. Near the other end of the table his father was draped affectionately around a plump little brunette. Ted didn't know her, and thought she must be the New York broker's wife; the man pouring his mother's drink was no doubt the New York broker himself. All the rest were friends and neighbors of the Craigs'.

Maurice bustled over to him. "Joining your family, Mr. Craig?"

"No," said Ted. "I was just looking for Bobby Steuben. I guess he's not coming in after all. Listen, Maurice, if Bobby comes in will you tell him I got tired and went home? He said for me to join him here."

Maurice looked blank. "I thought Bobby Steuben had sailed for Europe, Mr. Craig."

Ted muttered something about a misunderstanding and fled. He drove home slowly and let himself in the front door with his pass key.

Rags called from the head of the stairs, "Did you have a nice time, Mr. Ted?"

"Swell," said Ted. "Listen, Rags. Will you call me at six tomorrow?"

"Certainly, Mr. Ted. What would you like for breakfast?"

"Never mind about breakfast. I'll get a cup of coffee at Broad Street Station."

"I'll fry you some eggs, Mr. Ted. It's no trouble at all."

"I hate to bother you, Rags."

"Nonsense, Mr. Ted!"

Alone in the living room, Ted found it hard to sit still. At 1:43 Rags entered in a kimono and slippers.

"Mercy, Mr. Ted! I thought I hadn't heard you come up!"

"I'm not sleepy," Ted replied. "Sometimes at college I sit up all night when I can't sleep. It's kind of insomnia, I suppose."

"There's nothing to worry about," Rags said. "Your father's a good driver, Mr. Ted. And if anything had happened you'd have heard by now"

"Lord, Rags! I'm not worried. I'm just not sleepy, that's all."

"They may not get home till dawn," said Rags.

"That's nothing in my young life, Rags. I'll come up when I feel sleepy. You go to bed now or I'll feel like a worm for keeping you awake."

At eight minutes after three Ted made his forty-sixth trip to the bay window and saw headlights creeping around the drive. He hurried to the sofa and thrust his nose into a copy of Swan Song.

His mother came in first and said, "Gracious." She looked pale and rather glassy.

"This is a darn good book," said Ted.

Mr. Craig entered and braced his hand against the bookcase. "'Lo, son. What you doin' up?"

"You asked me to wait for you," Ted replied quietly. "Anyway, I wasn't sleepy."

"Sure," said his father. "Wait up. Sure. Lookit. Open a bottle of champagne, what? Teddy's birthday."

Ted didn't remind him that the birthday was over. Mrs. Craig said tiredly, "You've had enough, Charlie."

"But Ted hasn't. Open a bottle for Teddy, what?"

"I don't care for any, thanks, dad."

While his father was groping along the dark hall toward the liquor closet, Mrs. Craig said, "You'll be around tomorrow, ducky?"

"I doubt it, mom. I can't afford the cuts."

"Oh, you mean you have classes tomorrow?"

"Something like that," replied Ted.

"Well, I'm going on up, ducky. I'm sort of sunk. I haven't been feeling well lately. Do run home whenever you can. Don't fail to wake me up and say good-by in the morning."

"I hope you feel better tomorrow, mom."

"Good night, Teddy."

"Good night, mom."

Mr. Craig was unable to loosen the cork of the champagne bottle. Ted helped him. The champagne was expensive but warm. It stung Ted's nose, but he drank a glass while his father was drinking three. Their conversation was of football. Mr. Craig wanted Ted's opinion of his five-thousand-dollar bet at even money that Princeton would beat Yale. Ted thought that the Yale ends wouldn't stand the gaff and that Princeton ought to win by at least one touchdown. Mr. Craig was glad to hear it.

When the bottle was empty they went upstairs with their arms around each other's shoulders. Nine-tenths of their combined weight was supported by Ted. In Mr. Craig's room they untangled.

"Are you all right, dad?"

"Absolute, Teddy! Absolute!"

"Sure you can get your clothes off all right?"

"Bes' thing I do."

"Well, then, good night, dad."

"Night, son. An' lookit. Need any money?"

"No, thanks."

"Well, lemme know when you do, see? Bes' thing I do, see?"

"Good night, dad."

Ted went downstairs and put his father's car in the garage. After that he went to bed.

While Rags was serving his breakfast he said, "Tell mother and dad I was sorry not to say good-by. But I knew they'd rather sleep."

"I'll tell them," said Rags.

Billings drove him to the station. Ted was climbing onto the train when Billings ran across the platform and called: "Oh, Mr. Ted! I forgot—happy birthday, Mr. Ted!"

"Thanks," said Ted.

Exactly twenty-four hours later Ted's roommate was awakened by the sound of a heel kicking the door. The heel belonged to Ted, who was prone.

"My God!" said the roommate. "Where have you been?"

"'Lantic City," said Ted. "N' York, Asb'ry Park, Paris."

"You didn't go to Paris. You haven't had time."

"Paris Club," replied Ted. "Has a hunner-foot bar."

"You'll go to the dean's office if you don't pull yourself together in time for classes. Can you get your clothes off all right?"

"Bes' thing I do," said Ted.

The roommate labored heroically. "Oh, boy, wouldn't your family be proud if they could see you now!"

"Sure," replied Ted. "At leas' they damn well ought to be."

The cold shower descended with an icy rush.

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THE POWAW'S HEAD

(Continued from Page 4)

Now, Enoch Porter could not have been more than ten when the Indians came down. When he told the story to his great-grandchildren in the kitchen of the Porter house, he must have been close to ninety years, and all the time of which he told must have grown blurred and kindly, filled with the mendacity which any old man gives to the days of his youth and tinged with the hearsay of legend. The froemen who had landed at the lower green with their families, their neat cattle and indentured servants, were nothing but the shadows of an old man's mind by then. He had lived to see a town spring up by the great river, with wharves and ocean shipping where the sturgeon once swam free; and yet, despite the lapse of seventy years and more, the tale was very harsh. The weals of shivering days were white upon his soul, made meet at last for the inheritance of the saints of light.

Though it was May, a chill northwest wind was blowing hard beneath a leaden sky. Looking from the lower green, the drab death of the marshes was already changing beneath the resurrection of another spring. The trees were bare of foliage by the marshes' edge; but though the sky was dark and the sea beyond the marshes leaden and very rough, there was a life in the air which told of winter's waning. High overhead were sounds that might have been made by the spirits of evil. It was the clamor of belated water fowls flying to the north.

There was activity among the hovels clustered about the lower green. Though the day was harsh and stormy, those among the settlers who had windows in their walls of logs and mud had opened them to let in the air. Where there were no windows the doors were open wide, giving glimpses of trampled earthen floors and of scanty household goods among the shadows. The vapor was rising from the roofs of sod and thatch. The log stockades and shelters were open, for the cattle were at last upon the common. The women were pouring kettles of steaming water into troughs hewn out of logs, for the washing of the linen. By the edge of a small salt creek was Goodman Scarlet, his heavy arms bared as he calked his shallop. Almost any day it would be ready with its brown patched sail to take him up the coast for his trade in beaver at the Indian towns.

Two bond servants, in the soiled red knit caps and worn green vests edged with red tape which they had worn from England, were hewing at beams for the great house belonging to Captain Swale. Even in later days it seemed to Enoch that the house was very large. It stood out from the other straggling huts, square and solid, of fitted logs, adzed smooth. In the front were two casement windows with diamond panes of actual glass from home, instead of parchment; and its chimney was of English brick. It was larger even than the meeting-house, which faced it across the green.

As Enoch neared the green that morning his footsteps faltered, for his conscience was great with guilt. He had left his corn planting in the Porter field—deliberately he had left it, despite the ordinance which laid down the hour for children's labor. The selectmen had ordained in meeting that from the age of six upward all children should be set to tasks of carding wool, tending cattle or working at the corn hills. It was specified as well—for those were days of regulation—that each child be lightly clad and thinly shod to accustom its body early to the rigors of the climate. Delinquency at tasks and noisy play were punished by lashings of a birch rod upon the bare back, followed by a prayer. Those were the days when a child was a subject lower than a negro slave, and he paid as heavy a penalty for his transgression.

Though the knowledge of his sin and the consequence of sin lay on Enoch, a fascination stronger than conscience impelled him to hover near the house of worship. Goodman Snead was seated in the stocks, but Goodman Snead in the stocks was a familiar sight. Once a week, not infrequently on the night before the Lord's Day, Goodman Snead would exceed himself in secret with berry wine or ale. The initial D sewn upon his leather doublet was as useless to stay him as was prayer. Even seated in the stocks the desires of the flesh seemed strong upon him, and malice was bright upon his broad pale face. Even when the goodman in his degradation winked at Enoch, after looking sharp in all directions, and stuck out his tongue, it was not the Goodman Snead whom Enoch saw. The whipping post by the meetinghouse was vacant. It had been used last when Mr. Whistle's indentured man had been brought from the forest by two strange Indians, for a trade already was plied in escaping servants. Although they had already seized upon the man's leather doublet and green vest, they had asked ten lengths of calico in payment for their hunting. A darkening stain of blood upon the post showed where its last victim, in wincing from the lash, had torn his wrists against the thongs, but to Enoch that vacant whipping post was as familiar as the well.

The new addition to the plantation's monuments of justice was a pole made of a straight young pine, denuded of its branches, dripping still with pitch. Upon the top of the pole was impaled an Indian's head, shaved at the skull save for a single lock that hung pendulous from the very top of the cranium. The distortion of the face was horrible enough to draw the eye from the sheer attraction of a revolting object. The mouth was gaping. The sightless eyes were staring upward at the clouds. It was as if the head were deep in prayer before that meetinghouse, the symbol of a tortured soul calling on his gods, as the great men of the Old Testament had called when they were banished to the wilderness. Two days before, a servant of the Salem Court had brought the head in a bag across his saddle bow.

"Ay," said Goodman Snead, "look on him whilst you may, young master. See the fine lovelock of him waving. There'll be naught of him, come another week. The rooks will spoil his praying face. There won't be naught but a clean white skull. There will be no face to a good clean skull. Ay, the rooks," said Goodman Snead. "Though their note be different from the squawk of the rooks at Norwich, they'll spoil his praying face. For all the folk about, they're yonder in the trees."

"Be silent," said Enoch. "Please not say any more."

It shamed him that his voice shook and that he was close to tears.

"Squeamish in the belly, are you, young springald?" said Goodman Snead. "Yet you hear how on lecture days—on lecture days. . . . Pray that I may see light on lecture days. Look you on my example and refrain from debauchery. Keep you, young master, from the path of evil which I have trod to my undoing and so sit here in atonement. Ah, young master, whilst the twig is supple yet to the bending, turn—ah, turn."

A sudden nasal, singsong note had entered Goodman Snead's speech. All at once he stared straight before him, looking beyond Enoch with frozen intensity. Enoch turned and, as he did so, his knees smote sharp together. Striding toward him was Capt. Richard Swale, a gentleman and the magistrate for the plantation.

"Boy," said Captain Swale, "who are you?"

"Please, sir," said Enoch, "I am Jack Porter's son."

Captain Swale was six feet two in height, but in his high military boots—the only ones in all the settlement—in his cloak and high-crowned beaver, he seemed far taller, like a pillar all in black. His face was thin and hard, as a Swale's face has been in every generation, set by prayer and discipline into lines of spurious calm. His eyes were dark and moody, yet very deep and clear.

"Please, sir," said Enoch, "I only came for just a little time to see the Powaw's head."

"Very well," said Captain Swale. "All things have their measure. Look then on the Powaw's head before I lead you home, and tell me how it came there."

"Please, sir," said Enoch, "they brought it in a bag."

"Yes," said Captain Swale, "but how came it in a bag?"

"They hanged him, sir," said Enoch.

The captain did not answer, and finally Enoch dared to look at him: first at his great jack boots, then up at his face. And Captain Swale seemed to have forgotten Enoch, for he was also looking at the Powaw's head with faint distaste.

"Listen, boy," he said. "He is not placed there for children to glut their fancy on. I have seen better heads than his by the town gates at home—of godly men and even county gentlemen. Is it not so, Goodman Snead?"

"Amen!" said Goodman Snead. "Amen! An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; it is the justice of the Lord that brings a red knave there. . . . And now, sure, Your Honor, my time must be nigh up. Order me unloosed, so please Your Honor. The head there is hurting my poor wits, what with the liquor in them. Him and I has drank betimes out of the same bottle and have smoked upon his pipe in private, and now the evil one makes the head to jabber its lips at me. Twice I've seen it roll its eyes, sure as my soul knows light."

A look as near to amusement as was just changed the lines in the face of Captain Swale. It was a time when men were hard, and the captain was hard also. He had seen too much of suffering to let it stir him, for he knew that agony of mind and body were a more common part of life than pleasure. There was a grim humor in the thought that a man who came before him week by week for debauchery and blasphemy should dread the sight of a head upon a pole. But though the captain permitted himself to smile, he spoke with the piety which underlay all speech.

"It may be a greater power, bethink you," Captain Swale remarked, "that makes a head mock you in your sight in payment for your sins. Think upon it, Goodman Snead. And surely you know devils, for I have heard you screech of devils often. And now ——"

Still smiling faintly, he turned away and perceived that Enoch was standing listening with all the rapt attention that one might listen to a play.

"Now get you home," said Captain Swale. "I will not lead you back, boy, or report your delinquency. There is punishment enough here for a promised land, and I mind me when I once sinned and left my tasks to make sport with the grooms at the kennels. But mind you this, young friend, before you get you gone from this square of heads and whippings: Any new land is born of blood and misery. If it so happen that you live to see a town born here, remember that we stood alone—with only our hands and our faith to protect us from savages who would do far worse than set our heads on poles. The Powaw of Nimnuck—you used to see him, boy ——"

"Yes, sir," said Enoch—"yes, sir, if you please. He taught me once to take salmon by the upper falls."

"And the better for you," said Captain Swale, "if he had never taught you, for his was a black soul that rests now in the burning pit, ay, forever burning. He died unrepentant, boy, in spite of all the sweet fruits of the spirit which our ministers laid before him. He died like the blackest sinner of Newgate for the blackest sin."

Nailed upon the pole was a rustling square of paper where the sin was printed clear:

Here stands ye Hedde of ye Powaw of Nimnuck. Ye all may regard his juste Deserts for Ye Bloody Murder of John Dowel bachelor of Ye towne.

Enoch could remember when the men had brought the Powaw down from the hill strong in life. His arms were trussed behind and a halter was about his neck. They had seized him in drunken slumber on the floor of John Dowel's hut, which stood near the common pasture. A bloody stone maul which had smashed John Dowel's skull was in the Powaw's open hand. He could remember the clamor of the voices as women and children left their work and men ran from the fields. There he was, the Indian man. His limbs were bare and scarred, and you might have thought he did not hear, though everyone was saying, "Kill him! Kill him! Kill the devil's spawn!" There he stood, a wild man of an accursed race, with the voices surging over him, breaking like the sea—to kill, to strangle, to smite him with the sword.

You could not doubt that he had been a magic man. All priests, or powaws, as one called them, were magicians among the Indian folk. Magic and evil spirits were nearer then to the mortal world. The Powaw had brought down wind and rain and had made the cornfields fruitful, and had lifted spells from the hogs and cattle, for a pint of ale, though one only whispered of such things when no magistrate was near. Often and often it was known that he conducted strange rites in the forests and conjured up familiars that could obey only a powaw's voice. Many a man had crossed his fingers once when the Powaw had stalked silently across the green or had stood to watch the women beating out the flax. Though Enoch knew the thought was sinful, there had been something bright and splendid about that dusky man. Free as the wind and the sun he had been, a part of brawling water over pebbles and of shadows dancing on the forest moss.

Enoch was about to get him gone as Captain Swale had ordered, when Goodman Scarlet walked upon the green, still holding a fistful of oakum.

"Good morning to you, Captain Swale," said Goodman Scarlet, and raised an awkward finger to his forehead.

Without pleasure, without malice, Captain Swale looked upon Goodman Scarlet, for Captain Swale had never liked the goodman's broad, plain face. The goodman was a side of life disturbing and despicable, which the captain could not understand. It had to do with weights and measures and quarts of ale, for Goodman Scarlet kept an ordinary in the first room of his dwelling, and his back room was high with pelts. Out of the reek of ale and smoking skins a dim force was already rising, and the captain could see it rise. Godliness was no part of it, nor sacrifice, nor courage, and yet it seemed to Captain Swale that it threatened all that he loved best—order and place and honor.

"Friend," said Captain Swale, "what do you want of me?"

"'Tis this, sir," said Goodman Scarlet, and he shifted his square toes nervously. "I spied you watching the Powaw's head. I was hoping, sir, that you might be commanding it took down."

"So?" said Captain Swale. "Why do you want it down?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," said Goodman Scarlet, "if I trespass, but I've treated with the tawny men off and on along the coast and I know somewhat of 'em. It's bad for trade, putting one of yon heads on a stick. It won't do no good, sir putting up heads. It only heats their blood and they think we mean a war."

"Peace, man," said Captain Swale, "and hold your tongue before a forked stick holds it."

(Continued on Page 114)

OVER 16,000 MILES

Silver Fleet Amasses Staggering total of 1,000,000 Tire Miles . . . Still without a Single Tire Failure ! . . .

"GOING STRONG," SAYS DUROMETER. These two pilots are taking the durometer reading of tread resiliency during a stop-over in a Pacific Coast city. This instrument, by testing the hardness of the tread, reveals the amazing ability of Silvertowns to retain the resiliency of new rubber after severe punishment. Even after 16,000 punishing miles.

FLEET VISITS FLEET. A view of one of the Silver Fleet cars as it appeared aboard the huge Airplane Carrier *Saratoga*, when the Silver Fleet paid its respects to the Pacific Fleet off the California Coast. Seamen found the Silver Fleet as interesting as their own ship was to Fleet pilots.

SILVERTOWNS ARE IN FINE SHAPE IN SPITE OF TERRIFIC GRIND

SPEEDOMETERS now show more than 16,000 miles. Faces are tanned with the wind and sun of a dozen states.

The log carries the names of prominent people, places and events, gathered in months of travel over half the continent.

But it's the record of these 60 stock Silvertowns that provides the real story. A story rich in meaning to every motorist buying tires this year.

16,000 miles. Grueling, grinding, punishing miles. More miles than you travel, probably, in two full years.

And not a single failure yet! Not a major difficulty!

Punctures, of course . . . . that's natural.

But if you could look at these tires . . . if you could examine them personally as thousands of motorists from all over the country have done . . . you'd probably guess their mileage at half the actual figure.

Think of what this means . . . to you!

Here's a real yardstick of tire performance. Here's a real buying guide for you to follow.

The Silvertown record has been written on the road. No vague claims. No superlative promises. Now you can buy tires with advance knowledge of what they will do.

At 16,000 miles, the Fleet is but little past the half-way mark. As many more miles lie before it.

Yet to date the Fleet has already broken every record for sustained performance under run-of-the-road driving conditions.

No similar group of stock tires, made up of casings of all sizes and weights, has ever gone so far with a record free of failures . . . or piled up such a staggering total of trouble-free mileage.

If you live along the route of the Silver Fleet, make a point to see it when it passes. Watch for the announcements of your local Goodrich dealer.

See the Fleet when it comes . . . but first see, in your dealer's store, actual blood-brothers of the Silvertowns on which the Fleet travels. Tires made by the same people, in the same way, as those 60 standard Silvertowns taken directly from stock to prove for you what Silvertowns can do.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

SAN FRANCISCO SAYS "WELCOME!" Big crowd witnessing impressive reception of the Silver Fleet to the Golden Gate. Mayor Rolph is shown signing the new Good-Will Scroll addressed to Mayor Walker of New York and entrusted to the Fleet Commander for delivery.

AND ONLY HALF WAY!

AT THE RIGHT are three Goodrich Tires to meet any driving requirement. From left to right, the Silvertown De Luxe—for superlative service, smartness and comfort, the new low-priced high-quality Cavalier, and the famous Silvertown—standard of tire value everywhere.

Goodrich Silvertowns

(Continued from Page 111)

Goodman Scarlet's face turned red. He was the first of the Scarlets and as stubborn as the rest.

"Peace, is it?" said Goodman Scarlet. "It's war you think of, and not peace. The natives up the river will be passing bundles of their arrows, mark you, if more of this should pass. They'll be on us some fine night and it's our hair that'll be hanging in their castles. Nay, last night John Indian from the falls told me their young men are murmuring."

Captain Swale's lips were thin. It was plain to see that wrath was struggling with the calm upon his face. It was not the habit in those days to cross or question Captain Swale, when the social barrier was as strong as the barrier of faith. Not what Goodman Scarlet said but the insolence of his saying it aroused the captain's wrath.

"How?" said Captain Swale. "Do you dare stand before me and criticize the justice of our court?"

"Nay," said Goodman Scarlet, "I'm a plain man. I only say it is a powaw's head, not a common man's. The Powaw was a priest, sir, among his people—a man of rank, the same as you—and the Powaw was not bad, though he loved liquor like others I could name."

"Why, what's this?" said Captain Swale. "Are you for the children of the devil against your kind? Has the stench of their beaver skins driven out your wits?"

Though Captain Swale strode close to him, Goodman Scarlet did not move, but stood bareheaded, picking at the pitch upon his leather doublet.

"I only speak for peace," he said. "Do as you'd be done by is what I say, sir, and treat the tawnies fair. How can our fields thrive with them upon us, sir, or trade grow in the plantation? I do not stand against the law. I only say, take down his head."

Captain Swale smiled without kindliness or mirth and drew his long black cloak more closely across his shoulders.

"And I'll say this to you," he answered, "for, with our Lord's help, I have controlled my anger and have given ear like an humble man while you have given tongue. Goodman Scarlet, you and I are different men, and when our day comes we'll be judged. Though the woods be filled with ravening savages, Goodman Scarlet, the head stays on the pole. Though our fields be laid bare and our homes burn, it will stay there. Now get back to your shallop, Goodman Scarlet. You understand it better than fair justice, and what has gone between us goes no further, but hereafter mind your tongue."

"Sir," said Goodman Scarlet, "I only meant it for our good. I know their ways and speech."

"And their taste for liquor, too, I will affirm," said Captain Swale.

"I've been before you for illicit trade," said Goodman Scarlet. "You're a hard man, Captain Swale."

"A hard man in a hard world," Captain Swale answered. "Mind you, 'tis the best way."

Yet his look was milder, for Goodman Scarlet was already moving off, slowly as some unwelcome thought.

"And there," said Captain Swale, "goes one who would sell his soul for a mess of pottage."

And Enoch thought that no man in the world could be so fine as Captain Swale. Although Enoch still stood upon the green, his mouth half open, Captain Swale did not appear to notice. The captain stood with his head down, deep in thought. It was Goodman Snead, shouting on the stocks, who roused him.

"May it please you, sir," said Goodman Snead, "is my time not up?"

"How?" said Captain Swale.

"Is my time not up?" said Goodman Snead. "I was to be here for but an hour."

"Your time is up," said Captain Swale, "when the constable comes to set you loose."

"Please, sir," said Goodman Snead. "It is looking at the head. It drives me fair crazy, sir looking at the head with liquor in my brain. Its eyes have turned right at me, and he was a black magician, sir. Please, sir, I can give you information if you let me loose. For I shall go plain mad looking at the head with the rum that's in my brain and thinking on magic. Listen, sir, in your ear. Goodman Scarlet, in spite of all his insolence, sells spirits against the law. He'll give up a gallon for a gold pistole. I know it, for I've bought."

Captain Swale walked slowly toward him, his hands behind his back.

"Ah," said Captain Swale, "for a gold pistole?"

"Yes, if it please you, sir," said Goodman Snead, "for a gold pistole."

"And how"—all at once the voice of Captain Swale was loud and terrible—"and how did you come on a gold pistole, you drunken dog? Answer me! How have you touched gold in the wilderness?"

All at once a strange thing had happened; the face of Goodman Snead had gone as blotched and white as sour milk. He did not answer; he opened his mouth, but he did not answer.

"Speak!" said Captain Swale. "Or I'll make you speak! Where were you the night John Dowel died?"

But Goodman Snead did not answer. Clearly something had made him very unwell. A ray of sunlight, dull and leaden, had come through the gray clouds and had struck clear against the pole, so that the shadow of it fell across the stocks and over the goodman's face.

"Please, sir, if you believe in mercy," shrieked Goodman Snead, "let me loose or take that head away."

"There'll be time enough for that," said Captain Swale. "Ho there! Who's shouting out my name?" Enoch had already heard.

"Captain Swale!" someone was shouting. A boy was running toward the green; it was one of the Matthews boys, ragged and torn by briers and splashed with mud, who had been sent to watch the cattle on the hill. One of his shoes had been lost in his haste; his breath was strangled from his running.

"The great river, Captain Swale!" he gasped. "The great river is full of Indians in boats of bark."

"Hold," said Captain Swale. "Stay where you are!" And his eyes fell on Enoch, who stood rooted, staring. "Boy," said Captain Swale, "run yonder to the meetinghouse and beat on the great drum!"

There was no bell in those days upon the house of worship; instead, beneath the porch, to keep it from the rain, was a great drum of bull's hide, stretched taut over a hollow stump, like the war drums of the Indians. A stick lay beside it, weighted in the head.

"Did you hear me?" shouted Captain Swale. "Beat upon that drum!"

And Enoch smote with the stick and the sound was like thunder. "Boom!" went the drum—"Boom! Boom!"—so loudly that it seemed to tear at the voice of Captain Swale as he shouted to his servants by his house.

"Thomas! Will!" Captain Swale was shouting. "Bring out my breast piece and the pistols, and your pikes!"

"Boom!" went the drum. "Boom! Boom!" It swung and creaked against the ropes that held it on the porch rafters. It was like a living thing, trembling in its fury, calling in a voice that all could understand. It was conjuring up such a scene as no one would live to see again, though other wars and rumors might ride like horsemen upon the wind. The pitiful starkness of the town stood out against the booming of that drum. The sonorous phrases of the Scriptures seemed to vanish with the pulsing beat. All that gave a dignity to suffering and squalor was beaten to the distance, and only one town was left, a poor hamlet of a hundred souls, who all at once were only country clowns, unfit to meet adversity.

"Boom" went the drum. "Boom! Boom!" Women with drawn white faces, their drab dresses and their hoods plain and slatternly from toil, called out to their children. Men were running from the oak woods by the marsh, their broadaxes in their hands. Men were hastening from the hill, driving in their cattle; stumbling in their haste until they reached the green—bareheaded men and men in soiled red caps, freemen and bondsmen, they came up one by one. Yet already there was a certain order, for rank possessed a value which came from the feudal age. The four or five who might be termed gentlemen, and those who were selectmen, gathered in a group apart. The Reverend Wayne was there, older than the rest and very thin; and Timothy Parlin, short and broad of shoulder, with narrow squinting eyes; and Mr. Thomas Whistle, in an old doublet with slashed sleeves. A broad silver buckle, newly polished, flashed on Mr. Whistle's belt. His cuffs were resplendent with lace, although the general court was already legislating against such finery, and of all the men in the plantation Mr. Whistle alone wore shoes with long and pointed toes.

"Peace!" shouted Thomas Whistle. He was buckling on his sword. "Stop that accursed drum!"

"Mr. Whistle," said the Reverend Wayne, "that drum was placed there for a godly purpose."

"Then," shouted Mr. Whistle, "stop that godly drum! With all reverence to your cloth, sir, this is not the time for admonition—when savages are on the river."

In its majesty and in its meanness, all truth came out with the beating of that drum. The small men were washed away like sand before its sound, leaving the greater standing, and the Reverend Wayne was great. Fanaticism burned in him like a fever; it had long ago burned away all thought of self, until it left him only a shell of a man, seared with energy, fanatical and devoid of fear.

"Blind blasphemer!" said the Reverend Wayne. "Were we on the very shadow of the valley, I'll admonish whom I please, according as I am given light!"

He would have continued as he had started if a new interruption had not turned his words. A woman had burst through the crowd; it was plain to see that she belonged to that vagrant sect which continually disturbed the tranquility of the land. Her dress was in horrid disorder, her hair fell in lank strands upon her shoulders, and her eyes burned with insane triumph.

"Repent ye!" she shrieked. "Repent ye, for the day of judgment is at hand."

"Seize her!" cried the Reverend Wayne. "Have we not warned you from this township? You'll be held now, Madam Price, for the assistants' court."

Someone had already seized her, and the interruption seemed neither strange nor fanciful, but simply a part of that strange life. Many a man and woman were overcome by visions and passionate belief.

Captain Swale and Mr. Parlin and the rest had scarcely noticed. The men whom Captain Swale had drilled in training days had taken up their arms and were forming a ragged line. They had pikes and long harquebuses for the most part. The charges for their weapons were attached to baldrics on small metal cylinders which seemed like ornamental bells. Some wore burnished steel caps; some carried long thrusting swords, but it must have been a sad sight for Captain Swale, who had seen many a good regiment of pikes in other days. Of them all, Captain Swale alone looked like a soldier, in his shining breast piece with his long sword in his hand. Captain Swale was the one who gave orders and everyone obeyed.

"Put the women and children in my house!" he shouted. "And close up the cattle! Set the water heating! And you, Mr. Parlin, make what defense you can! Who will follow me? I want twenty men!"

It was not a time for talk or argument beneath the beating of the drum. The men came fast enough—Goodman Scarlet and Goodman Hughes, and Mr. Whistle and John Porter, and Will and Thomas, the two bondsmen, and Goodman Hewett, the farmer, and Shadrach Symmes, who had been taking fish.

"What are you planning, sir?" asked the Reverend Wayne.

Captain Swale turned toward him, his bare sword in his hand. "I am going toward the river to meet them," said Captain Swale.

"And may the Lord of hosts go with us, for I am going too. And now, brothers, make clean your hearts and raise your voice in psalm."

"This is no time for psalms!" said Mr. Whistle.

"Thomas Whistle," said Captain Swale, "canst never hold thy tongue? Move forward and strike out a psalm!"

"Captain Swale!" It was Goodman Snead who was shouting from the stocks. "Will you not loose me, sir? Will you leave me here alone?"

"Leave him," said Captain Swale. "No, constable, leave him there and let him keep a watch upon the Powaw's head."

"Deliver me from mine enemies." Above the tumult of voices there rose the nasal chant of the Reverend Wayne. "Defend me from them that rise up against me. Deliver me from the workers of iniquity and save me from bloody men."

Toward the great river, along the sodden track, Captain Swale and the men were marching. And Enoch Porter followed them unheeded, filled by a curiosity and wonder that was greater far than fear.

Before you reach the river from our lower green, the road runs a mile or more along a ridge above the marshes. The track which existed then twisted and turned more than the road does now, to avoid bowlders and clumps of trees.

The men, with their muskets and their pikes, splashed through the sodden turf in silence when the minister had stopped his psalm. There was no sound but the splashing of boots and now and then the faint ring of steel. The musketeers had lighted their fuses and held their hands cupped over the smoldering wicks. Now and then a puff of the smoke would blow into their nostrils, acrid and strangely different from the fresh smells of wood and sea.

Goodman Scarlet carried one of the muskets, shouldering it as he had been taught in the train band at home. A few paces ahead Captain Swale was walking, looking sharply to right and left. Like other cadets from county houses, he had served in the Low Countries and knew battle. The blood of fighting men was hot in Captain Swale; the noise of battle was already in his ears. He had seen the pikes moving in the Low Countries, and knew the art of war in all the precise maneuvers which were common then.

"May it please you, sir," the Matthews boy was whispering, "we shall sight them over the next slope. 'Tis where I saw them drawing their bark boats to shore."

They had reached the ridge, as it is called in our town today; a desolate rise of ground then, with a few scrub oaks and cedars growing among charred stumps where the Indians had burned for planting long before. The land was nothing but a stretch of uneven ground and bushes, sloping gently to a swamp beside the river, as desolate as wilderness; and loneliness and vacancy were all about. The river flowed past marshy banks, broad and leaden beneath the sullen sun. In its vastness and its loneliness, the river seemed terrible; it seemed to tell of infinite distances and of forces which God, but never man, could hold in check. It flowed in a majestic solitude, but whence it flowed no one knew. It might have been from the western sea; it might have been from a land of dwarfs and devils. Its current was flowing outward into the sea, and where its waters met the sea there was a fringe of waves upon the sand bars, and even from the distance where they stood, there was the melancholy sound of waves, carried on the rising wind.

(Continued on Page 117)

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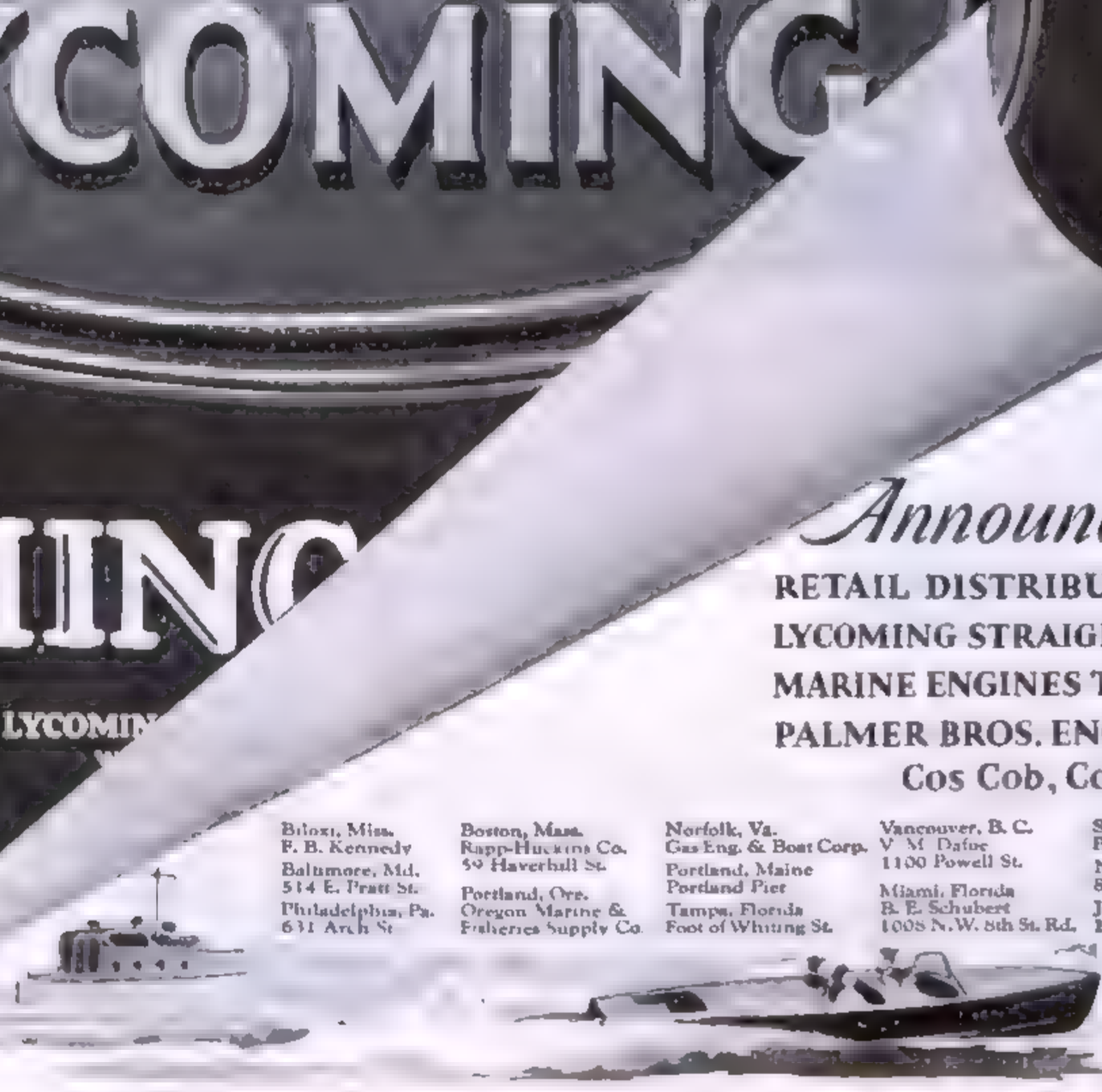

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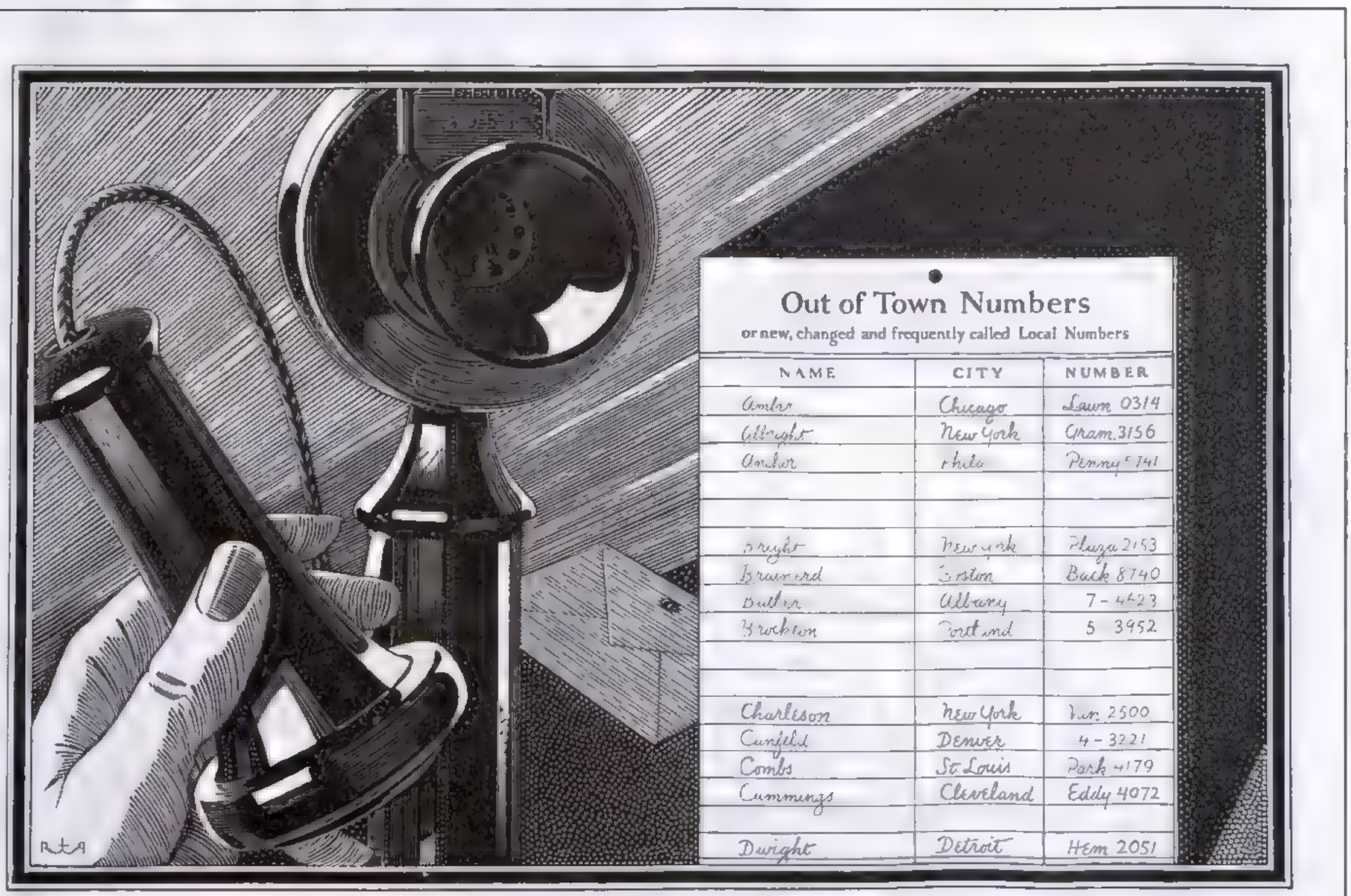

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or new, changed and frequently called Local Numbers

NAME	CITY	NUMBER
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Amber	Phila	Penny 7141
Bright	New York	Plaza 2153
Brainerd	Boston	Back 8740
Butler	Albany	7-4623
Brockton	Portland	5 3952
Charleson	New York	Wor. 2500
Canfield	Denver	4-3221
Combs	St. Louis	Park 4179
Cummings	Cleveland	Eddy 4072
Dwight	Detroit	Hem 2051

If you know the numbers on your out of town calls you can get many of them about as quickly as local calls. It is worth while keeping a list of numbers you frequently use. If you do not know them, "Information" will get them for you.

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Keep you close together, men!" said Captain Swale. The Matthews boy was pointing toward the river bank. His voice was quivering in a sharp infectious excitement which sent a blaze of color into the captain's face.

"Yonder, by the river," he said, "there they be, sir. Do you spy their boats of bark?"

From where they stood the boats seemed very small, a dozen or more drawn bottom upward on the brown marsh reeds. They had landed on a bit of shelving open beach where white fishermen sometimes dried their catch in summer. Beside the boats was a group of strange, dark men, nearly naked despite the cold, sharp wind, and in the distance one could plainly hear the beating of a drum.

"Move on," said Captain Swale. "The Lord has delivered them into our hands."

Silently and cautiously, like figures in a dream, they started down the slope. The wideness of that river and the grayness of the sky made them silent—all save the Reverend Wayne.

"And though I walk," said the Reverend Wayne, "through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." And in its desolation, with the rising wind, the place was like that awful valley.

The boats were growing larger to their sight; the dark men could be clearly seen, like strange animals, moving to the beating of the drum—as wild as the waters of the river and as the scudding clouds.

"Move on," said Captain Swale, and then he added in a lower tone, almost to himself: "What is wrong? They see us and they do not move."

He might have known that the dark men first had seen him long ago. He should have known that they were wild men and that their senses were sharper far than his. When they were a hundred paces off the beating of the drum ceased. Captain Swale's face was like a mask, except for the glitter in his eyes.

"Halt!" said Captain Swale. "Musketeers two paces forward. Steady and take aim."

A man was moving from the Indians—a solitary figure, tall and straight, with his hand raised above his head.

"Ha! What's this?" said Captain Swale.

Goodman Scarlet stepped forward, for of all that group of men only he knew the Indians' speech.

"Easily, please you, sir," he said. "Go easily. They intend no war."

"How?" said Captain Swale. "Stand aside, you fool!"

"I tell you," said Goodman Scarlet, "they intend no war. The sachem is coming toward us, making a sign of peace."

"The more fool, he!" said Captain Swale. "They have their weapons in their hands."

"But wait," said Goodman Scarlet; "it's better to speak them fair."

"Get back to your place!" roared Captain Swale. "To your place, you fool!"

But Goodman Scarlet walked forward as though he did not hear, with his hand above his head. It was a strange sight enough. The Indian man had drawn very near; one could see that he was old. Save for a breechclout of deerskin, there was no covering on his shrunken limbs, and now that he was nearer, he was a dirty old man, with three oily feathers tied to his single lock of hair, and with pockmarks on his face.

Three paces away from Goodman Scarlet, halting, he began to speak in a rusty, quavering voice, filled with strange coughs and gutturals.

"Move off, I tell you!" shouted Captain Swale. "I'll give the word to fire."

"Nay, sir," said Goodman Scarlet, "you'd be doing a bitter wrong. He is a chief; he is a sachem of the Pennacook men. He says he comes in peace."

"Do you hear my order? Wilt thou move away?" shouted Captain Swale.

"Nay," said Goodman Scarlet. "I'll not move."

"Thou'lt not?" said Captain Swale.

"Nay!" said Goodman Scarlet. "Not for you or any man. I say they come in peace."

For an instant everyone was quiet while the goodman stood his ground. His defiance was so enormous that it made them silent. They may have known that he was right, but all fitness and order were shaken by that defiance. It was the first time that many had seen a commoner speak his mind, staring a gentleman in the face. It augured of strange portent and of disturbance in times to come.

"You mercenary scoundrel!" shouted Captain Swale in his rage, and in his forgetfulness he called on the Lord in vain. "Will you have us killed by listening to their lies? Get back or I'll pass my sword through you! Get back! I'm master here!"

"Are you so?" said Goodman Scarlet. "Now heaven pity us if we follow such as you."

It was the Reverend Wayne who stopped them, who flung himself between them with his psalm book in his hand, while the old sachem stood watching.

"You're wrong, sir," said the Reverend Wayne. "What right have we to kill if these people come in peace? Speak the wild man fair, Goodman Scarlet. Ask what he desires. And you, sir"—he stared hard at Captain Swale—"enough of your brawling and ranting. I tell thee speak him fair."

And even Captain Swale forbore to cross a minister.

"Do you wish us killed?" cried Captain Swale. "Look you! They're moving forward." Sure enough, the Indians were moving nearer—close to forty strange, dark men, coated with dirt, with glassy, curious eyes. The old sachem was speaking again, moving his hands in gestures.

"Ha!" said the Reverend Wayne. "What is it that he says?"

"He says they come in peace," said Goodman Scarlet, "to make a prayer to the great water."

"A prayer?" said the Reverend Wayne. "Ask him how he makes his prayer."

"He speaks," said Goodman Scarlet, "of the ocean. He says it has been their custom, long before white men came, to journey to the ocean. He says that they will fight if we bar their way."

"Does he?" said Captain Swale. "Then let us fight."

"But if we do not," said Goodman Scarlet, speaking to the Reverend Wayne, "he will give us fifty pelts of beaver."

"Ay," said Captain Swale, "that's what you want—those fifty pelts!"

"Peace!" said the Reverend Wayne. "You will not cross a minister, Captain Swale. Ask him, Friend Scarlet, how they make that prayer."

"They go in their boats," said Goodman Scarlet, "across the bar and pray."

"The vanity of it!" said Reverend Wayne, and raised his eyes toward heaven. "Mean you they will take to their wretched boats of bark on such a sea as this to worship heathen gods? Speak him fairly, friend. Tell him there is a greater God, who has made His heaven and hell before man was ever on the earth."

"He says he has heard," said Goodman Scarlet, "and he asks why was there a hell before there were men to punish."

The Reverend Wayne sighed and looked not unkindly at that group of naked men.

"Peace," he said. "Let them go in peace."

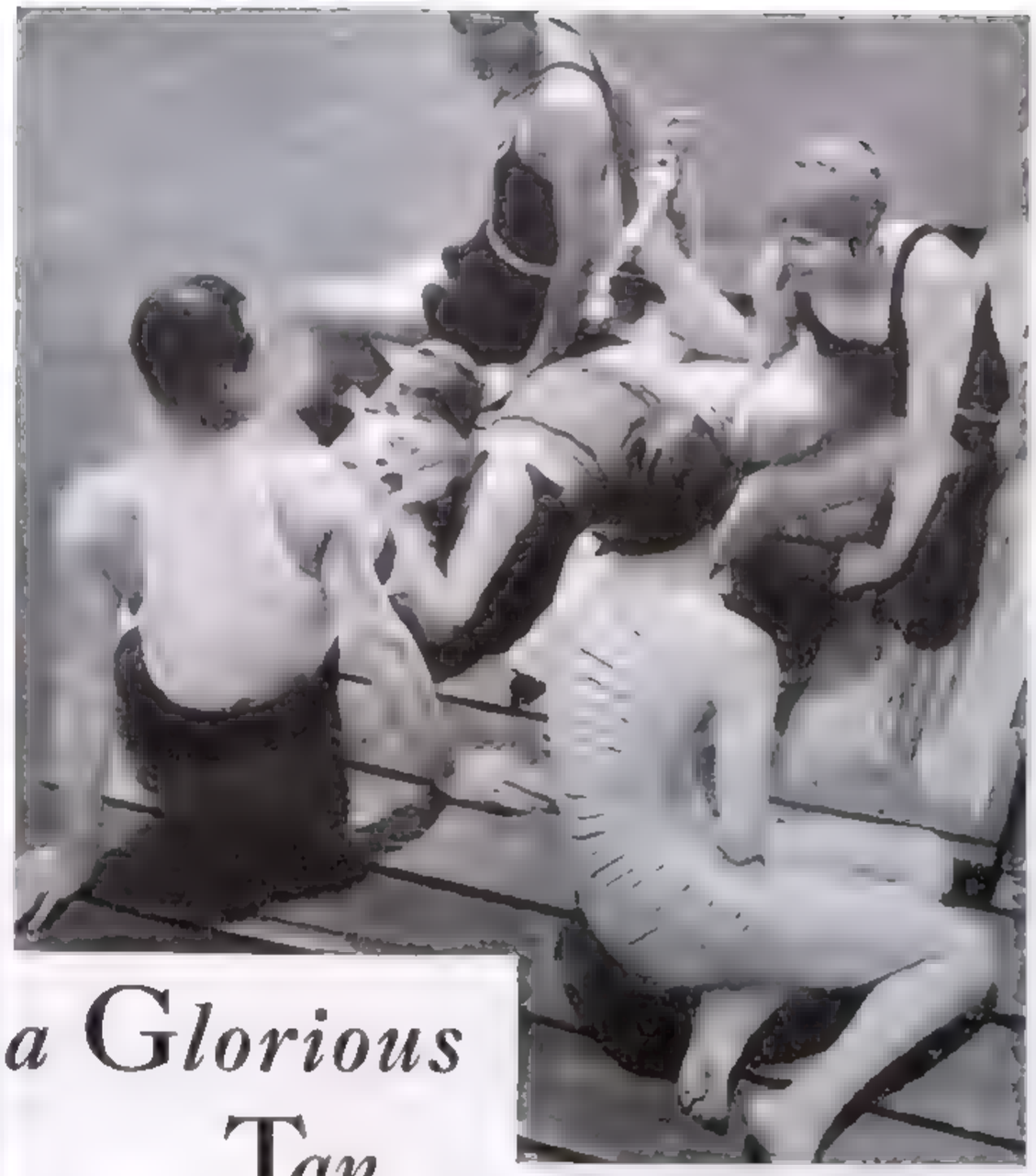
"Mark you, sir, you do wrong!" shouted Captain Swale. "Better kill the vermin while we have them."

"Peace!" said Reverend Wayne. "Let them go in peace. You have saved us bloodshed, Goodman Scarlet. What is it you say now?"

And the thing that Goodman Scarlet said was what any Scarlet would have said in any generation.

"I told him," said Goodman Scarlet, "that for another hundred pelts I'll bring my shallop here and take them safe to sea."

"Gain!" said Captain Swale. "Is that all you think of—beaver pelts and gain?"



Unguentine takes the sting out of hot, crimson skin

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But don't risk sunburn's tortures. Severe sunburn kills the living cells on the surface of the skin, and spreads dangerous poisons through your system. High fever, weakened nerves, general debility may be the result.

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It's all needless. At the first sign of redness apply plenty of Unguentine, the famous *antiseptic* surgical dressing used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for all burns.

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"And what says he?" asked the Reverend Wayne, looking at the sea.

"He says," said Goodman Scarlet, "that they'll go in their own boats and pray to their own god. He will bring them rain in the summer drought."

"Then let them go," said the Reverend Wayne, "and if they perish, it is the Lord's own justice. Be silent, Captain Swale."

Enoch Porter saw it all, standing behind the ranks; he saw with the eyes and heard with the ears of a child, though children in those days reached precociously to man's estate.

This may have been the reason, when he wrote of it, that all which he had seen so long ago assumed the fabric of a vision. The lower green and the Powaw's head and Captain Swale and all the rest were sinking into shadow; and those Indians beside the gray, sad river were symbols and not shapes. Exactly what it was they wanted of the sea no one will ever know, for all one can get is a glimpse of them beside the river bank—naked ugly men, examples of the degradation to which Satan led his children.

The old sachem with the pock-marked face had turned, and the rest of them turned to their white birch boats. Those boats seemed as light as baskets when they were carried to the water, as fragile as shells when they floated by the bank, dancing with each small wave.

They moved one by one toward the center of the stream, their occupants crouched low. As the river waves struck the boats they scarcely seemed to cleave the water, but the paddles of the wild men rose and fell like pendulums.

"Ha!" said Mr. Whistle. "Here's sport! I'll wager a silver pound ——"

"Hold thy tongue, Thomas Whistle," said Captain Swale, and his cheeks were a dull, dark red. "They've gone when we had them in our hands. They'll be on us before night."

"And I say they'll not," answered Mr. Whistle. "See them by the river bar! They'll not cross it in this water."

Out by the river mouth the boats were plain to see, tossing wildly in the cross chop of the waves. Then the tossing of one and then another seemed to lessen.

"They're shipping sea." It was Will, the bond servant, who spoke, and then his voice grew louder: "Look you! Two of 'em are sinking and one of 'em has tipped!"

It almost seemed as though a hand had struck those frail canoes, which were meant for silent, inland waters and not for the open sea. It almost seemed as though an invisible hand had passed over them, and nearly all were gone, leaving nothing but black specks of heads struggling in the waves.

Goodman Scarlet, standing with his matchlock musket, looked away from the river bar, coldly at Captain Swale, for Captain Swale at last had roused the goodman's wrath, slow as the goodman was to anger.

"Nay, Captain Swale," said Goodman Scarlet, "they'll not be on us tonight—those of them that get to shore. There's other ways to kill a cat besides boiling it in butter."

Captain Swale may have known that he had been in the wrong, but he also must have known that he had been made foolish by a common man, that Goodman Scarlet and not he had shown the better judgment.

"Enough of that," said Captain Swale. "It would have been better to smite them in an honest fight and not to watch them die like rats in water."

And then the Reverend Wayne spoke—his thought had been on higher things as he stood staring at the sea.

"It is the hand of God," he said. "For there is only one just God to worship. Let us kneel and pray."

And Captain Swale and Goodman Scarlet knelt slowly side by side.

Whether it was heavenly justice or the red men's lack of judgment or a sudden gust of wind, one cannot tell, any more than why the Indians came.

"The last great band of Indians," the Reverend Wayne has written, "that came down our great river in boats of bark, or canoes, was said by their Powaw, or their sachem, to have come to make a prayer. By the mercy of heaven half of them were drowned and the rest returned to their place."

And that was all, or nearly all, before the veil of obscurity covers again that lean and distant time.

Yet, vague as it all might be, and unwieldy as legends are, there lay within it those elements which have never left our town. Faith and high conscience were there, degraded and yet brightened by pride and hate and lust and gain, and so it would always be.

The news from the river had been sent ahead, so that, when they reached the lower green, the drum was beating. Hard-bitten men and stern, plain women, old before their time, stood waiting for the detachment to return. Although the drum was beating out a pæan of rejoicing, it made a hollow, mournful sound. As the armed band reached the village green someone raised a feeble cheer.

"Huzzah!" an old man shouted. "Huzzah for Captain Swale!"

Goodman Scarlet smiled grimly; he may have known that they would always cheer for Captain Swale—that men would always seek a hero, no matter where they dwelt. He may have known in his stolid way that men would never shout for such as he. He may have understood that they were not acclaiming the captain's prowess, that they may have seen the captain as a hard and narrow man. They were cheering for what the captain stood for, and not for Captain Swale, for something that was nearly lost in that hard land -for laces and ribbons and music of the virginals, for the fine gesture, for delicacy and grace, for prancing horses upon a dusty road, for manor houses green with ivy and for the sportsman's shout.

"Ah me," someone was murmuring, "but he's the pretty gentleman!"

Mr. Parlin hurried forward to shake the captain's hand.

"There's been grave doings here since you've been gone," said Mr. Parlin, "and we've done a grievous wrong. What think you has happened? Goodman Snead has confessed to the murder of John Dowel. His conscience made him speak."

Captain Swale looked upon the empty stocks, then up at the Powaw's head upon its pole.

"And where," he asked, "is Goodman Snead?"

"He's in the meetinghouse in chains," said Mr. Parlin, "waiting on your pleasure."

"It's well," said Captain Swale. "And now take down the Powaw's head!"

Then a strange thing happened—an indecorous and startling thing.

A slow anger which had been burning in Goodman Scarlet made him forget time and place.

"Ay," he said in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear, "take it down and cover up the folly. So much for your hanging, Captain Swale, and your beating and your stocks. Despite them all, I say you do no good. Huzzah for Captain Swale!"

Captain Swale stepped forward; whatever he might have thought, he did not show it.

Slowly he moved forward, a shining man in steel and leather, as lithe and straight and clean as Goodman Scarlet was bent and grimy.

"Seize that man!" he said. "Tear off his doublet and bind him to the post. You've heard him. All of you have heard him speak treason against our law and raise his voice in raillery at a magistrate. Constable, your whip, and give him a dozen lashes. Whilst I live and am given strength there'll be justice in our town!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Proud of it, too, and boasting of it yet!
My, what a walloping you're going to get!
Huh! You're too big to whip? You think
you are!
Just let me tell you this, my fine young Star;
Some day, from somewhere up beyond The
Dipper,
A great big Hand will bring a great big
Slipper
And, never minding how you twist and roll,
Will spank you hard on your Antarctic Pole!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Confession of an Internationalist

I'M THE friend of Swede and Russian,
Briton, Dane and Japanese,
Czech, Italian, Swiss and Prussian,
Hottentot and Portuguese.
But I can't endure in my sight
Smith, across the way, whose spats
Are offensive to my eyesight
Only less than his cravats.

I admire the French and Spanish,
Greek and Turk appeal to me,
And I do my best to banish
Reasons why they disagree.
But I could reduce to ashes
Jones, who lives upon my right,
With his silly waxed mustaches
And his trick of saying "Quite!"

I have lived with Serb and Zulu,
Croat and Berber, Finn and Pole,
And from Rome to Honolulu
Got on nicely, on the whole.
But my left-hand neighbor-Fate owes
Nothing less than prison bars;
He puts sugar on tomatoes
And he smokes the worst cigars!

To the great Association
For Accomplishing the Birth
Of a Universal Nation
Of the Peoples of the Earth,
I, its founder, give my labor
With a tireless, eager zest,
But I find each simple neighbor
An Unmitigated Pest!

—Gorton Veeder Carruth.

To a Philosopher

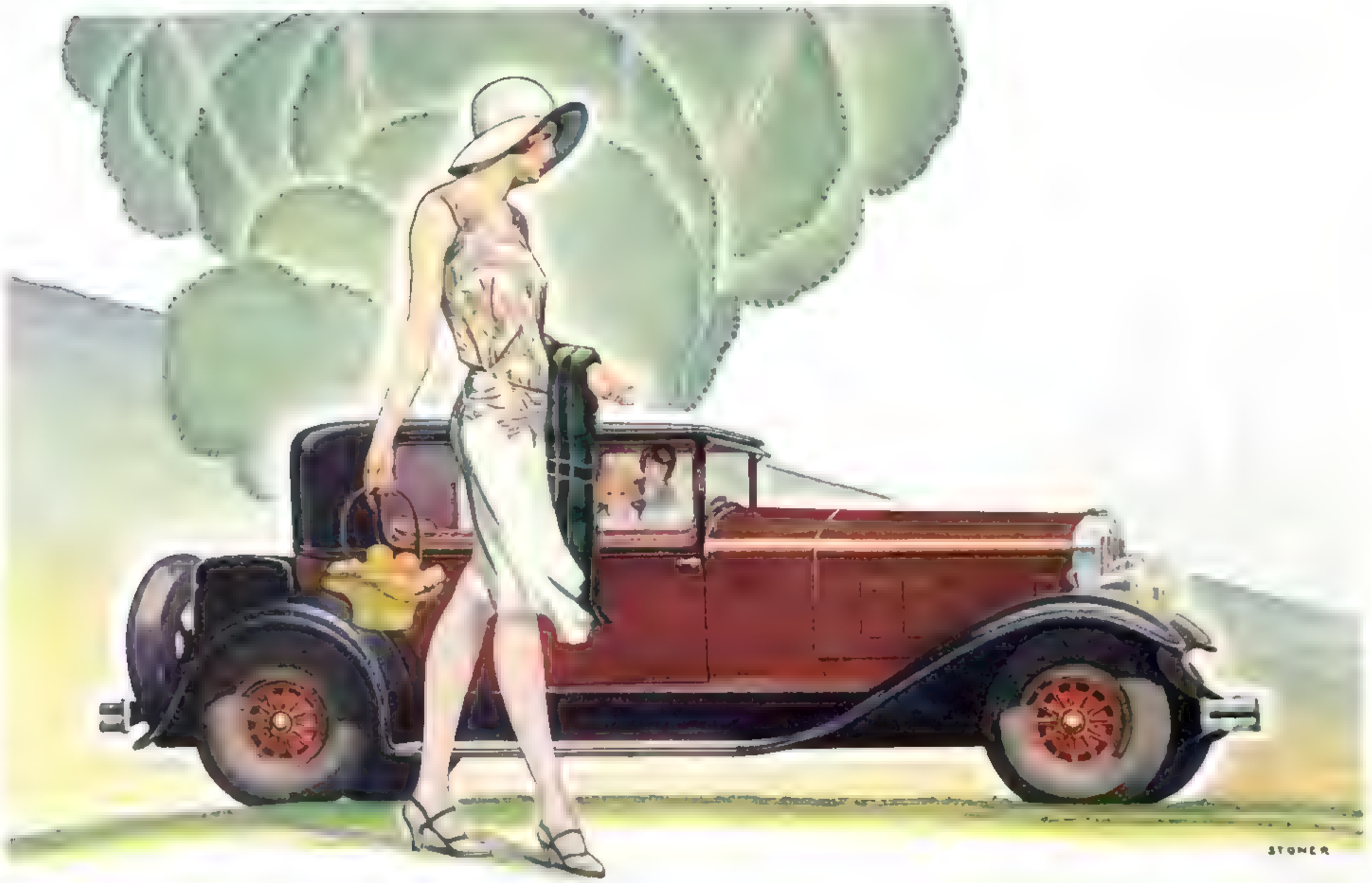
I KNOW you are popular, Khayyam,
From Lincoln, Nebraska, to Siam;
A sock on the chin or a kick on the shin—
You meet every woe with a tolerant grin—
And yet—though I know that the query's a sin
Please tell me, O Salt of the Earth—
Can you dress in an upper berth?

Can you stand on your head in a galloping bed
With the ceiling an inch or two over your head,
And pull on your pants without losing your
stance
And diving out into the aisle?
Can you rollick through hell with a smile?

When the mad engineer gives a yank like a
steer,
Can you smile as you pivot about on your ear
Till the train hits a curve with a sickening
swerve
That volleys you over the side
In the lap of some other man's bride?

Well, then, Mr. Omar J. Khayyam,
You're a better self-kidder than I am.

—Lowell Otus Reese.



Air-cooled motoring—the only *different* performance *makes Franklin the road champion*

In just *one year* Franklin has conquered every major American road record. Coast-to-coast—New York to Chicago—New York to Miami—San Francisco to Los Angeles—Los Angeles to Phoenix, Desert Derby—Dallas to El Paso—Salt Lake City to Los Angeles—these records and many other speed runs and mountain climbs have fallen in quick succession before the powerful Franklin—the supreme road conqueror."

Driving this master road car is an entirely *new* motoring experience. Like the wind you swiftly accelerate to 50 miles an hour *in second gear*—and as quietly as in high. Then a short, quick shift to high and you're away—gliding along as smoothly as the flight of a graceful sea gull. Full-elliptic springs and a flexibly designed chassis are a cradle of easy riding comfort.

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Where only the best is GOOD enough
When it's delicate work on delicate machines the master electrician knows there's just one kind of pliers for that job. Of course, he chooses Kleins.
DOWN from the pole—pulled up, dead ended, tied in—a good job well done—with safety because the equipment was Kleins. When life hangs on a band of leather or a bit of steel, only the best is good enough. In linemen's equipment, this best means Kleins—"since 1857".
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☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
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PEACE BY SENSE AND SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 25)

exigencies while missing completely the facts and deep meanings of a present and future world.

Nor is the sincere and yet somewhat amateur assistance rendered by the sentimental and learned advisers from various classes of teaching and preaching minds any better in this regard. Such minds draw from the wish to believe for their hypotheses and lean too much on historical precedents, plus hysterical hopes. They, too, fail to base their conclusions or plant their blooms on the grounds of a new realism, a new method and a new technic in international relationship.

None of our domestic political attempts to build industrial peace and coöperative prosperity have met with much success. In fact, legislative efforts to do so have brought about in smaller degree the kind of disasters to our domestic welfare that political governmental paternalism has made in Europe. The Sherman Antitrust Act, the Adamson Act and most of our economic legislation have raised big seas, rocked the boat, and often gone off astern—useless.

Taking Wealth and Making Wealth

Anyone with a long experience with political platforms, for instance, cannot fail to remember that as a nation we have progressed without the adoption of most of the legislative political proposals and forged ahead in spite of the adoption of some of them. Nothing seems to slide so quickly into the background as domestic political economic programs. Nothing seems to move so fast into the foreground as American progress under the practice of a new economics and a new ethics and a new philosophy. That philosophy rests upon the belief that my loss is your loss, my gain is your gain. This is the result of a realization of industrialism and the idea that competition and political meddling are old-fashioned the moment coöperation is the mode.

A French banker writes me: "America has realized first that the world has come to its metamorphosis. The Old World's concept of wealth was not to make it, but to take it. Peoples of the world of yesterday who had excess energy after providing a minimum standard of living, engaged in conquest. The extension of the British Empire was probably the last example the world will know of this old and universal idea of take. Industrialism has suggested a new method—the method of invention, production and distribution—the idea of make. I am in accord with you in believing that the whole international situation is being managed as if we were living in the past. The old political practices, necessary enough in an age of conquest, required tremendous emphasis upon governments and their agreements and alliances. So deep do men's minds root in old soil that even most of the visionaries are really looking backward, and it is only your men of business and of the engineering mind who are prophets."

On May sixth, Albert Pirelli, the Italian industrialist, said to the League of Nations economic consultative committee that European critics of America are "unappreciative of the contribution of American business men to world economic development—a contribution that finds expression in the rapid rise of the standard of living of all peoples."

If, then, the standard of living, world-wide, has resulted not only from industrialism-to-make replacing the era of conquest-to-take but if America has produced in the new system the lesson of private initiative and ethical rather than legal responsibility, and finally the lesson of profit from general coöperation, let us now go into internationalism with the new technic we have practiced at home.

Our next great contribution to world relations and to peace, whenever it is made, will be in the field of Anglo-American problems.

It will have the following characteristics:

First. It will provide for the efficiency that has already been observed in the method of tentative international coöperative negotiations, conciliations and agreements arrived at by fact-finding delegates.

Second. It will recognize the principles of profit to all in coöperation in international affairs, just as we as a nation have recognized that principle in the development of American economic life.

Third. It will aim at preventive medicine in the sense that it will lift to the surface all the small current irritations rather than design surgical knives for use when deep malignancy has set in.

Fourth. It will be content to begin work in one workable field of practice. At the beginning the trial-and-error method of a new international technic should be handled with one other nation speaking the same language, sharing with us the bulk of the world's power and economic importance, and nearest to us in methods, practices and in international mentality—Great Britain.

I have spent some months conversing with the wisest men I could consult, bringing together facts I could present before being ready to draw a picture showing just what such an experiment with Great Britain would mean.

To say at the beginning what it would not mean may clarify the purpose:

It would not mean an alliance. It would not mean partnership. It would not mean prejudice to the interest of any other nations. It would not mean harm to any institution or treaty, or even the old methods of internationalism, if such methods remain of use in their own field. It would not mean abolishing official political ratifications of nonpolitical, unofficial negotiations.

In 1922, in service as ambassador to Italy, I began to sense the direction this new diplomacy must take. I quote from a speech at Palermo in June: "Whatever may be the importance of dealing nation with nation, whatever may be the consequences of the signature of political accords, documents and treaties, it is our faith that the best contract in the world is mutual interest and actual coöperation. The best coöperation is not the one found in cooperation to sign a document but in coöperation recorded by brick upon brick, the voyages of ships, the settlement of current disputes at their source, and the fact of international economic interests adhering to the new doctrine that peace and coöperation raise the whole world's standard of living and eliminate so far as possible the dangers present when governments take a hand."

Nine-tenths of the causes of friction between the United States and Great Britain can be brought to the surface and treated by that formula. Never has there been better opportunity to melt down rivalry and run off the same facts of which it is made into the mold of coöperation.

The frictions are not at the moment menacing. Together the United States and Great Britain, holding the bulk of the world's sea power, a dominating portion of the world's total business, a great mass of the world's credit, may veto any war in the whole world, but their responsibilities are not only to veto wars but to furnish the world with a new technic of internationalism by practicing the eliminations of friction by new methods.

Gibes That No Longer Sting

The unrest as to the relationship of these two nations is not created by the existence of any facts disclosing that the activities of the one injure the other; it is created because when prestige, social, naval, economic, financial and political, moves from one to the other it creates the impression of injury.

As someone said to President Hoover the other day: "It does not comfort the boy who used to stand at the head of the class and now stands second, to tell him that the standard of education is higher and that today he is a better scholar than ever. What impresses him is that he no longer stands at the head of the class."

We may consider, then, in what respects the delusion of rivalry will be an obstacle to any new machinery of coöperation.

Some persons still put emphasis upon social and cultural rivalry and upon differences in national manners and customs. From time to time the British press is filled with gibes at Americans and their ways. Canadians and Australians, however, complain of England's patronizing attitude more than we; on the whole, an assurance, however badly founded, has come to us by the mere growth, power and the understanding temperament of our mixed population. Once upon a time the British gibe went to some of our hearts; now we laugh with it and attend to more important matters.

No one takes very seriously the awkward attempt in 1776 by the old country to keep us in the dominions. It was long ago; and not even the efforts of Mayor Thompson of Chicago to keep its memory hot disturb the common sense of two peoples.

Occasionally there is a flurry in England about our invasion of Canada with our magazines, our books, our motion pictures and other cultural vehicles. But not even those who deplore it the most around London soft-coal firesides can suggest that any cultural invasion is ever carried on without the consent of the invaded populations. The market for any culture is like the market for apples—it is established as much by demand as by supply.

Rivalry Based on Trade

The anti-British propaganda in America accompanying the pain of freeing Ireland has faded, and the fear in England that we intend to mesmerize Australia totters about like a newborn colt whose legs won't hold him.

We may dismiss social frictions and the ripples disturbing the calm of our two peoples with the conclusions that we have outgrown any desire to twist the lion's tail, and that when more English take excursions to America in place of pilgrimages to the Far East, there will be deeper understanding of the fact that one cannot walk from New York to Chicago on a Sunday, and that we even drink tea in our banking houses.

The world is not so childish as it was a few years ago; though good atmosphere in international relations is most desirable, it usually is the result of other factors. Nor is bad atmosphere, standing alone, likely to be considered a cause of conflict in this age.

Coming to the next field of rivalry—naval supremacy—it is necessary to point out at the outset that no two nations willingly will pay the expenses of such a rivalry for the mere sport of prestige. It is not uncommon, however, to find minds which treat naval ratios as if these were ends in themselves. This is an excellent example of the old-fashioned mind associating itself with the era of conquest and dominion. Other minds there are which still conceive the notion that mutual reduction of armament is a guaranty against war.

The truth of the matter lies deeper. Navies in these days are maintained for defense of a nation under any circumstances and for the protection of one's own commerce or a threat for another's commerce. It is plain enough to the clear thinker that rivalry in naval prestige rests upon questions of trade, commerce and economic rivalry.

The debated and debatable problem of the freedom of the seas cannot be solved even by solving all the economic rivalries between Great Britain and the United States,

(Continued on Page 123)

Village Smith sings an anvil chorus for his favorite pipe tobacco

(All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine—unpaid and unsolicited)

Within the past sixty years as a pipe smoker
I have used about a half ton of tobacco;
Of all the pleasures I've enjoyed
Tobacco costs the least
Of all the brands that I have tried
Your Edgeworth is the best.
John Donnelly, The village Blacksmith.
Branford, Conn.

WE don't know whether a spreading chestnut-tree still stands in Branford, Connecticut. But we do know that Branford still boasts a village smith—by name, John Donnelly.

A mighty man is John. In sixty years he says he's smoked a half ton of pipe tobacco; and of all the brands he's tried in his pipe he likes Edgeworth the best. As he swings his heavy sledge a chorus of sparks dances from his anvil—and a chorus of content puffs from his pipe!

And why not? Nearly all pipe-smokers are calm, serene fellows. Come to think of it—you don't know many pipe-smokers of the nervous, flighty breed.

Pipe-smoking runs to calm, thinking men. Ask a pipe-smoker a question; he takes a puff on his pipe and gives you a straight, sound answer. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply don't have troublesome, disordered thoughts.

Try this offer—FREE!

There's a lucky horseshoe on this page! It's this *free* Edgeworth offer. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Bro. Company, 30 S. 21st St., Richmond, Va., and you will get some welcome pipe-loads of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. If you like them you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth, for its likable quality *never* changes—tin in, tin out!

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Two forms—same blend —both for your pipe 15¢

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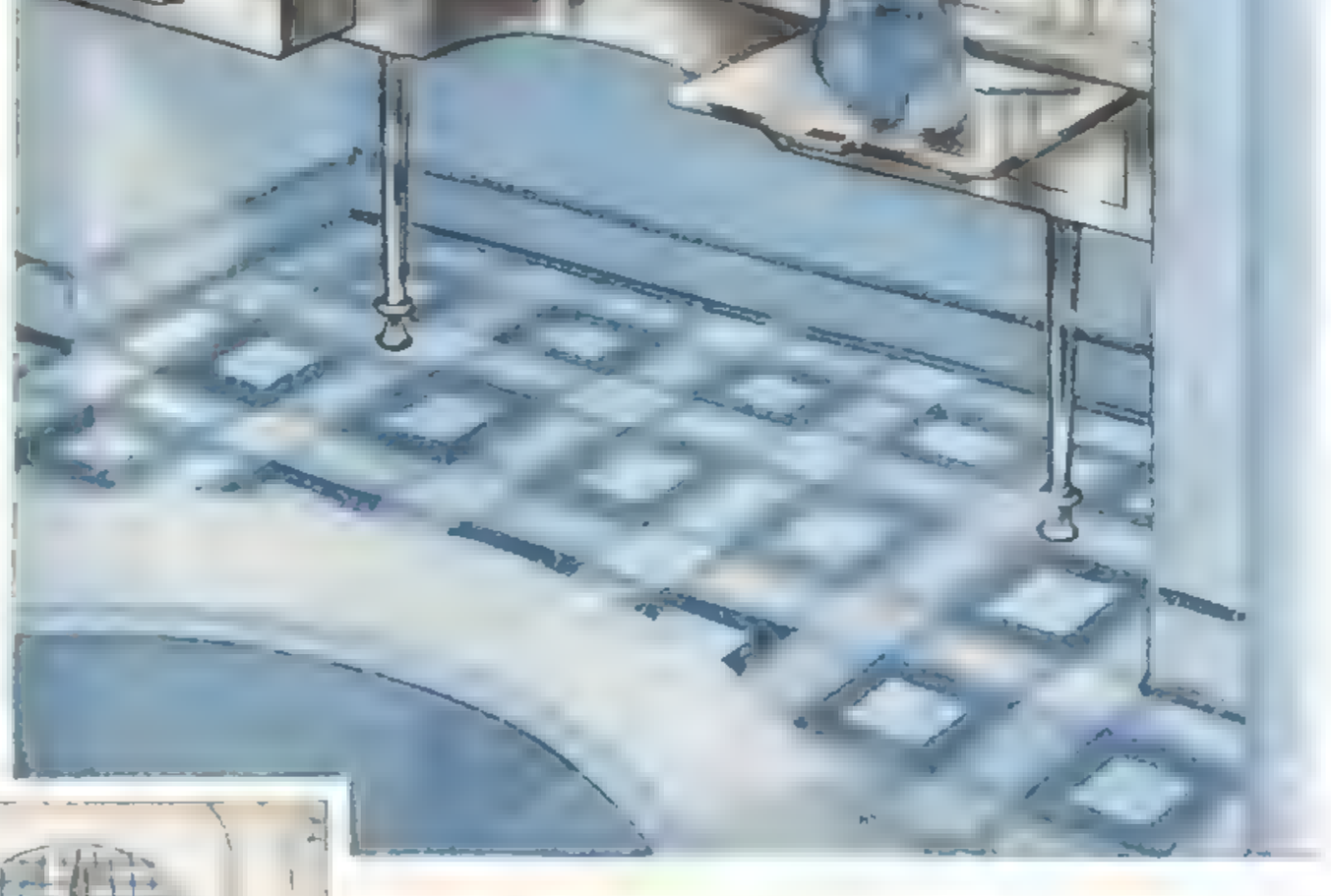
In keeping with the present-day demand for brighter, more attractive kitchens, Monel Metal's silvery beauty is a fitting complement to every decorative scheme. If you love the mellow richness of fine old silver, you'll delight in the rare beauty of this lustrous Nickel alloy.

But above all, Monel Metal is a labor-saving, time-saving metal. It will not rust. It is as strong as steel—it has no coating to chip, crack or wear off. It resists corrosion and its natural beauty is never marred by the tell-tale stains which spot other materials. Steaming hot dishes won't discolor it. Monel Metal's silvery surface is easy to keep clean and spotless. While it is tough and strong, a Monel Metal surface is more resilient—it actually reduces glass and dish breakage.

Monel Metal equipment is endorsed by prominent architects and the foremost authorities on modern home planning. Kitchen and pantry sinks . . . drainboards . . . table tops . . . cabinet tops . . . refrigerator trim . . . washing machines . . . range hoods . . . hardware—these are some of the popular uses of Monel Metal which make good housekeeping easier—which bring untold convenience and years of lasting satisfaction to your home.

Before you plan your dream home of tomorrow or remodel your present one, talk with your architect or plumber about Monel Metal. Mail the coupon for booklet and free sample.



At last! Sink convenience you've always wanted

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Better than any other available material, Monel Metal provides an excellent means of incorporating into sinks many labor-saving improvements. Note the conveniently placed drawers, the increased storage space and the handy slides in this modern Monel Metal sink. These conveniences are available only in metal sinks. They help make good housekeeping easier. Monel Metal sinks can be purchased through regular channels or can be supplied to meet your special requirements by your dealer.

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S. E. P. 7-20-29

(Continued from Page 120)

for it has to do, first of all, with the question of what treatment shall be given by one to the other in case either is in a war with a third party—that is, with the treatment of the one which is a neutral when the other is at war. Except by the force of an understanding and agreement on this point, there is little hope of eliminating competition in actual or potential naval power. The country with the ships, the submarines and the airplanes can write its own ticket, and Great Britain always has done so as to keeping herself in readiness not only to drive her enemies into their harbors but also to cut off supplies from neutral countries.

Any conference of Americans and British, with a mandate to make a research of the freedom-of-the-seas problem, would have to start with the candid recognition that international law has been and will be feeble to uphold any freedom-of-the-seas doctrine when a nation with a superior navy wishes to abrogate it. History, with its doubtful contribution to any modern solution, reveals a thicket of inconsistencies, and both America and Great Britain have blown hot and cold according to their current needs. The United States, when once it found itself in the Civil War and in the World War, was quite willing to forget the freedom-of-the-seas doctrine, because this doctrine interfered considerably with the old British policy of using naval power to put a ring of steel around its enemies. Naval power over a period of some centuries had strangled all of Britain's enemies—Spain, the Netherlands, France and, finally, Germany. We, on the other hand, had been busy at home; we were not competitors for great world dominion or trade. We wanted always to be neutral and, as neutrals, to have the right to continue our commerce with anybody.

Harness Without Horses

Today the situation has changed. We must be frank about it when our nonpolitical conferees get together to solve the problem. We are in the world's market in a large way; we are neck and neck with the British in foreign trade. We do more than nine billions of business abroad, and although this is not for us, as for the British, a large part of our business, we are now interested additionally in not having it interrupted by anybody's bigger navy. In other words, we do not want another nation to write its own international law and say, "Sign here on the dotted line or go hang!"

There is something more for us than the menace of war against us; there is also the menace of war in which Great Britain might be involved with others, when our trade with Great Britain's enemies might be snuffed out, because Great Britain, with a more powerful navy than ours, could extend the list of articles useful for warfare, called contraband, to prunes and pigeons, plows and powder puffs. That was what happened in substance in the last war. In the same position we might have done as she did.

Now, the difficulty not only arises when war takes place; it arises while peace goes on, because even those bankers who finance prunes, pigeons, powder puffs and plows want to know, before they loan money to an industry, that, war or no war, unless we ourselves are belligerents, no nation has the gunfire to rewrite international law and to blue pencil our foreign trade in order to starve out some enemy of that nation. Anyone can weave a woolen motto about what we can do to prevent such a setback to our financial and export confidence. It would read, "Either have a navy or promise to build a navy to stop that game!" Germany was once in our fix and was asked by Great Britain what she was going to do about it, since Great Britain promised, says the story, to build two battleships every time Germany built one.

It is true that today Great Britain cannot afford to say that to the United States. We may as well be frank about it. We may as well be candid, too, about the fact that because Great Britain has eight or nine times more war-convertible merchant marine than we, and a twelve-year enlistment period instead of our short enlistment period, and because she has spread herself on cruisers, we have a most second-rate navy!

Any delegates of Great Britain would have, in any negotiating conference on freedom of the seas, the powerful argument, tactfully held under cover, that Great Britain still has the sea power; any American nonpolitical conferees would have the unspoken argument that we could build them if we wanted to build them.

Because freedom of the seas in some formula of guaranty for the continuity of our foreign trade is one of the reasons for naval rivalry, any negotiation which attempts to crystallize agreements as to ratio or index comparisons between our Navy and that of Great Britain which does not include a settlement of the freedom-of-the seas doctrine from the American point of view is downright improvidence.

It is like bargaining for harness when we want horses. It is throwing away our right to engage in a naval rivalry which might be necessary to gain a more modern and more secure formula of freedom of the seas. We want to put into effect for the whole world's benefit a practice which is humane and constitutes a limitation on the extent of warfare—that is, some formula of freedom of the seas. Naval warfare which drives the enemy fleet to its harbors is the lesser part of naval warfare; the major part is the use of naval power to put a ring of iron around those enemy harbors and to forbid others even to send foodstuffs for that enemy's population. Ships, tonnage and other sea-power indexes, ratios, and all that, may be important in direct, mutual disarmament; more important for indirect disarmament is the limitation of the uses to which ships, tonnage and sea power may be put. To make a deal as to the first without consideration of the second, as was attempted at the Geneva conference two years ago, exposes the United States to loss of all its power and persuasiveness to obtain some formula of freedom of the seas, acceptable alike to British and American minds.

Concessions from any hard and fast American doctrine no doubt would have to be made. They would have to be made if for no other reason than because a war declared in good faith by the League of Nations might call to us to associate ourselves in a general cause.

It is absurd to set forth the details of a formula which would be workable; the reason for a conference of a few nonpolitical, carefully chosen American and British delegates, dominated by neither naval men nor old-school diplomats, is to find a formula which the two nations can recommend to the world as being workable.

Conduct Toward Neutral Trade

The sentimentalists who say that a naval race between the United States and Great Britain would be based solely upon the idea of declaring war on each other are talking nonsense. There are other causes for naval rivalry. An established world doctrine—or solemn compact, as persons like to say now—treating freedom of the seas would not only tend to limit the uses of armament but would have practical and definite effects on reduction of armament. The Kellogg Pact is a general, and perhaps under pressure would be an elusive, pledge; breaches of it are difficult to pin upon anyone, because no nation ever admits starting an aggressive war in pursuance of national policy, or indeed under any circumstances; but a pledge of definite conduct toward neutral trade, though not any guaranty of conduct, at least defines a practice so clearly that breaches of agreements could not readily be faced out by the offender. No pains are needed to convince the wise that the removal of friction as to freedom of the seas in American and British thought, between the two preeminent naval and business nations, is of utmost and immediate importance.

Another service of great value to world peace could be made at once by these two nations. The whole irritating subject of international debts of the future is a gold mine for nonpolitical conferees with imagination and ability, unofficially representing Hoover and, let us say, Britain's Premier. I do not mean a discussion which reviews the present international debts. Such discussions as to past obligations are usually characterized by the fact that the debtor who has not yet paid a sou to his creditor wails and howls "Shylock" the loudest. As for the British debt, we have held the conference on it already, and the best authority—former Premier Baldwin—recently said of the adjustment:

"Let me remind critics of our position. We gave our bond to America. It was a very strict bond. It was to pay on demand with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. The accumulated debt at the time we went over to settle was approximately $5,000,000,000, if you include accrued interest, all subject to the 5 per cent interest rate, a rate which could not be lowered then below 4¼ per cent by the law as it then stood in the United States."

Prosperity Through Cooperation

"We were pledged to begin payment of interest at the end of 1922. I went to America to get the best terms I could. After long discussion with the Debt-Funding Commission, we got them to reduce the interest on the arrears from 5 to 4¼ per cent and fixed the future interest at 3 per cent for ten years and 3½ for the subsequent years.

"On the one side, you were liable to $250,000,000 yearly which redeemed no capital and was interest charged in perpetuity until you funded the debt or paid it right off. We funded the debt. Instead of $250,000,000, we pay $165,000,000 for ten years and $190,000,000 after that—and that covers both interest and redemption.

"I have always maintained that in the circumstances and at the time, it was not an unfair business view, and I will leave it at that. That there was any alternative to fulfilling our word I have always denied. If we had postponed indefinitely paying the $250,000,000 or repudiated payment in the hope of getting a better bargain, we should never either, on the one hand, have made any progress in restoration of the currencies of Europe or, on the other, restored the credit of the city of London to where it stands today."

He might have added that the annual debt payments to us are less than 4½ per cent of the annual British Government budget.

Turning toward the future, however, the peace of the world requires a new policy as to international loans and the handling of debts. There is every reason why the two nations which lead the world as credit markets should together create new and needed practice and technic in international loans, not only to safeguard credit stability but to remove irritations and inaugurate new international law as to the collection of foreign debts.

The rivalry between these two credit markets is keen enough. The foreign capital issue of the United States in 1928, after deducting those issues which are refunding issues and discounts, was more than a billion dollars—that is, approximately $1,118,000,000. That of the United Kingdom was about three-quarters of a billion. But the emphasis on rivalry is a fallacy when credit activity by either involves the greater prosperity of the other. Coöperation between the two in working out sound practice in foreign loans, particularly to backward peoples, not only would increase the power of each but would contribute immeasurably to soundness of credit, to good will and to peace between all lending markets and all borrowing peoples.

Loans between governments ought to be made impossible. International government loans are covered all over with

(Continued on Page 125)

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(Continued from Page 123)

nationalistic brands. They carry the impression of one population repudiating and another population squeezing. Private loans do not carry these prickles. Why this is so is indicated by a conversation between a great American banker, who is supposed to understand everything about international finance, and a woman in a European capital, who is supposed to know nothing whatever about it.

The banker was advocating that the United States should wipe off the Allied debts.

"But, Mr. ——" piped up the innocent lady, "did not your banking house make many loans to the nations of the Allies? You sold the securities to get the money and I do not hear you saying that the holders of these securities should give up their rights. Why should the President of the United States and the others who are in your same position of obligation to protect the loan propose that the people of your nation should give up their property? What is the difference?"

There is not much difference, after all, but, nevertheless, everyone feels the sting the moment the debt and credit is between government and government, and one reason for the sting is that the business is then handled by politicians who roar and rage about it all and excite hatred. No better example could be given than the last British election period, when opposition candidates went up and down the land complaining that America had squeezed the British taxpayer, although these orators know full well that, of the taxes the Englishman pays, the burden represented by the scaled-down debt to America is a surprisingly trivial fraction.

The elimination of all international loans which are under political management would help peace, and so would a new policy and a new code as to loans made by bankers which later may lead to involving governments in collection processes, protection of their nationals, and intervention.

A school child can understand that if one great money-lending nation protects its bankers, they can lend money at a lower rate than the bankers of a nation which asks its citizens to take all the risks of repudiation or confiscation by little corrupt or ignorant governments. Lower rates get the business. In rivalry for the credit market, any cutthroat competition not only defeats sound lending but encourages more and more intervention by big governments in the affairs of little governments.

A Waste of Time

The sentiment of the British as well as the American population is against this. I am constantly receiving letters from persons who say in substance, and with some sense: "If I did not, as a citizen, approve of a loan or investment when it was made, why should I send my son to protect it?" Any American-British program to obtain world peace by sense and science would include a steady, persistent attempt to agree on new international policy, ethics and law, applicable to these relations with smaller nations and tailored to the measure of the modern economic world. This is not a suggestion that intervention under present international law and practice should be abandoned, but that safeguards and agreements can be erected to reduce the necessity for political intervention to a minimum.

After all, armament and disarmament, and even the acceptance of a whole body of international law and the revision of its present antiquated unfitness for the modern world, are all considerations which follow rather than precede deeper questions of irresistible economic importance.

Modern navies, for example, are founded upon necessities which arise from the nature of things. "Nations," said Admiral Sims, in his frank statement at Hartford last spring, "are not to be trusted." Ethical and moral codes easy to demand and to apply to states of fact and to adhere to in the case of individuals, fade out in the complexities of politics involving complicated national interests and sets of facts so uncatchable that even the discussion as to where to place war guilt is almost always mere waste of time. The new technic of international relationships, therefore, is bound to treat causes for conflict at their source and before they become malignant and are thoroughly infected by intense nationalistic inflammation.

As an instance, the causes for friction in the modern world—the fundamental causes rather than results arising from them, such as big naval rivalry, gibes in the press and political tail-twisting—are economic. Certainly, between the United Kingdom and the United States they are economic.

The competition which creates these irritations is in several fields. What are they?

They are: Control of raw materials such as oil and rubber. Control of communications such as cables and radio. Shipping. Foreign trade. Finance and credit market.

It would be ridiculous to say that those private national interests, American or British, most concerned in each field can settle all their differences.

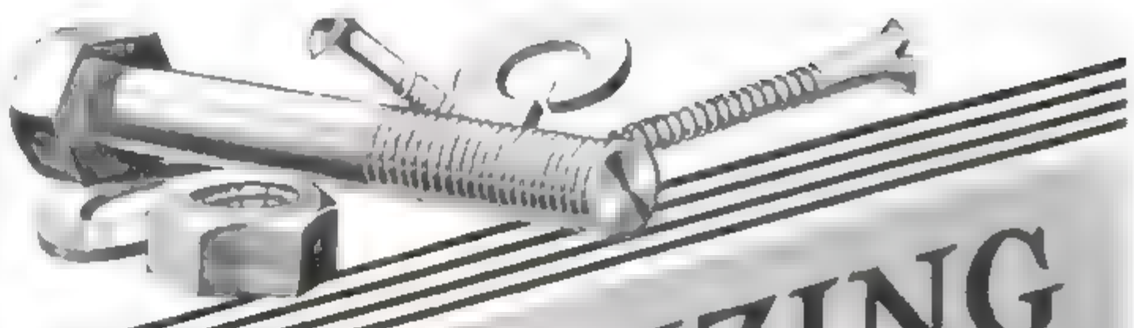
Moths of Tradition

It would be equally absurd for Presidents and premiers of the two economic giants, speaking the same tongue, not to induce them to try to do so. Under the encouragement or even unofficial appointment by the two governments, nonpolitical conferees would clear away endless junk prejudice left over from worn-out economic fallacies, the moths of tradition in the fabric of good will, and the obstacles to coöperation which grow higher and higher while there is no machinery for concessions and agreements.

Sir Arthur Salter, writing in the Yale Review, indicated something of these menaces to cooperation. Speaking of the traditional notion that cutthroat competition had sole control of the world economic situation, he said:

"Let us take one of the most extreme examples history affords—the effect, already mentioned, upon Great Britain of the emergence of Germany as a first-class exporting country in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is an extreme example, because Germany is a near neighbor of Great Britain, because Germany naturally directs its effort to many of the same markets, because its increased production was in exactly the same kinds of industrial products in which Great Britain was leading the world, and because its advance was of such phenomenal activity. There can be no doubt that not only the trades directly affected but British opinion as a whole expected Great Britain to be injured by the German advance, and thought, during this advance, that it was being injured. But what are the facts? British exports of British products were seventy-one million pounds in 1850, ninety-seven million in 1854, two hundred and twenty-three million in 1880, and five hundred and twenty-five million in 1913. Per head of the population they were 2.5 pounds in 1850, 6.8 pounds in 1880, and 11.8 pounds in 1913.

"The increase in British exports between 1850 and 1880 might have been expected to be maintained and continued, though scarcely at the same phenomenal rate, apart from any question of a new competitor in Germany. And yet we have the astounding fact that the actual rate of increase was about the same during the thirty years of Germany's phenomenal advance as in the earlier period. During this period, in which Germany trebled her exports, Great Britain again nearly trebled hers, almost doubling them per head of population. The natural inference from these figures is, I think, that British exports probably increased even more rapidly than they would have done if Germany's position had remained static. The fact is, of course, that Germany, as it prospered, became a larger purchaser of British goods, that its industrial advance in countries like Russia increased Russia's purchasing capacity for British as well as other goods, and that



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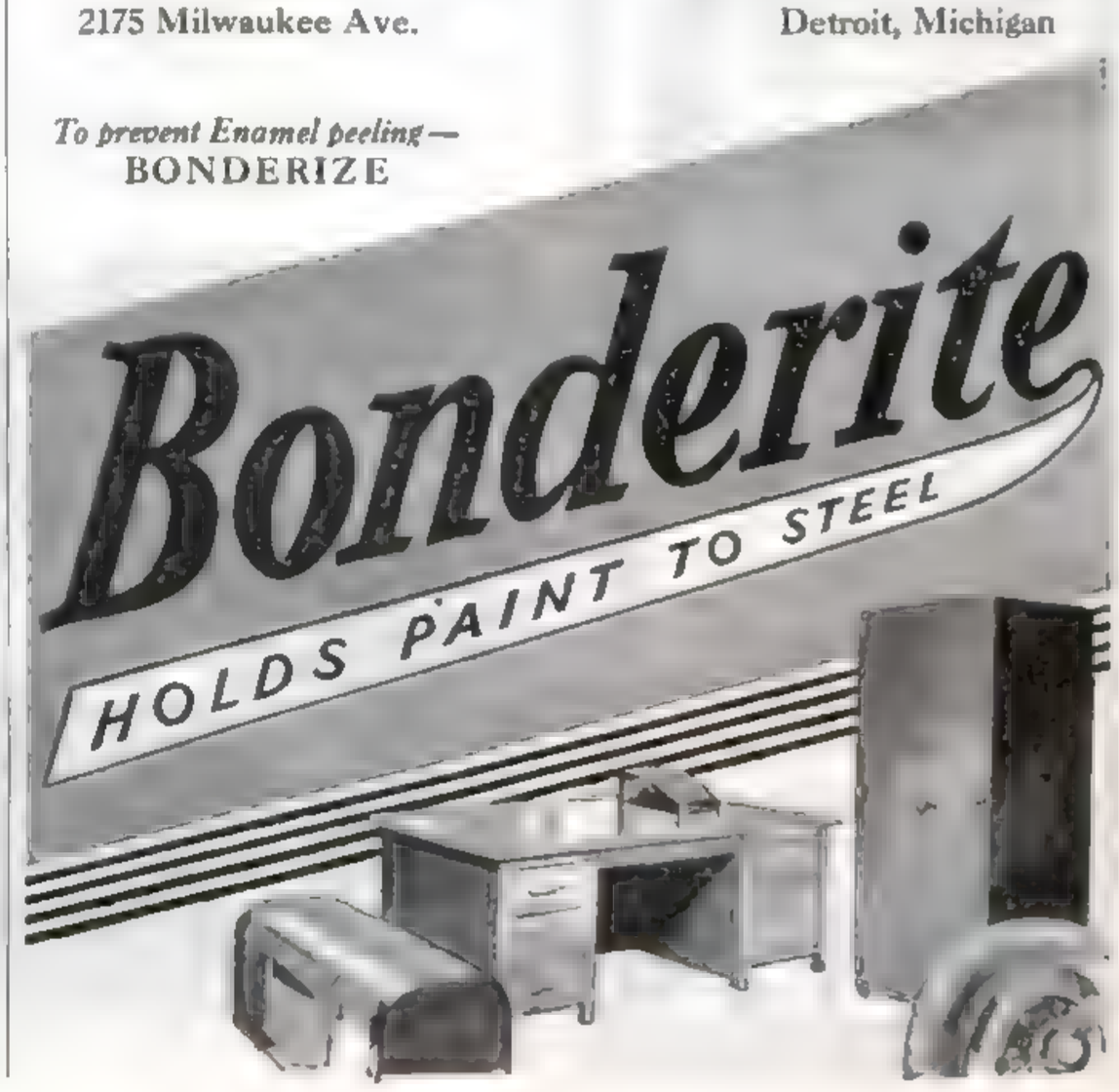

throughout the world the same results followed."

Within a month during last spring one American and one Englishman gave forth expressions which attracted no national attention, but each was of greatest significance to the development of peace by sense and science, as distinguished from peace by poppy-cock, politicians, preachments and palaver.

The first expression came from J. A. Farrell, the head of United States Steel, who reviewed the dangers of a government-owned or subsidized merchant marine. After pointing out that such a merchant marine tends to check the growth of our own privately developed shipping, he refers to cases of lines operating government-owned vessels taking away tonnage from the British in a Washington-sanctioned rate-cutting campaign.

"In developing an international trade it has been shown that our merchant marine must carry cargo both ways; and the inbound, to provide for successful operation, must approximate in volume the outbound. If we are to secure homeward cargoes from overseas consisting of products controlled by others who may carry them in ships of their own flags, we must recognize the fact that ships, like foreign goods, are a part of the business of the sea, and should be treated as we expect to be treated when we find our ships and our goods seeking trade in other countries."

Sane Internationalism

"The prejudice aroused has reacted more or less upon all American shipping, and it may be pertinent to ask whether the time has not come to warn against boasting of the peaceful activities of our ships, on their uneventful journeys to the market overseas, as a manifestation of collective mass action, since any vessel, whatever may be her flag, must give impartial service both to the countrymen of her owners and to the citizens of other nations who ship goods on her."

These frank recognitions of the economic world and what constitutes fair play and coöperation in such a world are more valuable for building peace than all the pacts forbidding war. They are preventive medicine administered currently by expert and practical minds; they differ utterly in character from the futile world-fixers' programs which have had the front page since the war.

The other expression came from Sir John Cadman, chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. He knows, as I know, that so far the much-advertised battle for the world's oil supply has been kept as much as possible out of the hands of governments, and has been carried on with much more self-imposed restraint among unofficial oil executives than would be possible had diplomacy and politicians mauled the delicate situations.

After showing that international coöperation is necessary to prevent the waste of American oil traveling to India while Persian oil is on its way to Iceland, and that the problem of distribution is often more important than much advertised concessions, he sets forth this extraordinary stimulant to the world's imagination:

"I plead, in quite general terms, for a sane nationalism; regarding oil neither as a heady intoxicant for oneself nor as a deadly drug for one's political competitors, but rather as a store of energy to be conserved, released and applied as part of a concerted operation owing its inception to more than one nation, and therefore yielding its tribute to more than one treasury.

"As I have said, I think that conception of nationalism is coming. I think we have passed the peak of legislation and of penal ordinance. But if more enlightened ideas are to become permanently established, we must all do our share toward promoting a policy of sane and honest internationalism to industry.

"To sink identity and to start a communistic or syndicalistic system of oil utilization, is, however, the very last thing I would advocate. Stereotyped forms of coöperation, nationally and internationally, would be stupid, even if they were not absurd. But coöperation between national and international forces there must be, in some form or other, if we are not to squander the world's heritage.

"What we want here is something elastic, a basis of common effort that yet takes account of difference in status and difference in capacity, excluding no one merely because he is small, and vilifying no one merely because he may be big.

"If my observations about the operation of economic law have any truth in them at all, I think no room is left for doubt as to what are the solvents of our problems—economic coöperation and the nearest source of supply. Interpret these guiding principles broadly enough, gentlemen, and our problems are gone.

"There is only one place where all these problems can be assembled, comprehended and effectively tackled—and that is round a table. Well, already some of us have sat round a table in order to discuss them, and I hope we shall do the same thing again and as often as may be necessary. But let me make it clear that that table is not a small one, nor are all its places filled.

"We must go on, undeterred by calumny, unaffected by misrepresentation, fortified by good will. The issues can be clearly discerned. On the whole, they are uncomplicated by state interference in the greater countries, or by corporate antagonism among the greater groups, or, indeed, by any need for antagonism outside them. In the countries that are potentially great in petroleum, but otherwise of limited stature, we must not be surprised if understanding becomes complete only after a period of close contact and of frank revelation of aim.

"After all, within our own domestic boundaries, understanding was not reached in a day. Happily as we grapple with our problems, we are not without helpful allies. Within living memory, many world problems have found their solution only after the United States has lent a hand. So it must be again."

This is the voice of a man who has seen some practices of a new international technic and is trying to reach for definitions of a new practice in international affairs. He instinctively turns away from the dangers of unneeded governmental interference and feels the instinct to replace the heat of nationalism in political pots with cool and current coöperation between business men.

The Business-Delegate Method

This cool and current business-delegate method is being slowly recognized at its worth. The world fails to recognize its own face. It is still trying to do by political methods tasks already done by the march of economic facts. The British press is filled from political sources with inflaming comparisons between the growth of American trade and finance, and the growth of British trade and finance. It is the business man and the banker, however, who are able to realize that the comparative rating of America or Great Britain in finance or trade has no great importance to the peace and prosperity of the world. The important fact in the growth of either is that every dollar or pound sterling in money or trade put down in South America or Asia or Europe increases the purchasing power of undeveloped customers for everybody's goods.

The world does not know its own face. Industrialism has become an emigrant. American factories go to Cuba. German dye industries come overseas to operate in the United States. China may not have to buy cotton goods from abroad because we and the Chinese and others will make them there. Capital goes into such easy flux that no nation can put a national mint mark on it.

The great game of the world is no longer Take. The great game of the world is Make.

In the latter world the standard of living of everyone goes up by coöperation.

The world cannot prevent war. It cannot create peace by a prospectus. Peace—as the United States and Great Britain can show the world—may only be built by the continuing practice of sense and science.

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Gee Im glad we got that fuller brush and ma says she is too. I'll ask her if maybe you can buy it when you get home. I'm going too send you two pictures ma took of me. she says they are before and after the Before and after the shower she means. Write me what you been doing. Don't take no wooden money.

Bob

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PRECEDENCE: A NEAR TRAGEDY

(Continued from Page 15)

Bend but also in Indianapolis, when I visited there, and that the Queen of Mesopotamia visited at our home when she made her tour of the United States three years ago, and that there is a great deal of difference between Mrs. Runnimead's social position and my own. And that reminds me, Mr. Creighton, that I want you to tell me, frankly and openly, just how Mrs. Runnimead is going to rank with me; because I tell you very frankly, Mr. Creighton, that I have heard from a number of sources that Mrs. Runnimead will precede me at formal dinners and formal functions, and I do not for a minute intend to accept any such ruling.

MR. CREIGHTON *(weakly)*: But my dear Mrs. Flanolin, there are several things to be considered. You must certainly be aware of the fact that a cabinet officer takes precedence over a senator; and after all, much as we admire you *(he exposes another inch of cuff)*, you must remember that you yourself are not the senator's wife but his sister.

MRS. FLANOLIN *(firmly)*: My dear Mr. Creighton, that's no argument at all. You know very well that since the big social upset back in the Hoover Administration, an official Washington hostess is entitled to all that she can get, whether she's a daughter or a sister or whatever her relationship may be.

MR. VAN PLANK *(with a slightly superior air)*: But isn't that an argument for Mrs. Runnimead?

MRS. FLANOLIN *(tapping her foot against the floor)*: You men can be so exasperating! Of course it isn't! You know very well it isn't! The point I'm making is that the Secretary of Morals simply should not take precedence over the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Loans and Reparations. You know as well as I do that the Department of Morals was not created until 1945, so that the Secretary of Morals ranks at the very bottom of the cabinet, almost the same as the office boy. Now, do you mean ——

MR. CREIGHTON *(querulously)*: A cabinet officer is a cabinet officer!

MRS. FLANOLIN *(raising her chin)*: Just let me finish please! Do you mean to tell me that the Secretary of Morals, who didn't exist prior to 1945, should go in to dinner ahead of a senator, who was created away back in the time of George Washington? Do you seriously mean to sit there and tell me that?

MR. LADDER: But aren't you forgetting, Mrs. Flanolin, that the Committee on Foreign Loans and Reparations wasn't created until every nation in Europe had wormed out of paying its debts to us?

MRS. FLANOLIN *(indignantly)*: How perfectly absurd to drag that in!

MR. CREIGHTON: Not at all! We must weigh these things! And you must not forget that a cabinet officer is in line for the presidency, so that Mrs. Runnimead's cousin might become President of the United States if the Vice President died, as well as the Secretaries of State and Treasury and War and Justice and Post Office, and so on, all at the same time.

MRS. FLANOLIN: How perfectly silly! How would all of those people get killed at the same time unless you could get them into a war? You couldn't kill them with an ax anyway! They're tough, those people are!

MR. CREIGHTON *(judicially)*: That makes no difference! It's one of the things to be considered.

MRS. FLANOLIN *(triumphantly)*: Very well, then; just consider this: Mrs. Runnimead's cousin could never have been Secretary of Morals if he hadn't been confirmed by the Senate. He couldn't have existed without the Senate, and therefore a senator should precede him. I tell you frankly that I will not let that woman go in to dinner ahead of me!

MR. CREIGHTON *(inflexibly)*: We will have to weigh all the evidence before making a decision.

MRS. FLANOLIN *(tossing her head petulantly)*: Well, be sure you get all of it!

MR. CREIGHTON: What do you mean?

MRS. FLANOLIN *(darkly)*: Well, you just be sure; that's all!

MR. VAN PLANK: If you have heard anything, I strongly advise you to tell it to us.

MRS. FLANOLIN *(looking apprehensively over her shoulder)*: Well, this was told to me in the strictest confidence the other night at a small dinner of twenty.

MR. VAN PLANK *(soothingly)*: We could say we heard it from one of the others.

MRS. FLANOLIN *(grudgingly)*: Yes, they all heard it. Well, what they say is this: They say that Mrs. Runnimead really isn't Secretary Yesswell's cousin at all.

MR. CREIGHTON *(horrified)*: Not his cousin!

MRS. FLANOLIN: No, not his cousin. They say ——

MR. LADDER: Who says?

MRS. FLANOLIN: Why, they! Everybody.

MR. VAN PLANK: And is that the secret?

MRS. FLANOLIN: Oh, absolutely! Don't dare to breathe that I told you, or I'll deny it.

MR. CREIGHTON *(impatiently)*: What is it they say?

MRS. FLANOLIN *(looking over her shoulder again and lowering her voice)*: Well, they say that Mrs. Runnimead's mother wasn't her mother at all, but her stepmother; and that Mr. Yesswell, her cousin, is her stepmother's son, so that he really isn't her cousin at all.

MR. LADDER *(blankly)*: What does that make him?

MRS. FLANOLIN *(staring at him unpleasantly)*: Would you mind letting me finish? They say that there's another complication. They say that her stepmother was the sister of her father's brother.

MR. LADDER *(dazed)*: What's that?

MR. VAN PLANK *(brutally, to* MR. LADDER*)*: Let her alone!

MRS. FLANOLIN: Well, that makes Mrs. Runnimead's stepmother's son Mrs. Runnimead's cousin's cousin, but not Mrs. Runnimead's cousin, so that Secretary Yesswell isn't her cousin and never was; and how you can expect me to submit tamely to being preceded by that woman is more than I can understand!

[A heavy silence falls on the assemblage.

MR. CREIGHTON sits behind his desk and moves his lips slowly.

MR. VAN PLANK: I didn't quite get that

MRS. FLANOLIN *(showing signs of exasperation)*: What I say is, Mrs. Runnimead's father's wife is the sister of Mrs. Runnimead's father's brother. That makes Mrs. Runnimead's stepmother's son Mrs. Runnimead's cousin's cousin, but not Mrs. Runnimead's cousin.

MR. CREIGHTON *(after a long pause)*: Are you sure you have that right?

MRS. FLANOLIN: Everybody says so!

MR. VAN PLANK *(shaking his head)*: This will complicate matters terribly!

MR. LADDER: The thing should really be investigated by a couple of under-cover men from the Department of Justice.

MR. CREIGHTON *(heavily)*: Would you mind running over that again for us?

MRS. FLANOLIN: Not at all. Mrs. Runnimead's father's wife is the sister of Mrs. Runnimead's father's brother, which makes her stepmother's son, Mr. Yesswell, her cousin's cousin, but ——

[Alarums without. The door, R, bursts open. Enter MRS. GEORGE RUNNIMEAD *in an agitated state, pushing aside an unseen person in the outer office. She is a comfortable, homy-looking woman, who may or may not be on a diet.*

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(calling offstage)*: I tell you they telephoned to me! *(She turns to* MR. CREIGHTON.*)* I am simply frantic, trying to get up here. Sometimes I wish I could be back in Whitefish City! *(She makes a sucking noise with her tongue against the roof of her mouth.)* The Vice President's automobile was coming up Pennsylvania Avenue very slowly, and none of the other chauffeurs would pass it because the Vice President's chauffeur has precedence over all the other chauffeurs except the President's. Oh, dear! I thought I'd never get here! (MR. CREIGHTON *unobtrusively glances at his watch.)*

MRS. FLANOLIN *(to* MRS. RUNNIMEAD*)*: How do you do?

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(seeing her for the first time)*: Why, Mrs. Flanolin! This is an unexpected pleasure!

MRS. FLANOLIN: How well you're looking!

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: What a charming hat!

MRS. FLANOLIN: Oh, do you think so? So sweet of you to say so! (MR. CREIGHTON *clears his throat loudly.)*

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: How is your dear husb—I mean brother?

MRS. FLANOLIN: Very well indeed, thank you! And yours?

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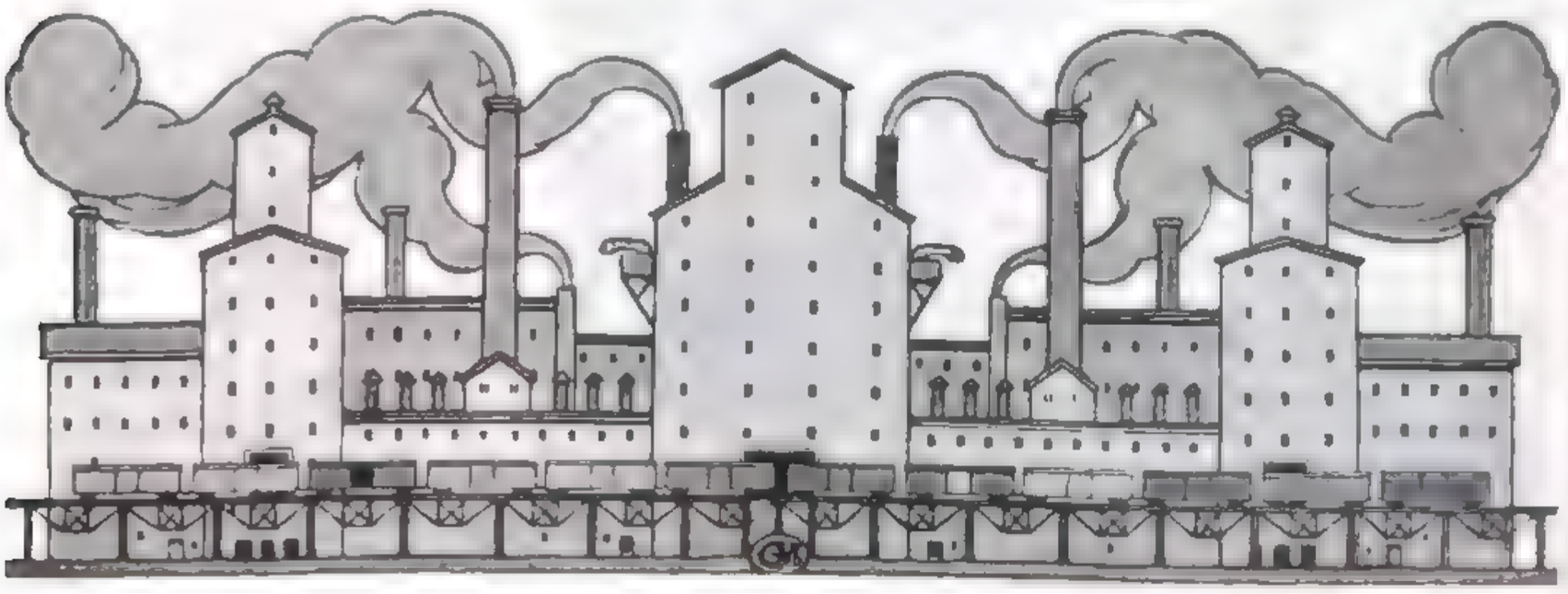

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: You mean Mr. Yesswell?

MRS. FLANOLIN: Of course. *(She laughs a silvery laugh.)* I always think of him as your brother, but he's really no relation, is he?

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(staring at her coldly)*: What an odd thing to say! He is my cousin.

MRS. FLANOLIN *(carelessly)*: Oh, one hears so many strange stories in Washington! Ridiculous! Somebody said that Mr. Yesswell wasn't your cousin because your stepmother is your uncle's sister.

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(making a sucking noise against the roof of her mouth with her tongue)*: Oh dear! I wish people wouldn't be so silly! My uncle's sister had a child by her first marriage, and that is Mr. Yesswell. Then, after her husband died, she married my father and became my stepmother, so that her son is practically my brother; and why they should say that he is not even my cousin, but only a cousin of my uncle's son, is more than I can understand. You see how simple it is, don't you? My father's wife is the sister of my father's brother, so her son is my cousin. (MR. VAN PLANK *clears his throat twice and looks openly at his watch.)*

MR. CREIGHTON: What we had in mind ——

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: It seems such a silly thing to discuss!

MRS. FLANOLIN: Oh, heavens! Not at all! It might make a great difference! Suppose you had to be dropped at a dinner, for example?

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: Well, what if I did?

MRS. FLANOLIN: Well, what I mean, suppose there was a dinner of ten, with the ranking guest sitting at the right of the hostess and his wife sitting at the right of the host ——

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: Of course!

MRS. FLANOLIN *(impatiently)*: Well, that leaves two men and a woman to be seated on one side of the table, and two women and a man on the other. So one of the women has got to be dropped at her place, and one of the men on the other side has got to do it, hasn't he?

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(blankly)*: What of it? (MR. CREIGHTON *emits a series of violent coughs.)*

MRS. FLANOLIN *(in great exasperation)*: Can't you see, if you were to be dropped, that it would make a difference to your hostess whom she should use to drop you? If you were not Mr. Yesswell's cousin, she could not have you dropped by a high-ranking guest without hurting his feelings. Of course, my dear, there's nothing personal in this, only it's one of those things that are so important!

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(cavalierly)*: All I can say is that Washington's social customs have changed in the past, and ought to change still more! Why don't they put all the men on one side of the table and all the women on the other?

MR. VAN PLANK *(shuddering)*: What! And run the risk of permitting the women to talk to one another!

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(firmly)*: Anyway, I am my cousin's cousin!

MRS. FLANOLIN *(gently)*: I know, but the point has been raised, and if it should prove to be as they say, then I would precede you instead of you preceding me!

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: No, you couldn't precede me, because a senator cannot precede a cabinet officer.

MRS. FLANOLIN: It is possible, because a cabinet officer must call first on a senator.

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(in a very superior manner)*: Yes, but when all is said and done, a cabinet officer may become President! And that reminds me: I must familiarize myself with the architect's plans of the White House, in case Secretary Yesswell should unexpectedly become President! (MRS. FLANOLIN *shows sign of irritation.)*

MR. CREIGHTON *forcing himself between them*: Ladies, these matters can only be decided by the Ceremonial and Precedence Bureau, and it is too late to go into them this evening. Nearly everyone has left the building. *(He looks at* MRS. FLANOLIN *in a hesitating manner.)* Possibly Mrs. Flanolin would like to start for home. (MRS. FLANOLIN *gathers up her gloves and purse.)*

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(hastily)*: How can she, unless she precedes me? Does she precede me, Mr. Creighton?

MR. CREIGHTON *(coldly)*: That is a question I am not prepared to answer without further study. (MRS. FLANOLIN *sits down again.)*

MR. CREIGHTON *(sighing)*: Well, Mrs. Runnimead, I called you down here to speak with you concerning a very, very ill-advised step which you recently took.

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(wide-eyed with surprise)*: Who? Me?

MR. CREIGHTON *(regretfully)*: Yes, Mrs. Runnimead! You invited the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to a purely social function with an ambassador. This is the gravest *faux pas*, socially speaking, that can be committed in the city of Washington. What, may I ask, Mrs. Runnimead, were you thinking of when you perpetrated this shocking social error?

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: I'd like to know what's so awful about it? (MR. CREIGHTON, MR. VAN PLANK *and* MR. LADDER *exchange despairing glances.)*

MR. LADDER *(obeying a signal from* MR. CREIGHTON *and launching into an explanation in a high, monotonous voice)*: An ambassador who represents the person of his sovereign is entitled to a position of high dignity and must always receive the highest consideration. Nevertheless, there are many of them in different countries representing a single ruler; whereas there is only one Chief Justice of the Supreme Court anywhere at any given time. Therefore, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has a slight edge, socially speaking, on the ambassador of a sovereign power; but no definite decision can be handed down as to which should precede the other except by the Supreme Court of the United States, and nobody has the nerve to put it up to the Supreme Court. Consequently it is a grave social crime to invite the Chief Justice to dinner with an ambassador, and a person who is so lacking in self-control as to ask the two together shall be urged by the Ceremonial and Precedence Bureau to take a course in developing the will power until he learns either to take his ambassadors and Chief Justices singly or to leave them alone.

MR. CREIGHTON *(despairingly, to* MRS. RUNNIMEAD): There! Do you see what you've done? How do you expect us to seat your dinner party under such circumstances? And that is not all ——

[There is a sharp knock at the door, L. It flies open to admit PRANCE ICHOR FRENETIC, *the Bessarabian ambassador.* THE PRANCE *stares about him wild-eyed, bows low to the two ladies, then hastens to* MR. CREIGHTON *and kisses him jerkily on each cheek.*

THE PRANCE *(anguished)*: I 'ave just learn these 'orrible news. *(He turns to* MRS. FLANOLIN *and* MRS. RUNNIMEAD.) I apolojy! You weell excuse, eh? *(He mops his brow with his handkerchief and sinks into a chair.)* Ah, ah! I am 'orribly hangry!

MR. VAN PLANK *(politely)*: Prance, let me present Mrs. Flanolin ——

MRS. FLANOLIN *(demurely)*: Prance!

MR. VAN PLANK: —— and Mrs. Runnimead.

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(dropping her eyes)*: Prance!

THE PRANCE: Ah, I apolojy that I burst myself on you so, but I am fright that I weell be unable to spik weeth my friend, Creighton, eh? Now I am here, eh, I pray you do not regard me! I sit silent here until you 'ave fineesh, eh; then I ask him my question one other time.

MRS. FLANOLIN: No, no, Prance! You take precedence over us. Please disregard us!

THE PRANCE: Ah, you are very kind! Very well, I weell ask. *(He mops his brow again.)*

MRS. RUNNIMEAD: 'Nt he sweet?

MRS. FLANOLIN: Perfectly darling!

THE PRANCE *(gesturing frantically to all the world)*: These, then! What 'ave I discover these morning? I have learn about these Yesswell dinner! *Maledetto salmagundi corpo di baccho podestá!*

*[*MR. CREIGHTON *drops his head in his hands,*

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *presses her handkerchief to her nose and stares tragically at* THE PRANCE.

MR. LADDER *(despairingly)*: Mrs. Runnimead is Secretary Yesswell's hostess.

THE PRANCE *(leaping to his feet and bowing profoundly)*: Ah! I apolojy! I deed not know!

MR. CREIGHTON *(staring hollow-eyed at* MRS. RUNNIMEAD): Yes, and I was just coming to that when the Prance came in. You invited three ambassadors! Three!

THE PRANCE: Three! *Gambalunga merluzzi!*

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(sobbing)*: But the secretary knows all of them!

MR. CREIGHTON *(bitterly)*: That's not the point! The point is that an ambassador, being the representative of his sovereign, insists on sitting beside his hostess. If he does not sit beside his hostess, it is an insult to his sovereign and his country. Isn't it, Prance?

THE PRANCE: I weell say so, my friend!

MR. CREIGHTON *(looking at his watch)*: An insult to a sovereign power, which may result in misunderstandings, in cable dispatches, in anger among the friendly people of a sister nation, in demonstrations, in the killing of Americans by the enraged populace, and finally by war.

THE PRANCE: Eet ees the truth!

MR. CREIGHTON: Certainly, and nobody has ever discovered how to seat three ambassadors so that all three of them can sit beside the hostess.

THE PRANCE *(leaping to his feet)*: It can never be said that Prance Ichor Frenetic failed to come to the rescue of a lady in distress! I weell weethdraw from the dinner, much as I regret!

MRS. FLANOLIN *(admiringly)*: Oh, Prance! How generous!

[The door, L, is flung open and MALCOLM D. TRUELOOK, *the janitor of the Ceremonial and Precedence Bureau, enters in a dishevelled state. He sees* MR. CREIGHTON'S *visitors and bows deeply.*

MR. CREIGHTON: We're going at once, Truelook. At once! Come, ladies; come, Prance!

MR. TRUELOOK *(hastily)*: Pardon me, chief, but if you could spare a second before you go, there's a problem that's troubling us greatly.

MR. CREIGHTON: Troubling whom?

MR. TRUELOOK: Troubling the Janitors' League of America. I'm Secretary Treasurer of the organization, you know.

MR. CREIGHTON: I know, Truelook.

MR. TRUELOOK: Well, a week ago I married the divorced wife of a lieutenant commander in the Peruvian Navy. On the other hand, our president hasn't any wife at all, and his hostess is his half sister. Now most of our members claim that my wife ranks his, and if we can't get him to submit to that ruling, we're going to have a janitors' strike that will ruin every formal dinner in Washington; so I thought you might be interested in it.

*[*MR. CREIGHTON *sits at his desk again and hides his face in his hands. There is a constantly swelling tumult outside, and occasional flickers of light at the window.*

MR. VAN PLANK *(sniffing loudly)*: What's that smell of smoke?

MR. TRUELOOK *(contritely)*: Oh, that's what I came up to tell you. The building's on fire!

*[*MR. LADDER *seizes a rope fire escape from behind a window seat, throws up the window and drops it out. A roar of many voices rises from the street.*

MR. LADDER: Come, ladies, which one goes first?

*[*MRS. FLANOLIN *starts forward.*

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(catching her by the arm)*: A cabinet officer still precedes a senator, I believe.

THE PRANCE: Permit me, ladies. *(He offers his arm to* MRS. RUNNIMEAD.)

MRS. FLANOLIN *(pushing herself between them)*: Your relationship is too distant, and you take no precedence whatever! *(There is a crackling at the door, L, and a burst of flame. The room fills with smoke and the lights grow dim and vanish.)*

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(chokingly)*: I do so!

MRS. FLANOLIN *(coughing)*: You do not!

MRS. RUNNIMEAD *(screaming)*: Mr. Creighton! Mr. Creighton! *(She gasps.)*

MRS. FLANOLIN *(panting)*: What's our order of precedence, Mr. Creighton?

MR. CREIGHTON *(weakly)*: I resign!

[There is a silence and darkness on the stage. The crackling grows louder. Voices rise more shrilly from the street. There is the crash of breaking glass at the window.

FIRST FIREMAN: Here's a couple!

SECOND FIREMAN: Here's a couple more—dames.

FIRST FIREMAN: Pitch 'em out!

SECOND FIREMAN: Women first?

FIRST FIREMAN: Hell, any way you get your hands on 'em.

[There is a burst of cheering from the street, and the noise of water from a hose, followed by

CURTAIN.

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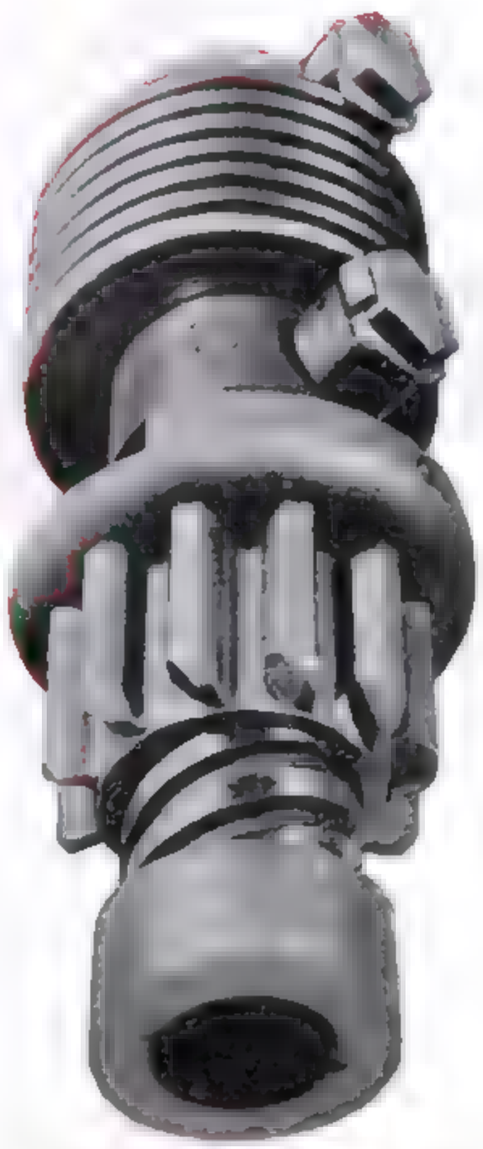

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HURRAH FOR PETER

Continued from Page 7)

And that counts. And you're in a position to get folks under obligation to you. It's what I'm going after."

"I don't want you to."

"Look here," said Peter; "I'm willing you should boss me about my manners and about my grammar. And I always like to have your advice about everything. But when it comes to what I'm going to do I got to do what I've got planned out. And that's that. You look at it all from a different point of view. You go asking if it's nice. Well, I can't bother about that in the beginning. I got to ask where does it lead to. There's time enough to be dignified and distinguished when I get some place. When I get there nobody'll remember how I started."

Sicily regarded him silently, with a frown. She was rather inclined to make an issue of it and to tell him that he must choose between his police justiceship and her, but something in his eyes made her hesitate. She was apprehensive as to his choice. It was curious, but she respected him more in that moment than she ever had done before.

"All right, Peter," she said presently, "but I hope this part of it won't last long."

"I'm glad we got that settled," he said, and then with a sidewise glance: "I got your father to call a meeting of the men in the church to organize the Fourth Ward Citizens' League."

Sicily smiled. "Look out, Peter," she said

"I'm going to organize one in every precinct," he said, "with somebody like your father at the head of every one. And then there'll be a general ward organization."

"With you as president, I suppose."

"No, secretary," he said. "Presidents are just figureheads."

"It's better than saloons," she said.

"The regular machine's got them all organized," said Peter. "But if I can come to the next election with a Citizens' League in my pocket, they'll have to take notice of me. Probably it won't amount to much, but I want to get some practice organizing. Because I've got another league all planned for presidential-election year, and I want to know just how to go at it. I got to see how these organizations work out and what you can do with them and all."

"All I've got to say is this, Peter Case: You've got to be honest, and not buy votes or do any of the nasty, crooked things politicians do. And you've got to try to do some good. Or I won't have another thing to do with you. And you better believe that."

"If you're going to get where I want to go, you've got to have a reputation for being honest and always doing what you say you'll do. You got to make the people respect you. It's common sense."

"Well, you just be careful."

"I'm going to be," said Peter. "I'll always talk everything over with you. Because a man's got to have somebody he can trust to talk things over with."

"Will you always tell me everything, Peter?"

"Yes."

"And will you always do what I say—if I think it's wrong?"

"No," he said. "I can't promise that. But I'll always tell you."

Again she was conscious of a strength greater than her own, of character, of potentialities in this young man which were deeper and more admirable than this mere surface indication of desire to invest himself with political influence. Sicily had a vague feeling that he did not know himself or what was driving him; and, comfortingly, she sensed that it was safer to leave the guiding of him to these inner forces than it would be to attempt to be that better influence herself. Nevertheless, she determined to make herself their ally. Perhaps, in some decisive battle, she might be the Blucher who turned defeat into victory.

They were young—very, very young. Their thoughts were the thoughts of childhood emerging into the glamour of reality, and they saw reality as romance.

So, for six months Peter experimented with his Fourth Ward Citizens' League and discovered much concerning the weaknesses of human nature and concerning the psychology of the mass. He found out that men love to be herded and labeled, and take their opinions ready made from any source which sets itself up as willing to do their thinking. He found that men may be aroused to opposition when they will remain dormant to a plea to cooperation. He found that a campaign against is easier to organize than a campaign for, and that one catchword is worth a volume of logic. In these months he learned his clay and perfected his modeling tools.

The league was the factor, unconsidered by the politicians, which defeated an alderman in the fall elections—and the politicians took notice. Although Peter had remained in the background, setting up imposing figureheads, the gentlemen who made a profession of amassing votes were quick to see where lay the credit for the achievement. They resented his youth and were of two minds whether to ignore him or to invite him in. But apprehensions ruled, and thereafter he was recognized as politically significant.

Honest Bill Marcus, Commissioner of Public Works and head of the city machine, sent word to Peter to drop in to see him.

"Well," said the commissioner affably, "you done quite a trick. We like to see bright young fellers taking an interest. What ideas you got?"

"None, just now," said Peter.

"Lawyer, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Aimin' for a job in the prosecutor's office?"

"No."

"Turn it down if it was offered you, I expect," said the commissioner with a grin.

"Yes," said Peter

"Makin' money, eh?"

"No," said Peter.

A little wrinkle appeared between Mr Marcus' big blue eyes: he did not like people he could not understand, and he felt an instinctive antagonism toward Peter.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Nothing, now."

"Goin' to keep that Citizens' League of yourn goin'?"

"No," said Peter.

"Kin you say more'n one word at a time?"

"Yes," said Peter, "when there's anything to say them about."

"Well, it looks to me like this was the time for a young feller wantin' to get ahead in politics to talk," said Marcus brusquely.

Peter stood silently for a space, considering. It was flattering to a young man to be noticed by Marcus, but the young man had a sort of fatalistic confidence in himself which made the event of less importance than it might have been otherwise. He had, also, an apprehension lest Marcus should wish to turn him aside from the definite path he had picked to follow. He could not allow that. Something in him made it impossible. Much of his career must be read in the light of this peculiarity—which was not stubbornness, but which derived from some quality in him which might be admirable and might prove fatal. The details of a plan he could change readily; always he was an opportunist; but changed details or favorable opportunities were useful to him only in the pursuit of the one end he coveted.

"Will you make me police justice in 1904?" asked Peter.

"You ain't askin' much," said Marcus.

"That's what I want, and nothing else. If you agree, I'll work with you the best I can. If you won't, I'll have to go ahead myself."

"Do you think a young spriggins can come in here and dictate terms to me?"

"No," said Peter. "I'm not dictating anything. I'm just telling you what I want. If I can't have that there's nothing you can do for me, and I don't propose to work for you for nothing."

"I can do this," said Marcus savagely: "I can bust you out of politics."

"I don't see how," said Peter quietly, and he meant it. He did not see how Marcus could eliminate him, and he was quite sure Marcus didn't see either. It was the sort of thing a man such as the commissioner would say, and it would frighten lots of people whose minds were less acutely adapted to politics.

There came another pause while Marcus studied the young man and undervalued him. Peter was not impressive to look at in those days—a tall, thin boy, with prominent cheek bones and big nose and plenty of ears and no style to his carriage or to his clothes. The commissioner shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess you're a kind of a flash in the pan," he said. "I wasted time on you."

"I don't think so," said Peter, who, unlike most boys, was not to be affronted by the words and tone of the man. His answer was in good faith and went to the heart of the matter under discussion. He cut away inessentials and replied as he felt upon that one point: He did not believe himself to be a flash in the pan.

"This is my busy day," said the commissioner.

Peter nodded courteously and went out of the office. Marcus frowned after him and presently said to an alderman who dropped in: "That young Case that got up the Citizens' League was in. I can't make out if he's a dog-gone fool or pretty slick."

"Just a kid, ain't he?"

"Yeah."

"Not worth wastin' time over," said the alderman.

"That's what Bolling thought, and Bolling's an ex-alderman today."

"Just a happen-so," said the municipal statesman. "Let's get down to cases."

During the next year Peter lived. Probably he made more money than the ordinary young man in his first year in the practice of the law, because he had laid a certain basis during his college years—a basis in acquaintance among people who could throw in his way minor clients. He was likable and was one to go out of his way to do a favor or a service or an errand. Curiously, this was not so much adroitness as it was a natural desire. If he can be said to have had a weakness, a defect, throughout his interesting career, it was this: That he could not overcome his impulses toward kindliness. And yet there was a contradictoriness in this, a queer twist that was not short of being high comedy. For instance, in a year to come, he exerted every ounce of his great influence to place a man in a certain public job, and at the same time fought a tremendous battle at the state capital to put through ripper legislation which would abolish the city office in which the job seeker was placed. He could not help doing the individual a favor, but was quite unconscious how he nullified it by his action in the larger matter.

So, in the criminal courts, he was given rather more than his share of assignments to act as attorney for defendants too poor to hire counsel for themselves. These assignments paid but twenty-five dollars apiece in those days, but twenty-five dollars was a mentionable sum. Policemen come in contact with the people and wield a certain influence, and because Peter had made it his business to know every man on the force and to befriend each when opportunity offered, these uniformed officers advised families in difficulties of one sort or another to retain Peter. And what business came to him he did well.

But practicing law was only a necessary side issue with Peter; the main occupation of his days and nights was making acquaintances where they would do the most good; by doing such services as came in his way and by asking nothing in return. It is true he derived a very real pleasure from all of this, but Sicily Burt felt sometimes that more of his evenings should be devoted to her.

"You got to be patient," he told her. "Now's the time when I've got to stir around. Election's in November next year."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, just go around and kind of talk to people," Peter said; and she was to find out what he meant on the first pleasant spring night when they went for a long stroll together.

"Let's go up Third Avenue," he suggested. "Bagg ought to ring in about now."

"Who is Bagg?"

"Policeman on this beat."

Sicily waited to see, for she was studying Peter as Peter was studying the political possibilities of his city, and she learned considerable before they turned homeward that night.

Patrolman Bagg was encountered in the second block and paused as Peter spoke to him and introduced Sicily.

"You ought to know Bagg," Peter said to her. "You're on his beat. . . . How's Nettie getting along?"

Nettie was Bagg's eight-year-old daughter who had suffered a broken leg some days before.

"Good," said the patrolman, "and her and her ma was tickled to death when you stopped in with that candy for her."

"Don't pain her much?" asked Peter.

"Scarcely any."

"Fine," said Peter. "Keep an eye on Miss Burt and don't let anybody steal her."

"I'll be watchin' out for her," said Bagg, and so they parted.

"Let's walk over past No. 5," Peter suggested. No. 5 was the fire-engine house, and a number of firemen sat before the door enjoying the pleasant evening air, hats tilted over one ear and feet on chair rungs.

"Hello, cap'n," said Peter. "Hello, boys. . . . Say, cap, I asked about Wilkins and I don't know's I'd lend him any money if I were you. There's garnishments against him now. . . . This is Cap'n Nolan, Sicily. Ever see an engine house?"

Sicily would be pleased to be conducted through the building, and was delighted with the horses and with the spickness and spanness of everything visible to the eye.

"Much obliged," said the captain as they left. "You never know about your neighbors, do you?"

And so their walk proceeded, Sicily taking note with a little eye twinkle that every change of direction brought them into some company with whom Peter exchanged a few intimate words, gave a bit of advice, asked after the sick or congratulated upon the marriage of a daughter.

"They all know you by your first name," she said, and Peter turned to see if this were criticism.

"They're friends of mine," he said. "If they didn't like me they'd call me Mr. Case."

He left her at her door. "Been a nice walk," he said. "I like to be places with you, Sicily."

"Yes," she said dryly, "I was along. Is this the way you spend your evenings?"

"Oh, sometimes I drop into headquarters and play checkers, or over to the jail and talk with the deputies. And then there's clients you can see only at night after their work's over. And sometimes I look in at dances—oh, at Arbeiter Hall and places like that. Just kind of look in and stay

(Continued on Page 136)

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Because of this advanced design, Fisk *All-Cord* Tires are equal to every test. Depend on these sturdy tires under all conditions for durability, for safety, and for excess *mileage*.

FISK

(Continued from Page 133

awhile and see a few folks. And the Polacks are tickled to death if you drop in at a wedding."

"Would I like to go, Peter?"

"I don't know. You're not used to that kind of people. Well, good night, Sicily."

"Good night, Peter," she said, and went up to her room to sit and think about Peter and about this extraordinary manner of entertaining a young lady on an evening's stroll. She could see the humor of it, but also she was big enough and wise enough to be impressed by the amazing single-mindedness of the boy, and understanding enough to recognize his real kindliness and the genuineness of his liking for these men with whom he stopped to chat—his genuine liking and his genuine interest in their petty affairs. Peter loomed larger upon her horizon than ever before.

"He can't help doing something if this is how he goes at it," she said, and, on the whole, was rather proud of him and more sympathetic toward his aims than before.

Until presidential year in 1904 Peter did not appear again as active in local politics. Commissioner Marcus dismissed the young man from his mind when time passed and no definite activities were reported. But, as has been seen, Peter was not idle. In the spring of 1904, however, he set about maturing the plans which he had tested in the laboratory of his Citizens' League. He laid the foundations for his First Voters' Club.

In this building he was exceedingly adroit, so that, for a time, even those who were being organized were scarcely aware of it, and not at all conscious that they were being made a part of a city-wide network of young men's clubs with an imposing total of membership.

In every one of the city's precincts—and there were sixty-four of them in the twelve wards—he saw to it that in a church, a parish house, a bowling alley—and in the foreign precincts, a saloon—young men who never before had voted for a President of the United States were attracted to gather. There are always young men ambitious of small leadership, and Peter was apt at finding these. At the start there was no name, no cohesive organization, but merely the creation of a state of mind. By degrees Peter established the idea that first voters were a distinctive class, and that, somehow, the act of casting the first ballot was in its nature an important initiation into something or other. This idea was permitted to germinate.

To organize costs money, but Peter had none, nor had he devices by which to obtain it; therefore his accomplishment is the more remarkable. In September the First Voters' Club blossomed suddenly as a realized fact. Between two days Peter tied together the ready fragments and held a mass meeting in the Auditorium at which every speaker was a first voter.

The meeting was unauthorized by the local political party; indeed, their first consciousness of it came from the thing itself. Peter had got the hall donated, had borrowed his band, and, because that was a parading age, had marched nearly two thousand young men down the avenue to the Auditorium. Two thousand!

Within a week thereafter, in sixty-four precincts banners appeared upon certain buildings announcing them as the headquarters of the local First Voters' Club. From that moment every device of publicity available for nothing was made use of by Peter to impress the city with the size and the power and the intentions of his club. He had been right in picking the sort of voters to organize—boys not beyond the age of make-believe and adventure and enthusiasm and gang organization. And he kept them busy. He gave them things to do and an ideal to gaze upon and something to play with.

Once more Commissioner Marcus sent for Peter, but Peter did not respond. Alderman Schwartz came around to see about it.

"Did you get word from the commissioner?" he asked.

"Yes," said Peter.

"Why don't you see him? He wants to see you."

"I saw him," said Peter.

"He says not. When?"

"About two years ago."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything," said Peter.

"What'll I tell him?" asked the bewildered alderman.

"Recite the preamble to the Declaration of Independence to him, if you know it."

"What you talking about?" asked the alderman.

"Just say that we hold all men to be born free and equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which there are life, liberty and the pursuit of the office they want to hold."

"You hain't goin' to buck the commissioner?"

"No."

"Then what are you goin' to do?"

"Work for myself," said Peter.

On the next day the leading evening paper published a rather sensational story about the methods of police-court lawyers—those rather déclassé practitioners whose office is the hall outside the court rooms, and who lie in wait for inexperienced unfortunates and conduct toward them in a manner not favored by professional ethics. The conditions were evil and well known to every habitué of the police courts. But they had been worth nobody's while to investigate or expose. Peter had his facts and his proofs, which he furnished liberally to a reporter friend with whom he played hearts at police headquarters. Adroitly he picked a time when news was slack; with understanding of news value and of men and women, he saw to it that heart interest and pathos were well interspersed in the disclosures. And every fact he stated was susceptible of quick proof.

It was a readable story, an appealing story. Other papers took it up—as other papers will—and the police courts became the center of a storm of public disapproval. The bar association investigated and the prosecutor's office intervened. There were disbarments, and the robes of the police justices themselves were smirched. For weeks it was a lively and entertaining scandal, with the net result that the public came to believe something must be done about its police courts.

Then, in a curious manner, Peter Case's name cropped up. Not in the papers but on street cars and on corners and at dinner tables. A man such as Peter Case ought to be police justice! This sentiment was expressed by persons who never had seen Peter—as such opinions come to be bruited about and will come to be bruited as long as human nature is fertile ground for propaganda. Yet Peter was not a candidate. He had made no announcement and was not seeking the office. However, when a few hundred policemen—who are supposed to know a great deal about police justices—and a great many firemen, and a thousand or so young men, inspired, without their being aware of it, in their First Voters' Clubs, go about a city uttering as the gospel of a new dispensation that a man such as Peter Case ought to be police justice, something happens.

Without having done a thing to gain it, Peter acquired a reputation. It was the queer reputation of being just the sort of person who should preside over a police court. Nobody knew what qualities this place required or what qualities Peter possessed, but thousands of men and women knew beyond all argument that Peter was the man for the position. Mass ideas are quaint and curious. Let a thousand persons go about any city at any time mentioning their belief that John Jones is the one inspired human being to be register of deeds, and the community will shortly be prepared to take up arms in defense of the proposition. If enough persons—and without adducing any proofs in support—say that Henry Brown is a great banker, presently you will have capitalists offering to organize a new bank and make Henry president of it. People are that way, not in less degree, but rather in greater.

One heard conversations like this: "I wonder if they can get this Peter Case to run for police justice."

"I hear he doesn't want to, but they ought to get a delegation to wait on him or something. A man like that owes a public duty, that's what I think."

So, presently, delegations from churches and societies and what not called at Peter's office and presented their petitions. Peter, looking as dignified and aged as was possible, took the matter under advisement, but declined to commit himself. Again Commissioner Marcus sent emissaries whom Peter received courteously. Mr. Marcus saw advantage in tying to the kite of Peter's sudden popularity.

"The commissioner," said the envoy, "wants you to see him. He says he guesses he can manage about the police-justice job."

"Tell the commissioner," said Peter, "that I guess I can manage about it myself, if I want it."

"Don't you want it?"

"Ever read The Spectator?"

"Where's it published? In town?"

"Never mind. There's a place in it where a man by the name of Sir Roger de Coverley states my position."

"Englishman, eh? What does he say?"

"What he said in an emergency was this: 'There's much to be said on both sides.'"

"And I'm to tell the commissioner that?"

"You can tell him," said Peter gravely, "that six times six are always thirty-six."

Early in the month came the election of delegates to the city convention which was to nominate municipal officers. Two delegates from each precinct and twelve delegates at large made up that deliberative assembly. Before this convention were to be presented the names of the two present police justices, a third aspirant named Wilgus and, it was hoped by the people, Peter Case. The voters, functioning in their corrugated-iron polling booths, elected as delegates no less than sixty members of Peter's First Voters' Club—a handsome nucleus.

Commissioner Marcus and the organization, putting their heads together, determined to renominate the present incumbents—old and trustworthy political war horses. And so the convention opened. Peter made his last-minute preparations for battle, and these last-minute preparations born in a sense of humor, and in a subconscious, instinctive knowledge of the way in which crowds react, consisted of old Mike Rooney. Mike was a delegate, Mike possessed a stentorian voice, and Mike was, unfortunately, addicted to the use of spirituous beverages. In fact, Mike was rarely in a state of perfect sobriety. On convention morning Mr. Rooney was distinctly less than this, and he had only one duty, which he performed heartily and with enjoyment.

No sooner was the convention seated than Mike upreared himself at the back of Wheelmen's Hall and bellowed: "Hurrah for Peter Case!"

Delegates and gallery laughed mildly. But thereafter, at intervals of five minutes or in any interlude of silence, Mike reared himself again to shout tipsily: "Hurrah for Peter Case!"

Restrained laughter became gales of mirth. The convention found Mike screamingly funny, and presently, every time he was seen to stand up, the delegates would pause in their deliberations and take the words out of his mouth. "Hurrah for Peter Case!" they would howl with glee. So, it will be perceived, the matter was being lifted from the plane of politics to the plane of humor. The convention was in possession of a joke. It would go further to add stature to its joke than it would go to further any sober interest of civic betterment or political expediency.

"Hurrah for Peter Case" became the catchword of the convention, and the noon extras of the papers carried it in headlines. Which helped the matter to jell. If the papers admitted it was a joke, then the convention was confirmed in its belief that they owned a bit of high humor.

Then, in the midst of the afternoon session, just before nominations for police justice were to be put before the assembly, a young man—just following a raucous shout of "Hurrah for Peter Case!"—rushed down the center aisle waving a sheet of note paper. The chair recognized him.

Now, this was an able young man, selected carefully for his job. He was dramatic; he put fervor into his voice. He fairly quivered with excitement as he made his announcement.

"Gentlemen of the convention," he shouted triumphantly, "I have great news for you! Peter Case will accept the nomination for police justice!"

The moment was chosen well, the announcement was artfully made, and the emotions of the convention responded. It stamped, it cheered, it bellowed, it pounded one another upon the back and believed in its high-beating heart that it really had heard just the news for which it had been longing and vainly hoping.

Before it subsided, Peter Case had been nominated for one of the police justiceships by acclamation. Which was equivalent to election.

That night Peter dined with Sicily Burt and her family in their home. Mr. Burt, a pious and rather pompous gentleman, regarded Peter with more friendly eye than had been his custom.

"Young man," he said, "it is unusual for success to come at your age. The people have reposed their confidence in you in a remarkable manner. I congratulate you."

Peter responded gravely, shaking his head as he spoke: "I haven't succeeded, Mr. Burt. I've just got to where I can start. You wouldn't say a fellow standing on a springboard had made a good dive, would you?"

"You mean you aren't flattered by this success?"

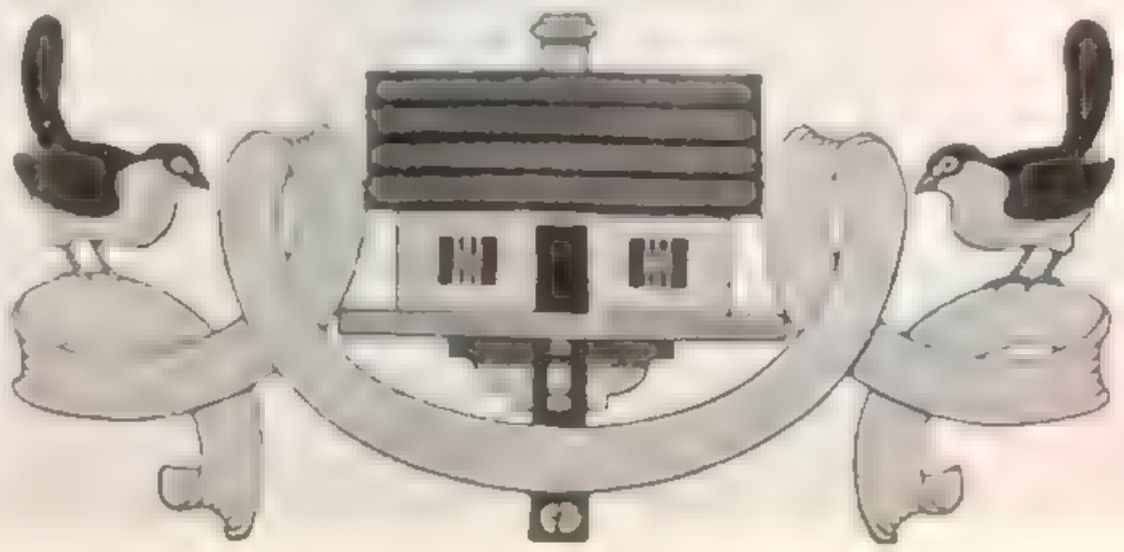
Peter was honest in his reply, and Sicily was able to understand and delight in it.

"Oh," he said, "I know how all this happened. Nothing to flatter me. You've got to go up the stairs to get to the second floor, and there's nothing to walking up a flight of steps. Especially when you made the steps yourself and know how it's done."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Burt.

"But I do, Peter," said Sicily. "From now on I'll be interested."

"I'll tell you the next move," said Peter, and that was characteristic of him. He always knew the next move.



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on the next page, the new and cheap way to replace old rusty water pipes.

Copper Water Tubing

—a NEW Chase product

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1. FLEXIBLE - It runs between walls and around corners like electric wiring, and yet it is hard enough not to dent or flatten easily.

2. STRONG - It will stand over 3000 lbs. water pressure. (Average city water pressure 30 to 120 lbs.)

3. FREEZE-PROOF, HEAT-PROOF - Freezing water will expand it without cracking. Will stand water up to 400° Fahrenheit. (Water boils at 212°.)

4. CAN'T RUST - Made from 99.9 pure Chase copper which positively cannot rust.

5. AND CHEAPEST! - Because it is used in long lengths, it eliminates useless fittings, and saves useless cutting into walls and floors that are expensive to replaster, retile and repaint. The total replacement cost is cheaper than any other kind of water pipe!

The copper tube plumber travels light—a few tools are all he needs. No heavy threading equipment to truck to the job.

A couple of floor boards are lifted up, the copper tubing is run across to the basin. Instead of elbows and joints it bends around corners. The photograph shows the plumber flanging the tube for the Chase fitting.

Now you can easily replace every slow-running rusty water pipe in your home with Chase Copper Water Tubing, and at a lower price than ever possible before.

Listen in on this man asking his plumber about it. He brings up many of the questions you might want to ask.

Question—"What is this Chase Copper Water Tubing?"

Plumber—"It's a copper pipe made flexible enough to bend easily, and thick and strong enough to stand twenty-five times any city water pressure!"

Question—"Just how thin is it?"

Plumber—"It's no thinner than an ordinary

brass pipe where it's threaded. But Chase Copper Water Tubing is used with a special Chase fitting and doesn't need threading so it doesn't need the extra thickness that threaded pipes must have."

Question—"What kind of a fitting does it use?"

Plumber—"Chase has designed a special red-brass fitting of much the same type that has been used successfully for many years in automobile gas and oil lines. This is the fitting that has been successfully used with Chase Copper Water Tubing in all our tested house installations."

Question—"Will it hold as tight as an ordinary threaded fitting?"

Plumber—"Yes. It would take a pull of nearly 3000 lbs. to break the tube and fitting apart."

Question—"Any chance to loosen the fitting by vibration, or moving in any way?"

Plumber—"No. This has been fully tested and in fact the results show the joint is a lot stronger than rigid pipe."

Question—"How about the copper tubing? Will it sag or bend too much?"

Plumber—"No. I've seen a lot of it installed and there's never been a bit of trouble that way. It can be bent but it won't bend if you see what I mean."

Question—"Will it bulge or stretch from too hot water or air in the pipes?"

Plumber—"Not a chance. The only change possible is for the pipe to expand slightly, if the water inside the pipe is frozen."

Question—"Why do you say it's specially good for replacement?"

Plumber—"Because you can run it down through the wall like an electric wire without having to cut into the plaster to make a lot of connections."

Question—"All this sounds pretty good. What are the bad things about it? Why hasn't it been used before?"

Plumber—"I don't know. Perhaps because a manufacturer has never produced a complete line of guaranteed, trade-marked fittings, and tubing, and started in to tell people about it as Chase has."

Clean, cool, sparkling water and lots of it at full pressure from Chase Copper Water Tubing.

Question—"Suppose a plumber never installed any before. Could he do it easily the first time?"

Plumber—"Yes, it's a cinch. Really a lot easier than making threaded connections."

Question—"Is it better than brass pipe?"

Plumber—"No. But it is particularly adapted for replacements where it's hard to work inside walls and not much room to make joints."

Question—"How does it compare in cost with other pipes?"

Plumber—"The cost of the copper tubing and red-brass fittings is more expensive than the cheapest *rustable* pipe and fittings. But because it's easier to replace with long lengths of copper tubing and fewer fittings, and with very little cutting into walls and floors, it is actually cheaper in the end than any other water pipe there is! And you get water pipes that will last and last and last, and always give you good clear water."

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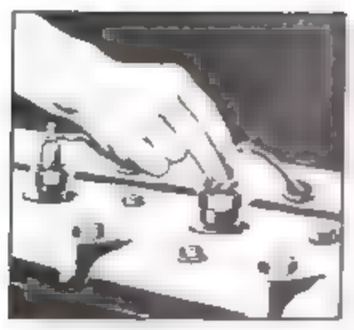

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(Enlarged)

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VILLA LAURIER

(Continued from Page 30)

moved back, tapping the cement with his forepaws, then looked down again. A naked torso splendidly muscled appeared above the rim of the square black aperture. It looked like the upper section of a heroic statue in silver. The face was one of the handsomest I have ever seen, smooth shaven, with finely chiseled aquiline features and dark luminous eyes under straight, black, heavy brows. These surveyed me curiously and with a certain humor. The vivid moonlight made everything as bright as day. Even without Brig's testimony I could have guessed instantly that this thoroughbred was Paul de Grasse.

"Beastly job, that," he said. "Chilly too."

"Did you find it there?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. How do you happen to know about it, if I may ask?"

"I put two and two together. I may as well tell you that I've come here all set to fish it out and bale it up and lug it down to the shore in my car. Then we can borrow one of the boats on the beach and pull off into the deep water and slide it overboard, with a rock or anchor fast to it."

He stared at me. "Why all that procedure, *mon ami?*"

"Don't stall," I said, impatiently. "I don't know who you and Dimitri bumped off and dropped into this badly chosen *oubliette*, or why, and I don't care. But for the sake of the Moran family and one or two others, I'm ready to take a chance as accessory after the fact and suppress the evidence. Let's get busy before Jasmin comes."

He continued to stare—so long that I grew impatient.

"Come on," I said, "or since you're already stripped, you may as well take down a line and make fast and we'll heave it out before anybody comes."

"You speak like a sailor," he said without budging.

Brig began to frisk in front of him, pitty-patting with his forepaws, trying to coax him up out of that unseemly place and to get himself seemly clad. Paul distressed that strongest of canine senses, which is the fitness of things. He was a round white peg in a square black hole. I felt the same as Brig. In fact, I felt even more strongly, because if there is any one thing to exasperate a man who prides himself on nerves that are steady in any crisis, it is to have them stampeded from some silly cause, and I had just been worse scared than a flighty housemaid in the cellar and the valet playing ghost.

"Never mind what I talk like," I snapped. "Let's get this business over with."

"It is over with," he said coolly.

"What have you done with the remains?"

"I don't know anything about any remains. But I've got what I went after." His way of speaking and ultra English accent suggested that he had learned that tongue at Oxford, or perhaps from heavy swells of the R. N.

"What was that?" I asked, feeling a little dazed.

"Some personal property I stowed away down here a year ago. I never thought about the cistern being used again. Not that it matters much." He yielded to Brig's entreaties and hoisted himself out, standing a straight, powerful figure clad only in knee pants. He flicked the water from his gleaming body. "I should have thought to bring a towel."

"Yes, and a cake of soap," I said. "If you got what you wanted, what were you doing down there?"

"I saw you coming with Loup, and thought it was Dimitri. I didn't care to have him know what I was up to. Then, when you came down the ladder with the torch, I yielded to the impulse to give him a scare." He gave a short, merry laugh. "You are a plucky fellow, old chap." He laughed again.

There seemed to be no reason for telling him that I had been scared within an inch of my life.

Instead I asked, "Then there wasn't any corpse?"

"Not to my knowledge. At least I haven't found any down there. What made you think there was a corpse?"

"Dimitri conveyed that idea to your former wife," I said shortly.

He rubbed one of his muscular arms. "It looks as if I had quite a score to settle with Dimitri. She would still be my wife if she had got the letters I sent her about the progress of my affairs, and about this cistern. I was a silly ass not to have thought of their being intercepted by Dimitri or his cat of a wife."

"You were all of that," I agreed, "and it's made the devil of a mess. Why didn't you tell Clytie all about it when you saw her here about a year ago?"

"Because she had divorced me and married Brown. I was furious at her lack of faith in me. Being so ready to believe that I'd desert her so rottenly. It looked as if she had wanted to chuck me and marry a compatriot of hers who stood to inherit millions. Besides, I was in a rage when I came here. My brother-in-law had been giving me a bad quarter hour."

"Is Clytie American?" I asked.

"Of course." He looked at me with surprise. "Doesn't her behavior show that? Popping in and out of matrimony?"

"The United States hasn't any copyright on that," I said.

He gave a short laugh. "She hails from Gloucester, Massachusetts. Her father was a schooner captain and her mother the daughter of a Portuguese ship owner. Clytie was an orphan and inherited a little money when she came of age, and shoved straight off for Paris to study singing. Then she found she hadn't an operatic voice and decided on the stage. When I first met her she was studying diction in London." He flicked his hands down the side of his chest. "I'm dry enough to dress."

He stepped lightly across the cement of the cistern to the foot of the windmill, where he had left his clothes in a dark corner. I stood thinking deeply while he dressed. Tom and I had both been right about Clytie. She had told me the truth, yet fooled me about herself. Still a man did not have to be entirely a fool to be fooled by Clytie.

Paul finished dressing, then stooped to pick up something and joined me. He was in blue serge with a sailor straw, and he had under his arm a leather portfolio that was wet and bulging and bound round with a piece of fine wire.

"I must flit," he said.

"Have you seen any of your family?" I asked. "Do they know that you are alive and in France?"

"'Fraid not. I'll look 'em up tomorrow." He shifted the slimy portfolio under his arm, squeezing the top and bottom together. As he did so the rusted wire that held it gave way and there poured out onto the cement top of the reservoir what looked in the blazing moonlight to be a stream of flashing multicolored sparks. They glittered and scintillated dazzlingly on the bare cement that the moonlight made snowy.

"*Sacré—cochons!*" Paul stooped quickly and began to gather them up. One of these gorgeous particles had rolled between my feet. I leaned down and retrieved it and had no need of a spectroscope to see that it was a magnificent ruby.

"You chose a risky sort of safe deposit, Monsieur de Grasse," I said, and handed him the gem.

"I had no choice," he answered calmly. "There was no time to spare and I had reason to believe my luggage might be searched. In fact, it was. I came by these things honestly and at the cost of a tremendous lot of work and expense, so I balked at the prospect of being gouged for the bulk of their value."

"No wonder Dimitri has been taking big chances to drain that cistern," I said. "Evidently he isn't a diver, like yourself."

"The blighter can't even swim, let alone dive," Paul said. He looked at me attentively. "Are you going to blow the gaff?"

"Not I. You needn't worry. Several times in the course of all this mess I have assured our clients and others that my partner and I happen to be real-estate and not police agents. We stick as closely as possible to our own business."

He gave me a keen look. "Well, I believe you. But if you don't mind my asking, how does it happen that you're here with the evident intention of fishing a corpse out of this bally tank?"

"We are negotiating to sell the Villa Laurier to Mr. Brown, and an unexplained cadaver tucked away on the property is detrimental to its market value," I said dryly. "Now let's get out of this before somebody comes."

Paul nodded. But it was too late. A figure had emerged from the gate in the hedge at the upper end of the rose garden and was moving toward us down the center path. Paul caught sight of it as soon as I did.

"*Sapristi!* Who's that?"

"Mam'selle Jasmin—your niece," I told him. "She knew about my errand here. You can tell her that our fears about the corpse in the cistern were unfounded. She will believe you, because we had reason to believe that it was the corpse of yourself." I bowed. "Permit me to wish you good night."

I slipped away through the laurels. Jasmin must have seen me, but it did not seem to matter. The affair now appeared to be a family one, and my services no longer required. As far as concerned myself, Paul might tell her as much or as little as he liked. I had already formed a sort of nebular theory about the business and wanted to think it out alone or with Tom's assistance. We had always pooled our fortunes and our affairs since school days. At that moment I was fed to surfeit with the Villa Laurier.

IX

TOM puffed at his old brier and listened without interrupting to my description of what had happened the night before.

When I had finished he said thoughtfully, "I told you at the first crack there was something muddy about this Villa Laurier stuff, Charles."

"You were right. It got muddier every day, right up to the cistern water last night."

"I believe I told you also that Clytie's life story was the bunk."

"It wasn't though. Her father was a schooner captain and took her with him on voyages to South America, where people gave her young jaguars and ocelots and things. Clytie merely held back her matrimonial misadventures. When she found that she couldn't get possession of the Villa Laurier at any money cost, she determined to get at least standing room there. It looks as if her object was to give Dimitri a chance to do his job. Until yesterday she believed the corpse theory. Then, when Moran told her that Paul was alive, she decided that Dimitri must be after something else, and she dragged it out of him."

Tom nodded. "Very likely Dimitri got desperate and let her in. He had to have help. How do you suppose he knew that the jewels were in the cistern?"

"From Paul's letters to Clytie that Mrs. Dimitri intercepted," I said. "Dimitri will claim now that his object was to salvage them for Paul. Especially after it looked to him as if Clytie meant to marry Smith if he bought her the villa."

Tom said slowly: "He may have been with Paul's experimental diving outfit off Belle Isle. I should say that Dimitri was

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boyar class, intelligent and educated. He reads the papers and keeps informed of current events."

"Yes," I agreed, "and he did not miss that article about the Belgian passenger ship torpedoed off Belle Isle during the war with millions of dollars' worth of jewels in the safe."

"Nor this later article," Tom said, "about the divers who managed to get down into her finding the safe empty, so that it is thought that the captain or purser must have put them previously in some handy hiding place, in case the ship got torpedoed."

"Dimitri," I agreed, "guessed that it was not the captain or purser who took those jewels in charge. He may have suspected from the very start of Paul's experiments that he was conducting them at the spot where that shipload of rich Belgian refugees abandoned her in a hurry."

"Yes," Tom agreed, "and Paul may have suspected that he suspected and laid him off. But I should say that Dimitri was not the only one who had a hunch that Paul's diving experiments cut two ways. The French Navy Information may have waked up to it a little late."

"It looks that way," I said. "From what Paul let drop to me last night about having reason to believe that his luggage might be searched, it would seem that he believed somebody to be on his tracks when he went to call on Clytie that night. And there's another point."

"What?"

"Moran spilled something when he told me yesterday that Paul's misuse of the money Moran advanced was not the only cause of their quarrel. He said that there was something else: A proposition that had to do with Paul's diving invention that he, Moran, considered as not honorable."

"That's significant," Tom said. "Moran is a stickler for honor, and the chances are that if Paul so much as hinted at any unofficial salvage of loot from a torpedoed ship and nothing to be said about it, Moran would land on the proposition like a ton of brick."

"Paul would have known that, and put it up to him merely as a proposition and not as an accomplished fact," I said.

"Precisely. But the chances are that Moran was not so sure that it was not an accomplished fact," Tom said. "Paul knew also that Moran would not squeal on him, for the credit of the family."

We were silent for a few moments. With the known facts of the case in hand supplemented by what seemed strongly suggested, it was not hard to build up a good working reconstruction of what had then happened.

"Paul had these jewels in the brief case when he came here just before Brown's lease expired, and Brown was in Paris," I said. "Moran may or may not have known that Paul had recovered some of the salvage, but at any rate he censured the idea of recovering them and keeping it secret. Paul then went to see Clytie. Perhaps he told her that he was by way of possessing a fortune and wanted her to chuck Brown and return to him."

"Well, you can't blame him much," Tom muttered. "Some girl."

"Don't interrupt," I said impatiently. "Clytie turned him down and they had a row. Paul hadn't much time and thought he was being shadowed or followed. He didn't want to risk getting collared with the goods, and in wondering where to plant them he thought of the cistern. It was then in disuse and the water merely flowing through it when it rained. The old windmill was out of order. Paul slipped over there in the dark and twisted a piece of small wire round the brief case and lifted the trap and dropped it in. He probably chucked it over in a corner."

Tom nodded. "And Dimitri ——"

"Dimitri didn't suspect anything at the time," I went on impatiently. "Paul must have gone to the villa in a car. As soon as he had planted his loot in the cistern he cleared out. Brig, or Loup, had probably got into the car and Paul may not have discovered him until he got well on his way. Then, to avoid being traced by a conspicuous dog, he chucked him out and sent him back. At any rate, Brig ran into a *collet*, and that's how I happened to find him nearly strangled beside the road."

"It seems to hang together," Tom admitted. "But you'd think that as soon as Brig recovered he'd have gone back to the villa."

"Perhaps he did," I said. "But by that time his people had all left and the Morans had moved in, so Brig stayed with me. Paul then took his invention and went to the States; probably under a different name. I don't know how he managed it, but that's the way it looks. Then Dimitri read or was told something that roused his suspicion. He may have seen Paul going toward the cistern. Paul's disappearance after his row with Clytie made her uneasy. She questioned Dimitri and he saw his chance to throw out some dark hints that scared her into trying to get possession of the villa at any price. Brown hadn't the money to buy it then, and finally she got desperate and turned to Smith."

Tom was silent for a moment, then said, "I should think that Dimitri could have managed to explore the cistern."

"He couldn't do that without first draining it," I said, "and the only way to drain it was to pump or siphon the water out. Paul told me that Dimitri can't swim, let alone dive. The brief case was too round and slippery to grapple for, and it was probably over in a corner."

"Do you think it was Dimitri who knocked out Moran?" Tom asked.

"Of course it was. He got desperate when he found that Moran was apt to sell to Brown, and that Brown was not apt to give the place to Clytie, since she had taken up with Smith. Dimitri wanted to frighten the family so that they would all stay indoors after dark. He took advantage of that sudden gale to start the pump. All he needed was to drain it enough so that he could wade round chest-deep."

Tom nodded

"His national prejudice for a bath wasn't helped by that style of bathtub. But it was just Paul's stuff."

"Yes, he's a hell-diver. He felt at home down there."

"It was cute of him to make his diving experiments nice and handy to the sunken treasure ship," Tom said. "When the weather got hazy all he had to do was to shift his outfit over a few miles and practice on the real thing. Well, that's none of our business."

"We can't blame him," I agreed. "I don't know what the international law about treasure sunk in wartime may be, and I doubt if Paul does either. He probably thinks that by the time all the claims and taxes are paid there wouldn't be enough left to square his salvage costs."

"Perhaps he's right, at that," Tom said. "There's the risk to his life, and he has a moral claim if only because he commanded a French submarine in those waters and did his best to protect Allied shipping."

"Yes, and his family fortunes were cleaned out by the loss of their textile factories in Arras and Valenciennes. I wonder if he will break even!"

Tom looked through the window. "Here he comes across the street with your military-minded mutt. Let's ask him that much anyhow."

x

PAUL DE GRASSE, looking very debonair and immaculate, and with Brigadier at his knee, came into the office. Both of them greeted me in friendly fashion. I presented Tom and offered Paul a chair. Brig crouched down where he could look full at his one and only master with deep, adoring gaze. The dog never once removed his eyes from Paul's handsome face.

"My partner knows as much as I do about all this," I said. "We agree that it is none of our business, but we can't help wondering what may be the international law about treasure sunk in wartime, if salvaged."

Paul's eyes twinkled. "You're keen, Mr. Charles. Well, for me that's a question that I shall engage the best counsel to discover. My own curiosity" his eyes twinkled "demands that I be rendered a decision in which I may place absolute confidence."

"To judge from the way war loot on land has been recently offered for sale," I said, "the previous owners' claims seem stricken out."

"Absolutely," Paul agreed, "and there is an old time-honored law called 'flotsam and jetsam' that makes findings keepings on the sea. But if the finder were a man of honor he would wish to do the right thing."

"Naturally," I admitted.

"But," said Paul, "if he were also a man of sense he would not give up what he had been able to salve at enormous effort and cost and grave risk to his life until he had first determined just what his rights in the matter might be."

"You're dead right he wouldn't," Tom agreed warmly. "I can see how much he would be apt to draw if he were to hand it over first and put in his salvage claim afterward."

"That, monsieur," said Paul, "is precisely the point."

We were silent for a moment. Then I said: "If such a man of both honor and sense were, for instance, to have a partner in his salvage enterprise whose delicate perception of honor were exaggerated to the cost of his common sense, it would seem an obligation to make this partner understand the situation and to assure him of every honest intention."

Paul laughed. "Precisely, old chap. Especially if that partner were hampered by another excellent slogan, which is Family First." He sighed. "That is difficult sometimes, but with patience it should be managed."

Brig all this time had never once taken his eyes off Paul. The dog had never looked at me like that. It was as if he had found his soul again. It explained the curious detachment that had often made me wonder if perhaps, on bringing Brig back to life again, when I found him nearly strangled by the copper wire fox snare, I might not have made an incomplete job of it. At times it had seemed to me that the dog, though alive enough physically, was spiritually dead. He had functioned like an automaton of a perfectly trained canine, responding to orders given obediently and accurately, and returning to a sort of stasis when they were accomplished; all utterly without that relish or enthusiasm during and immediately after activity that is shown by normal dogs. I now mentioned this to Paul:

"Brig, or Loup, is a different animal. There's a new glow in his eyes. He's always been a gentleman, polite, but impersonal. He had never shown any emotion at all until Dimitri appeared on the scene."

Paul nodded. "He and Dimitri were always good friends. That's the best thing I know about Dimitri."

"Where did you get Loup?" I asked.

"He came from the police kennels. A friend in the prefecture gave him to me as a pup. I was much alone at the time, working in a laboratory at Brest, and I had a lot of time to devote to his education. Made rather a thorough job of it, what?"

"You did. But with me there was something lacking. He was like a dog in a trance. He obeyed orders exactly, but with no enthusiasm."

Tom expressed it rather well: "The way a hypnotized person responds to the suggestion of the hypnotist that he's a swimmer or dancer."

"And there it stopped," I said. "He never asked for credit or praise, like a field dog or sled husky or trick dog that feels he has reason to be pleased with himself. But he knew when to act on his own ——" I checked myself, feeling rather red.

"When Dimitri told him to hold Mr. Charles?" Paul laughed.

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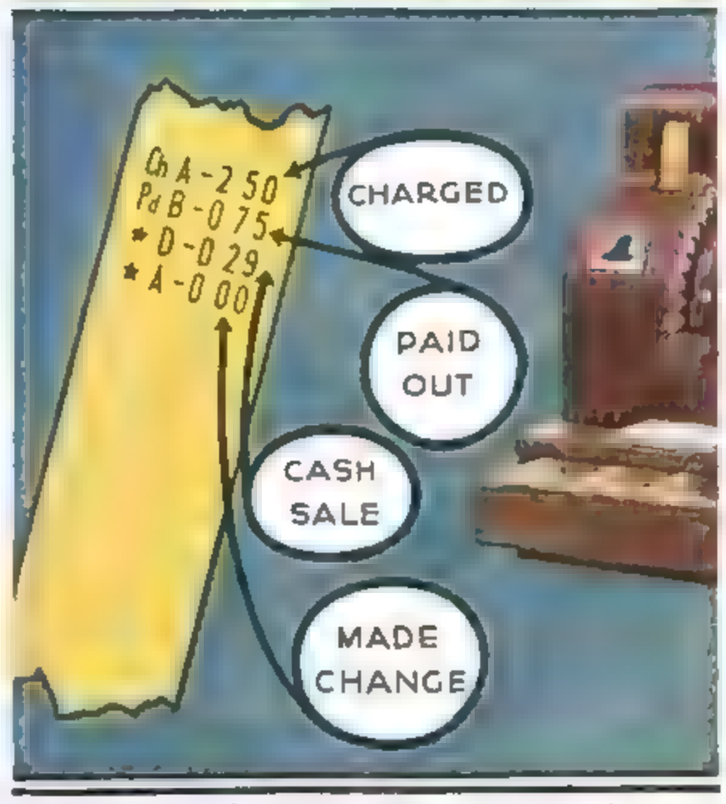

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(Continued from Page 142)

"No," Tom said, "when Smith got a little rough with Madame Clytie."

It was Paul who reddened now. "Pity he didn't cripple the swine," he said shortly. "But I've been very much that animal myself."

There was another brief silence, when I asked politely, "Are you to remain long in our midst, Monsieur de Grasse?"

"It is not probable," he said. "Since you are *au courant* of the affairs of my relatives and others and have shown such devotion to their best interests, I may confess frankly that my past behavior has not been very brilliant. I wish to compensate for that in several directions."

"Splendid," I said, a little dryly perhaps. "Do you happen to have any news about our compatriot, Mr. Smith?"

Paul's eyes fairly laughed. "He left early this morning for Villefranche to take the next ship for New York. I learned indirectly that our beautiful Côte d'Azur does not agree with his health. Here on the shore he suffers from congestions, and if he rides up into the hills the altitude affects him even more lamentably."

All three of us laughed. Paul threw out his hands in an expressive Gallic gesture. "Would you believe it, the silly blighter complains also that the Riviera is improperly policed and that the life and property of a peaceful tourist are not safe here. Chicago, he claims, is not only a far better health resort but also more secure for the retired capitalist and philanthropist. He maintains also that the ladies of that city are less avaricious and more dependable."

The roar of laughter brought Brig to his feet. He looked from one to the other of us and whined inquiringly.

"Smith might also have included the dogs," Tom said. "This one seems to shift his allegiance from time to time."

"No," Paul objected, "that is scarcely the fact. He merely accepts and executes the orders of the authority that he considers to be the ranking one. For instance, in my absence he obeys implicitly the orders of my former chauffeur, Dimitri. But last night after you had left I heard somebody skulking in the laurel bushes. When I plunged in to investigate, a man popped out and started to run down the lane for the road. I set Brig after him. The fellow must have stepped on a rolling stone and come a cropper. When I got there, Loup had him by the—ah *arrière pensée*, as one might say."

Tom nodded gravely. "The afterthought of the pants."

"Precisely. Can you imagine my surprise to discover that it was my presumably faithful Dimitri? And now I shall wonder for the rest of my life whether Dimitri was trying to save my property for me, as he protests, or to scoff it."

I rocked with laughter and with delight. Here were the tables turned on Dimitri. Brig, under the orders of a superior, as his canine police soul saw it, had served Dimitri at Paul's command precisely as he had served myself at Dimitri's, and Jasmin at my own. I reached down and patted the broad furry head.

"You're forgiven, old scout," I said.

Brig seemed to understand. Of course he understood. His one and only master had cleared his reputation, removed any lingering stigma of infidelity. Brig whined a little and rammed his head against my knee. Paul had risen to go, and I knew that Brig was saying good-by to me.

I answered, "Good-by, old chap, and good luck to you."

"Well," said Tom when Paul had gone, "what price Davy Jones' Locker, Incorporated? Paul's a square shooter or I'll miss my bet. He will do the right thing. First by Clytie, then by his family and then, perhaps, by certain family friends who stood by and rallied round."

We had proof of this a few days later, by which time we had sold the Villa Laurier to Brown and got our little colony project well under way. There was a good deal of money in sight for us, but it irked us a lot to know that there should be several times the amount if we were not obliged to liquidate on a part of our holdings of adjoining property to retain our interest in the core of the proposition and to square sundry debts.

We were on the point of making this sacrifice when the postman saved the day by prompt service. He left me a letter, an extract of which read:

> all diving operations to recover sunken treasure are not limited to the deep sea, *vide* Mussolini's proposed attempt to salve the fittings of Tiberius' galley, by draining the lake. Similar operations might be employed on a cistern.
>
> One feature alone in treasure hunting is constant: That all engaged are entitled to their lay, as sailors say, or share. The amount of this depends to some extent on the character and value of the assistance offered, whether direct or indirect. A valuable indirect service would be that of preventing the removal of the treasure by rival seekers.
>
> The inclosed share is not to be considered as any other sort of gratuity than a fair lay for service rendered. Moreover, it is not a final payment . . .

The share referred to was a draft on the Crédit Lyonnais for two hundred and fifty thousand francs. I shoved it across at Tom.

"There's salvage for an overloaded, undermanned real-estate business. But all the same, it looks to me like hush money."

"What of it?" Tom asked. "All you have to do is hush." He grinned. "And you were going to do that anyhow." Then, as I continued to stare at the draft a good deal as a starving man in the desert might stare at his dog, Tom said: "You earned it all right, to look at results. You kept Dimitri on the run. If you hadn't heard the windmill pump and stopped it he could have got in there chest-deep and grabbed off the loot."

"Maybe," I said.

"Besides," Tom went on, "Paul is Jasmin's uncle, so if things break right this life-saver stays in the family. Call it a wedding present. You certainly would feel like a fool if you deprived Jasmin of it."

"She'd make me feel that way," I admitted, and indorsed the draft for deposit. Here were our precious options saved; three times the amount of that draft in our pockets. Also a half nelson on the real-estate business in Juan-les-Pins. In the rush of this catch-as-catch-can endeavor it was several days before I went out again to the Villa Laurier. There are times when courtship is less pressing than a good firm stance on which to pay one's court. Brown, who appeared to be wearing a groove between Cannes and Grasse, told me that Clytie had stopped only that one night at the Villa Laurier, then shoved off for somewhere in her car with Dimitri and his wife, leaving no address, before Paul had called on the Morans. It was fairly certain that her next address and Paul's and Brig's would all be the same.

I did not try to see Jasmin until our deal was nicely signed, stamped, and sealed in the French method instead of the American gentlemen's agreement that had once or twice previously let us down. A good slogan for the real-estate business would be: "In dealing with gentlemen, one cannot be too careful."

Jasmin must have recognized the timid bleat of my little car, for she came to the gate as I was bashfully ringing the bell. We went up the stone steps to the top of the terrace and seated ourselves on an old marble bench.

"Why haven't you come out here sooner, Charles?" Jasmin asked.

"For two reasons," I answered. "The first is that we've been working overtime to put through a deal that's due to make us a pot of money. It was all signed up this morning. The second ——"

"Never mind," she interrupted. "If that's the first, the second has no particular importance. Besides, I can guess it."

"Have you any news of Clytie and Paul?"

(Continued on Page 147)

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(Continued from Page 145)

"Yes. They have gone to London to get remarried."

"Then that's all right. It was good of you to ask her to the villa."

"I wanted to find out what her game might be," Jasmin said.

"Did you?" I asked.

"Of course I did. Clytie's clever, but she's not very deep. She told me everything—who she really was and all the rest. She believed that there had been a crime committed here, either by Paul or by Dimitri. Paul's the grand passion of her life, I should say."

"Did she think that Dimitri might have killed Paul?"

"Not for a second. What she most feared was that Paul had fallen foul of somebody on his trail and made way with him. She suspected Dimitri of knowing all about it and trying to remove the evidence for Paul's sake."

I turned this in mind for a moment, then asked, "Did Clytie know all the time what Paul was up to?"

"Yes, but she didn't tell me that. Paul told us the next day."

"How did your father take it?"

"Not so badly when Paul convinced him that he meant to do the right thing."

"Well," I said, "it's barely possible that Dimitri may have been loyal from the start. For all we know he may have had reason to believe that Paul had knocked off somebody and slid his body into the cistern."

"That's what Clytie thinks."

I let that point lie for the moment, and for all I know it is still lying there. "How much does Brown know about all this?" I asked.

"He knows all that we do, now," Jasmin said.

"Why was he so anxious to buy this place, even after finding out that Clytie might marry Smith?"

"He guessed her reason for wanting it so badly. He's not the sort to say much. Besides, he thought Smith knew what was worrying Clytie. And blackmailing her. So that's why Brownie wanted to kill him."

"Well, he was wrong about it," I said, "and it doesn't matter now."

"No, it doesn't matter, now that you've shown him that the Riviera is a lot worse than Chicago," Jasmin said, smiling. "Papa offered yesterday to call the sale off, but Brown declined. He wants to marry Lili, and she wants him to, and soon."

"So that's all right," I said. "For a time I was afraid that he was going to marry you. That's why ——"

"Why you stood fast while I tried to stare into your eyes and—and break down your will, and failed," Jasmin said. "I knew that, Charles. You could have done as you wanted then."

"I did. What I least wanted to do was to get in your way."

"I knew that too. But I'd already picked Lili for Brown. So had he, though he may not have known it."

"But Lili's just a kid," I objected. "Too young to marry now."

"She's quite old enough to marry another kid," Jasmin said. "That makes all the difference. I'm ages too old for Brown."

"Was there any other obstacle besides that and Lili?" I asked.

She gave me a deep look. "What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. One day you hand me a bouquet and next day a lemon. Or a wild orange, bitter and tonic."

"That's been to try you out, *mon cher*. I had to know that you loved me as I love you—to the very core. Without any because or in spite of. As Loup loves Paul."

"Do you know that now?" I asked.

"I've known it since that night, *mon* Charles. There are not going to be any more acid or other tests. Paul told me about the cistern." She laughed. "And your hair is still red instead of white."

"Red is a good fast color, luckily," I said. "And yours is pure gold, and so are you."

Jasmin said presently, "And there are not going to be any more wild oranges. I'll give you orange blossoms, Charles—and jasmine."

(THE END)

WHY AN INTERNATIONAL BANK?

(Continued from Page 5)

developing some international program was proposed. President Harding approved representation of the Federal Reserve System at such a meeting, but insuperable difficulties were believed to stand in the way of successful accomplishment of the Genoa plan for an international banking agreement. In some quarters a feeling existed that the problem could not be successfully solved on a world scale, but should be dealt with by separate stages or as situations arose.

Judging by the reception given by many financial experts to the most recent proposal for an international bank, that developing from the reparations conferences at Paris this year, a marked conflict of opinion still prevails today in financial circles here and abroad as to how the maintenance of the gold standard, the stabilization of currency and exchange, the preservation of credits, and the liquidation of debts may best be accomplished by the nations of the world. While it is interesting to examine the newest proposal for an international bank, in my judgment it is not desirable, necessary or practical for the American people to be committed by their Government to any such financial plan as is obviously being promoted by some who are frequently identified with what are commonly called, in the parlance of the day, the international banking interests.

Much water has run under the bridge of international financing since, during the panic of 1907 in New York, bankers considered it imperative to obtain gold from abroad. The Bank of France would not let them have it because there was no Federal Reserve bank of issue then existent in New York. The gold was obtained, however, from England. There existed some arrangement between the Bank of England and the Bank of France by which England could get gold from France whenever it was required.

How the situation was to change! Certainly there was no thought in 1907 that the United States would, in a comparatively short space of time, accumulate nearly one-half of the world's monetary gold, nor that the Federal Reserve Banks of this country would come into possession of a capital and surplus of $340,000,000 and gold reserves approaching $3,000,000,000.

It is not such a far cry from the panic of 1907 to the action of the Federal Reserve Board in lowering the rediscount rate in 1927. We were informed that the board took this action to bolster up our export trade with Europe, particularly with respect to our agricultural exports. But investigation disclosed that the primary purpose behind the board's action was to transfer gold to Europe and thereby assist in bringing about the restoration of the gold standard throughout the world. This was, of course, commendable. But the lowered rate resulted in gold to the amount of $500,000,000—half a billion dollars—being moved overseas. What was the reaction at home?

Subtle Financiers

An abundance of cheap money which led to a flood of new securities! The effect is still felt in our money market. It is an important phase of our call-loan situation which has caused such a wide divergence of opinion relative to the policy the Federal Reserve Board should pursue with respect to stock transactions at home and abroad. Also it furnishes an enlightening illustration of how closely our financial conditions are bound with those of our European friends and why we should be on guard against European financial entanglements or commitments.

In any consideration of these conditions it should be remembered that the flow of foreign money to this country for investment in our gilt-edge securities is increasing rapidly. Foreign investors are always in our market with standing orders for the best stocks whenever such securities tumble 10 to 20 points. During one comparatively recent stock-market recession $500,000,000 worth of our best securities were shipped abroad. They were scarcely on their way before their prices rebounded in value between 10 and 30 points. It is interesting to note that the amount of these securities was exactly the same as that of the gold shifted to Europe by the Federal Reserve Board in lowering the rediscount rate in 1927.

Of course, no parallel may exist between the $500,000,000 in securities and the $500,000,000 in gold, but it seems more or less apparent to some of us who have followed the financial situation at home and abroad that there is justification for the conclusion that there was a dual purpose back of the influences causing the lowering of the rediscount rate in 1927 for the rehabilitation of European financial affairs. It is not at all improbable that some of Europe's shrewdest financiers saw in the cheap-money situation here that followed Europe's receipt of the gold it so urgently required an opportunity to unload more European paper upon us than our market could immediately absorb. Some of this paper is still drinking in brokers' loans. And to furnish interest and dividends on such paper we are accepting more of it. Who can deny that Europe possesses subtle financiers?

Europeans are unquestionably eager for more of our best securities, but how long will we permit ourselves to accumulate a various assortment of European paper of dubious value? It should be remembered that foreign investors are accustomed to, and are usually satisfied with, from 2 to 4 per cent return upon their investments. It may be stated conservatively that few, if any, of our investors would find such a return agreeable. We should bear in mind that a call loan on the New York Stock Exchange may be called on virtually a spot-cash basis. Under what is known as the fortnightly system, a loan on the London stock exchange cannot be called until after two weeks from the day the loan is made, and during this period the interest rate on

(Continued on Page 149)

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Thompson Valves

TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 147)

the loan is definitely fixed. Here is something to think about while we are comparing our financial system with those of Europe.

During the past few years we have taken at par about $15,000,000,000 worth of foreign securities. Throughout that time the financing of our industrial production alone has attained unprecedented volume. Our gold has been going abroad in exchange for European paper. There has been much discussion concerning the speculative tendencies of our market. While deliberating on this phase of the situation we should not forget it was the Federal Reserve Board itself that started the ball rolling when it lowered the rediscount rate in 1927. By extending its assistance to the amount of $500,000,000 in gold to our European friends, the board itself set in motion the stock-certificate flood which deluged us with new securities. It was then and there that the board lost that control of credit which is one of its two primary functions. In my opinion, it is extremely doubtful if the board can regain control of the situation thus created. There is, of course, much to be studied regarding our market system before we can decide finally whether the situation is one of too much credit or of too many new securities. The stock market may recover without any special treatment—if it is really sick. Meanwhile Europe is unquestionably watching closely every move we make, and if its financiers are seeking to entangle us further in their fiscal affairs, we can, perhaps, afford to be charitable and merely dismiss their motives as—human!

Wheat and Cotton Surpluses

Before reaching any fixed decision or arriving at any final policy regarding our international relations, the most careful study, of all phases of finance, trade and production at home and abroad is necessary. Finance cannot be considered intelligently unless its relation to agriculture and the relation of both to trade are kept constantly in mind. In 1910 our national wealth was approximately $175,000,000,000, of which the farmers owned nearly a quarter. Our national wealth is now fast approaching $400,000,000,000 and the farmers now own less than one-sixth. Moreover, the present purchasing power of farm wealth is nearly 20 per cent less than it was fifteen years ago. The demand for farm products is steadily decreasing. In recent years farm-product imports have exceeded exports. These imports ran as high as $150,000,000 net in 1923–24. The export situation appears to offer little hope to farmers. A unanimous conclusion that farming is not a paying business was reached in 1921 by the Joint Agricultural Committee of the Senate and House. From the congressional investigations of agricultural conditions during the past ten years, the causes of agricultural depression appear to be divided into five main classes: Overproduction, transportation costs, inadequate credits, inefficient marketing and tariff difficulties.

The world aspect of our agricultural problem is a grave one. There has been no end to discussion of overproduction and surpluses. The products chiefly involved are grains—particularly wheat—and cotton. It is estimated the crop of winter wheat will amount to approximately 595,335,000 bushels, or some 16,371,000 bushels in excess of the 1928 crop, and 46,078,000 bushels more than the five-year average from 1923 to 1927 inclusive. On top of this, March first of this year saw 355,563,000 bushels from preceding crops stacked up on farms and in elevators, representing the greatest surplus since 1919, when there were 362,947,000 bushels on hand. The question of just what to do with all this wheat is part of an international problem of serious import, when it is remembered that the acreage sown to wheat for the 1929 harvest in sixteen foreign countries—representing approximately 50 per cent of the world's winter wheat in countries other than Russia and China—totaled 96,443,000 acres as against 95,403,000 for 1928.

The world's cotton crop amounts to approximately 25,000,000 bales, of which the United States produces about three-fifths. This country exports about two-thirds of all the cotton it produces. As a result, there is a surplus in cotton as well as in wheat, for which the growers must find a world market or suffer the consequences of having such surpluses left on their hands. Control of flow to market, however, will not control the price of such products. The estimated world crop establishes the price levels. I have no faith in the contention that by withholding our surpluses for a long enough period a sufficiently high average price may be obtained for them in the world market to permit the sustaining of a high-level average for the quantity domestically consumed.

The central consuming market for American wheat is in Europe. True, it has storage for only three weeks' supply, and hence depends on orderly movement of wheat across the seas during the several months of the year. But Europe's consumption ranges from 625,000,000 to 675,000,000 bushels a year, depending upon the yield of its own harvests. From thirty to fifty millions of bushels of bread grain are always afloat on the high seas, destined for European markets. The world-trade practice is for the producing countries, the United States, Canada, Argentina, Australia, and India and Russia when they are exporting, to yield their exporting supply to this world demand promptly after harvest.

Unless the bulk of our export wheat is moved by November first, we are overstaying our best exporting period. A study of world exports discloses that in the five crop years 1918-22, the United States furnished an average of 54 per cent during July, August, September and October as against Canada's 20 per cent, Argentina's 17 per cent and Australia's 9 per cent. It is good merchandising for us to rush our export wheat to the world's market at that time. To withhold it is only to increase the price for the wheat producers of other countries, and thus lead to expansion of foreign competitive acreage. It is an erroneous idea that our surplus alone in the world's market fixes the domestic price. American surplus, added to the surpluses of other countries, fixes the world's surplus supply, and the relation of this supply to the world demand for such world surplus fixes the world price. Therefore, to the extent only that our surplus supply is part of the world's surplus supply does our surplus in the world's market fix our domestic price.

The World Price for Cotton

The United States is the chief factor in fixing the world price for the classes of cotton raised in this country. When it produces beyond the world's demand the domestic price is low. The complete answer, therefore, as to surpluses in the grades of cotton produced here is under American control. If we would have a higher price we must produce less. I am one of those who believe that if a surplus is raised a penalty accrues which someone must pay. For our Government to adopt as a policy the lending of the people's money from the Treasury to groups of farmers for use in an effort to stabilize the price of products of which we raise a surplus and which must go into the world's market is to put those farmers against the most comprehensive and difficult trading and marketing problem in the world. No evidence has been adduced to show that our great grain exporters have made fortunes in exporting. They have at their command all sources of information concerning the world's supply and demand. Any farmers' stabilization corporation will have no better information on which to proceed.

In a discussion devoted principally to certain important financial aspects of our international relations, the foregoing may be considered a digression. But it was only recently that no less an authority on

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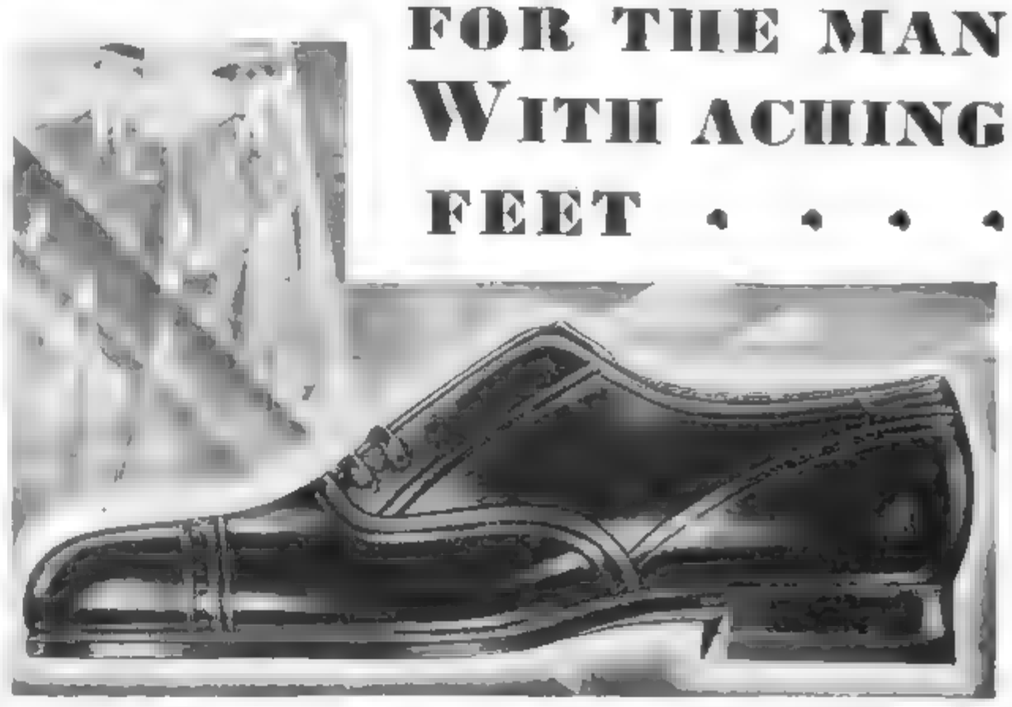

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FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

world-trade relations than Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, told of the serious plight of the Soviet Union because of an undeniable shortage of grain and a consequent scarcity of bread in Russia. Russia, it is reported, must import 500,000 tons of grain, principally from Argentina, to relieve the distress of her people. Her recovery continues to be a major problem of Europe and the European financial situation is seriously affected thereby. Until the purchasing power of Russia is materially strengthened the export trade of most European nations is likely to be dislocated. Here is another illustration of the dependence of nations upon one another for much of their internal prosperity.

In addition to the Russian problem, Europe, and the remainder of the world, face what may be termed the German problem. Interminable discussions of the reparations situation growing out of the Versailles Treaty and of the original Dawes Plan have become familiar to the American people, who followed the deliberations and deadlocks of the Committee of Experts on Reparations at Paris during the first months of this year with the feeling that upon the ultimate solution of the German problem depended world peace and prosperity. It is not within the scope of the present article to deal in detail with the reparations settlement. We can only trust that the German problem has been really solved upon a solid and permanent basis, and that the seeds of discord sown at Versailles have been prevented from growing into new causes of international misunderstandings.

Rumors From Abroad

During the early stages of recent efforts at Paris to write a new reparations pact, efforts in which such distinguished American financiers as Owen D. Young and J. P. Morgan shared conspicuously, interest was aroused by the announcement of an elaborate plan for an international bank, which the public was informed was to become, among other things, a clearing house for German reparations payments, and in turn for liquidation of the war debts of the former Allies. Some dispatches from Paris even spoke of the proposed bank as the Young Plan, thus encouraging an inference, whether justified or not, that Mr. Young, a Class A director of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, by far the most important unit of the Federal Reserve System, had sponsored the proposal after due consultation with Mr. Morgan. Then from the French capital came a translation of the following highly important and significant statement, carried by the Economic and Financial Agency of Paris:

Mr. Randolph Burgess, who represented the Federal Reserve Bank of New York at the Paris conference on the subject of the creation of the Bank of International Regulations, declared on his arrival here—March 29, 1929—that the project was almost completed.

The Federal Reserve Bank will act as correspondent to the new establishment, as it does for other central banks, which will avoid the necessity of special American legislation. The Federal Reserve Bank will make important deposits of gold in the international bank abroad and will receive in New York deposits of gold from it. Mr. Burgess adds that the statutes of the new establishment have been prepared in such a way as to avoid recourse to legislative measures in the various countries.

Before this suggestion of the possible involvement of our Federal Reserve System in a complicated international banking plan could be studied and digested, it was followed by what were obviously intended as assurances to allay any fears that might be entertained regarding the commitment of our national financial system to "a unique and unparalleled financial structure." These assurances sought to convey the comforting idea that Mr. Young and Mr. Morgan, with their European associates on the Committee of Experts on Reparations, desired to steer away from a superbank. Instead, it was suggested, they had hewn the bank's gigantic framework so that it would assist, rather than interfere with or intimidate, national banking institutions.

It was asserted further that two of the most striking provisions of the draft of the bank plan as already prepared might be summarized thus:

FIRST. It is provided that the control of the bank's management shall be in the hands of the central banks of issue, and that the six creditor governments—sic—shall participate in its profits.

SECOND. It is provided that "in any country wherein there is no central bank, the functions of the central bank under this scheme may be performed by some banking organization or consortium agreed upon between the Bank for International Settlements and the government and the bankers of the country. In the United States these functions shall be performed by the governor or chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

A Financial League of Nations

This naturally impressed most Americans as additional confirmation of an earlier report that the proposed Bank of International Settlements, or of International Relations, or whatever its title is to be, was at least partly an ambitious plan so to link up our own banking system with European monetary affairs, including German reparations and the Allied indebtedness, as to draw us into a sort of financial League of Nations. It was with a feeling of relief that subsequently they received the announcement by President Hoover and Secretary of State Stimson that under no circumstances would our Government authorize our Federal Reserve System to be tied up with such an international banking system as was proposed, and that most certainly the governor or chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York could not perform any of the functions of whatever American representation the proposed bank might be able to obtain unofficially through its international banking friends.

The attitude thus assumed by President Hoover and his Administration has, I believe, found general favor not only with the members of Congress but throughout the country. At first glance, the proposal put forward at Paris for the international bank appeared full of interesting possibilities. It was suggested that "substitution of financial for political machinery should transfer the liquidation of Germany's international obligations from the realm of political discussion to the ordinary forms of business." The bank would act as a link between German debtor and Allied creditors and so "facilitate transfers." It would finance deliveries in kind, and, under proper safeguards, it might even "finance the residual part of the work." It would coöperate with and act as an essential intermediary between all the existing central and issuing banks in the marketing of bonds created for the commercialization of Germany's annuities. It would coöperate with existing banks of issue and might receive both clearing and investment deposits. "As a reservoir of foreign exchange, it might be of distinct service to existing central banks." Its management would be nonpolitical, international, free from dominating financial relationships; the directorate would consist entirely of men of financial experience and repute, and would be assisted by subcommittees "composed in such a manner as to secure sound opinion on the points to be dealt with." The office of the bank would be in one of the "smaller countries"; its operations would benefit both creditors and debtors; with its help, Germany would stand on her own feet financially. The new bank would fill in possible gaps that now exist in the world's banking organizations, and "particularly such a gap as may have resulted from the new situation arising from the fresh efforts to bring about a readjustment of the reparations problem."

Opinion in high financial circles here and abroad is naturally divided as to the necessity for such a complicated international financial scheme to solve either the problem of German reparations or the equally important problem of the liquidation of Europe's indebtedness to the United States. Our policy at Washington for a number of years, though successive Republican administrations since the beginning of that of the late President Harding, has been that the enormous sums owed us by the former Allies should not be permitted to become entangled with Germany's ability to make reparations payments to those nations. Unless I can be shown otherwise, it seems to me that the proposed bank is nothing more or less than another move by some European and international banking agencies to draw us into just such an entanglement as we have repeatedly expressed our determination to avoid.

By the pleasantly purring paragraphs which set forth the various plans for the proposed bank, one might be led to believe that it offered every panacea for the world's financial and other troubles, and that when the bank began to operate there would be an end to the troubles and worries over German reparations and Europe's indebtedness to us. As Hartley Withers, noted English economist, suggested recently, in view of the exceptionally elevated authority of those who have hatched this egg, it seems impertinent to suggest that any portion of it can be addled; but the circumstances under which it was laid justify a certain amount of careful examination into all its complex details.

The Committee of Experts on Reparations at Paris spent no less than seven weeks in preliminary discussion before it addressed itself to the task for which it was summoned—namely, the discovery of the truth about Germany's capacity to pay. Why it so spent those seven weeks we have as yet to be adequately informed. Mr. Withers says anyone familiar with the habits of international conferences knows that this is one of their amiable characteristics—to fritter away time on irrelevancies for sheer lack of the necessary courage to get down at once to a job. They had to do something—and this time the something was the international bank.

The Old Machine is Adequate

In other words, it is now apparent that instead of considering at first what it was asked to consider—Germany's capacity to pay—the Committee of Experts on Reparations wondered whether it would not be well to have some new machinery through which Germany could pay, if and when the amount to be paid had been decided. The international bank was "an intellectual funk hole," to employ the words of this well-informed English economist, for the committee did not want to face immediately the high explosives sure to go off when the real problem was attacked.

If the conditions under which the egg was laid are subject to either criticism or suspicion, its contents, when subjected to dispassionate examination, are even more so. The proposed bank is obviously a machine to be created to replace one that is regarded as working efficiently under the Dawes Plan. This is the transfer committee of S. Parker Gilbert, an American recognized as a reparations expert of exceptional ability and foresight, and his associates. The committee has done, and can do, its job perfectly well as long as Germany, by exports or by borrowing, can provide the foreign exchange necessary for the payment of the reparations annuities. If Germany cannot do this as the reparations settlement provides, no establishment of a new machine will enable the annuities to be transferred. The committee, in the judgment of Mr. Withers and other equally competent foreign observers has, in fact, wasted its time too long on thinking out a new machine, when the machine already existing was quite efficient.

As has been frequently suggested, what is wanted is raw material on one side and customers on the other. If Germany can pay what the Allies have now agreed to accept, all other difficulties will be solved without the creation of any new bank. For, as it happens, the machinery of international finance is as adequate as almost anything that exists in this world of error—perhaps because it is less than any other human institution liable to official and political interference. If the German annuities have been fixed at a figure which makes them a sound basis for commercialization by issue of bonds to the public, there are plenty of issuing houses on both sides of the Atlantic to handle the business without the assistance of a new bank in Portugal or Jugo-Slavia, or whichever of the "smaller countries" may be selected for the scene of its beneficent operations. The whole plan is an interesting example of building a new cart when there is a perfectly good one handy, before the horse has been provided. Given a sound reparations settlement, it should be possible to carry it out. Without it no new bank will help either Germany or her creditors.

It is interesting to note in this connection the inquiry made by Mr. Withers, and others, as to how much confidence American bankers and business men would have in a bank domiciled in some remote European corner and conducted largely by Europeans most likely to be rather favorable to the oft-suggested ultimate cancellation of Europe's indebtedness to the United States.

Unwarranted Outside Connections

"Americans know as well as anyone that banking needs promptitude and adaptability. Are they likely to be found in an international bank or in any international institution?" Mr. Withers asks. "Would not the proceedings of an international bank be a series of international conferences, and does not the example of the body that hatched it show that whatever else the international bank might do, it never could possibly do the business of banking?"

In this connection, it may be pertinent to recall the statement made by Mr. Stimson before the latest reparations settlement was finally effected after months of negotiation.

"I wish to make clear the position of this Government," said Mr. Stimson. "While we look with interest and sympathy upon the effort of the Committee of Experts to suggest a solution and a settlement of the vexing question of German reparations, this Government does not desire to have any American official, directly or indirectly, participate in the collection of German reparations through the agency of the bank or otherwise."

That this will appeal strongly to the American people as an enunciation of American policy for which there was a very urgent call is obvious. As pointed out recently by one New York financial authority, all reports agree in saying that the proposed international bank would apparently be endowed with the most extraordinary powers and functions if those privately interested in it should succeed in effecting its organization. The Secretary of State, after due conference with President Hoover and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, rendered the American people a genuine service in making it known that the Government would not knowingly permit our Federal Reserve System to become involved in any such international financial venture. It should be remembered that the reserve system is supposed to support the full weight of the entire country's banking mechanism, however opinion may differ as to its efficiency in doing so, and I agree that it should never be allowed to risk what has been aptly termed "unwarranted connections with outside affairs."

It is, of course, known that the executive branch of our Government has no direct

(Continued on Page 154)

A NEW ERA IN FENCE PROTECTION FOR COUNTRY ESTATES

Cyclone Chain Link Fence with H-COLUMN Posts

Cyclone H-Column Posts give amazing strength and durability to Cyclone Fence—provide a degree of protection impossible with any other type of fence post . . . Because of its "H" shape, this new post, size for size, is the strongest fence post made. Copper-bearing steel gives it utmost durability. Every unit of Cyclone Fence is made of this rust-resisting metal—it's an all-copper-bearing steel fence—hot-dipped by the famous "Galv-After" method.

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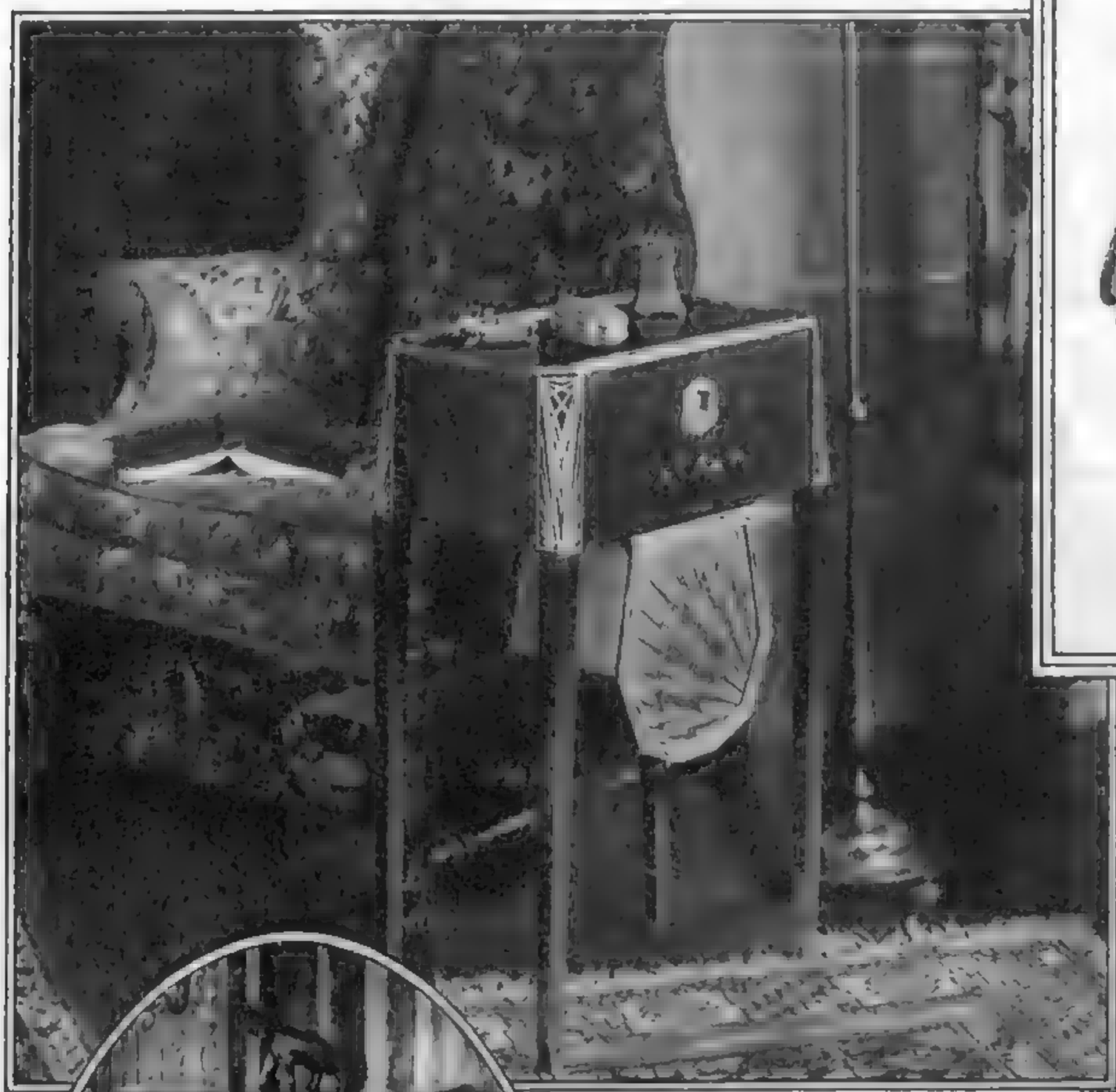
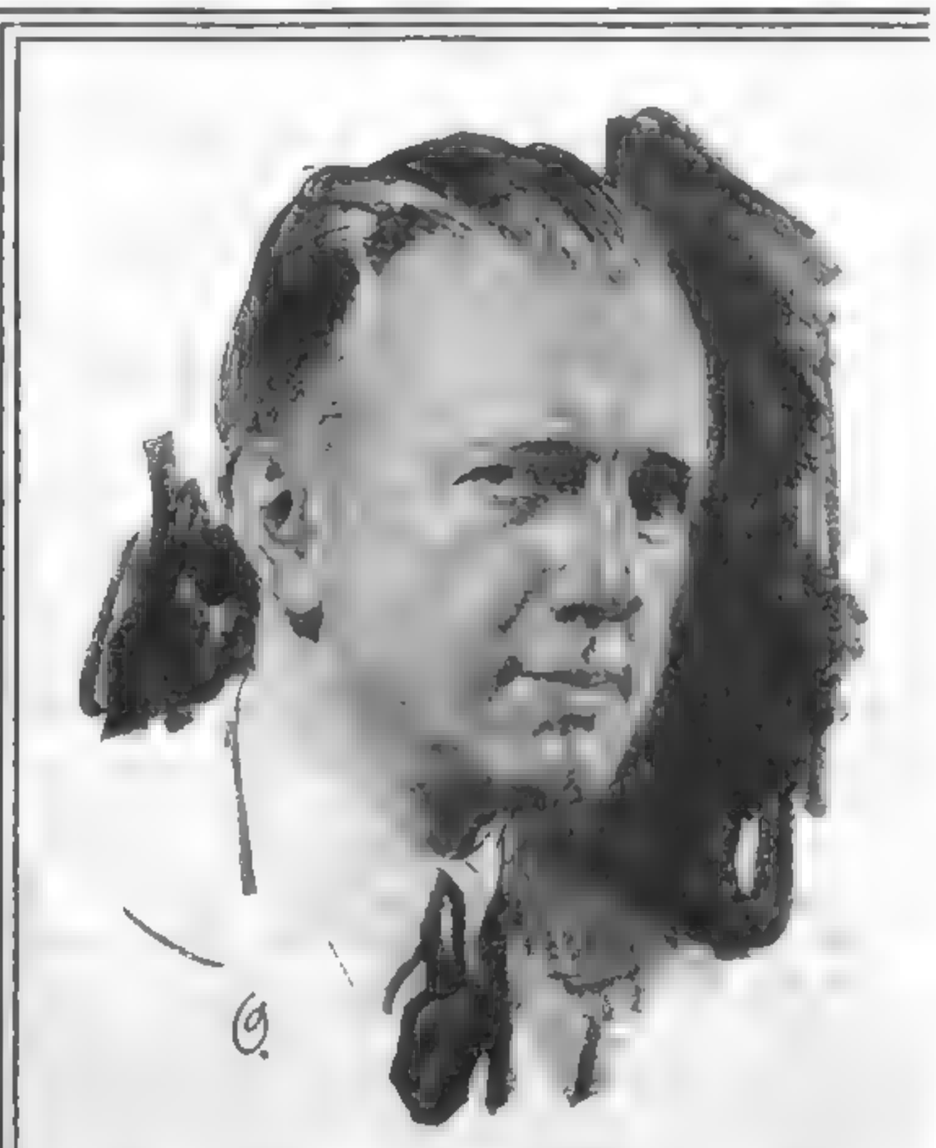
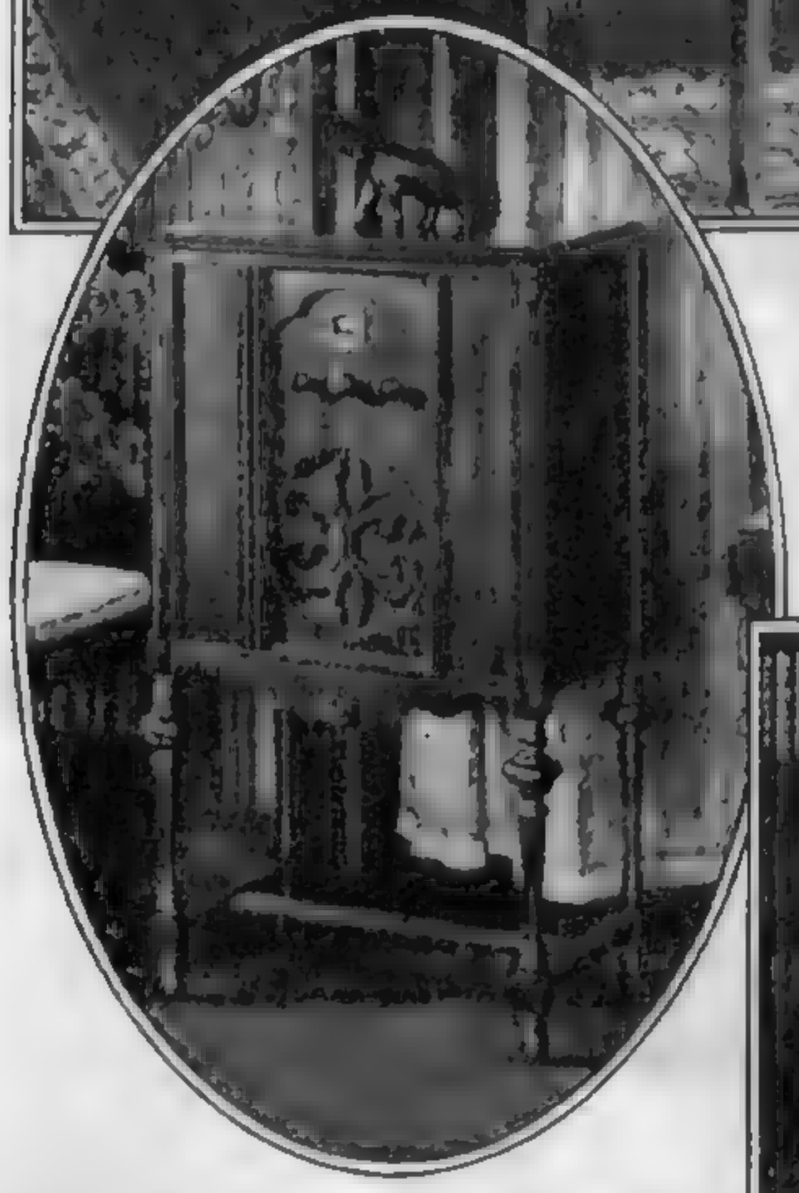
$55
without tubes,
speaker or legs.
With legs, $60
DynaconeSpeaker,$18

Here is Radio's supreme value!—the new Crosley Model 31. *Panels in beautiful walnut finish. Moderne decorative motif in silver effect. Available without legs, as a table set, or with legs as illustrated. Speaker may, if you wish, be placed on top of cabinet. Seven tubes, including rectifier. Full neutrodyne circuit. Mershon condensers. Illuminated dial. Full AC operation. Amazing power, selectivity, sensitivity. And, with the Crosley Dynacone power speaker, marvelous tone.*





NOTE: Model 41 (*same as Model 31, but larger*) *is an eight-tube set including two power tubes and rectifier, full neutrodyne circuit. $70 as a table model. Legs $5 extra.* Model 41-S, *containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described on opposite page, $85.*



The new Crosley Model 42 (below), *console radio in rich walnut. Eight tubes, including two power tubes and rectifier. Mershon condensers. Genuine neutrodyne circuit. Full AC operation. The new Crosley Dynacoil.* Model 42-S, *containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described on opposite page, $140.*

$125
without tubes

$99.50
without tubes

The new Crosley Model 32 (above), *Compact, beautifully proportioned, finished in two-tone walnut veneer. Full AC operation. Genuine neutrodyne circuit. Mershon condensers. Eight tubes including two power tubes and rectifier. Marvelously full, rich, deep tone. Includes the improved new Model F Dynacone Speaker. See it, hear it—and compare prices!*

$150
without tubes

The new Crosley Model 82 (above) *—superb new beauty . . . and performance to match! Console of exquisite matched wood. Full AC operation. Eight tubes including rectifier and new UX 245 power output tubes, giving new richness and fullness of tone. With the new Crosley Dynacoil, a true moving-coil dynamic speaker.* Model 82-S, *containing Screen Grid Unitrad Set, described on opposite page, $160.*

NOTE: Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher on all models.

Powel Crosley, Jr.

Makes his most important announcement in eight years of Radio pioneering

The finest in Radio at new LOW prices

TIME after time Crosley advertisements have been *first* to announce important new advances in Radio . . .

First with a *complete* radio set. First with *AC Radio*. First with a low-price dynamic speaker—the Dynacone . . .

And now—in this advertisement—the most signal news of all!

Not just one new feature. Not just one improvement. But a whole new line of superb models that establishes new standards of radio performance, beauty—and VALUE!

Screen Grid, of course!

Naturally, Screen Grid is a feature of the new Crosley Radio. Only *one* of the many features offered you in these splendid models *at amazingly low prices.*

Years ago Powel Crosley, Jr., succeeded in bringing radio prices down to the level of the average pocketbook.

He concentrated on simplification, straight-line mass-production. He developed a manufacturing plant that is one of the marvels of modern industry.

His policy has been consistently: *fine radio for all, at the lowest cost of all.*

The new Crosley line is the supreme achievement of that policy. Note the prices of the models shown on these pages. Compare them, feature for feature, with others.

Screen Grid—plus!

THE SENSATIONAL NEW CROSLEY UNITRAD
(Shown above without front panel)

Radio engineers have pronounced it the finest radio receiving set ever produced—bar none.

It utilizes THREE 224 Screen Grid RF tubes, one 227 power detector tube, a 227 resistance coupled first audio tube, two 245 push pull output tubes, and a 280 rectifier tube—eight in all. If you are not radio-wise, ask any "fan" what that circuit means!

Its volume and tone quality are amazing. Its fidelity, sensitivity and selectivity are the best ever measured in the Crosley laboratories. The difference will astonish you!

As Model 40-S, the Crosley Unitrad (without tubes) is only $80! In this form it may be used as a simple table model, in bookshelves, etc. Or it may be installed in any cabinet you may now have or any you may purchase to suit your individual taste.

The Crosley Unitrad is also utilized in Models 41-S, 42-S, and 82-S, shown on the opposite page.

Check values dollar for dollar.

Then go to the nearest Crosley dealer and *see* these beautiful models. Something *new* in radio design—a distinctive beauty no other radio can give you. All cabinet models genuine walnut veneer. Exquisite matched-wood effects. *Quality* to the last detail!

Listen to the new Crosley models! Compare the deep, rich tone of the marvelous Dynacone and Dynacoil speakers. Test each model (Mershon condenser equipped) for selectivity, volume, power, distance. Judge them, in short, by the most rigid standards of beauty, tone quality, and performance . . . Then—once more—compare prices!

Free trial—at home

Finally, make your own decision, uninfluenced, in your own home. Have the Crosley model you wish to test sent to your house. Any Crosley dealer will be glad to do it—entirely without obligation on your part.

Note how any Crosley model adds distinction, beauty to the room you place it in. Learn, at your leisure, what Crosley engineering and Crosley production methods have made possible in radio enjoyment and satisfaction—*at the lowest cost in radio history!*

All of the new Crosley models are now on display at Crosley dealers. Call on the nearest one today! Or send for full details.

The Crosley Radio Corporation
Cincinnati, Ohio

You're there with a

CROSLEY

(Continued from Page 150)

part in the management and policies of the reserve banks. The executive branch of the Government does possess, however, two ex-officio members of the Federal Reserve Board in the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency, and I cannot think of the board disregarding entirely the clearly expressed wishes of the Administration at Washington in the matter of such vital concern to the entire country as any commitment of the American people to a financial program like that of the proposed international bank.

To a student of the financial situation here and abroad, European reports that the American people have been sidestepping their full share of contributing toward Europe's rehabilitation are interesting.

From a most reliable source I have received information that tourist expenditures before the end of the present summer in Europe will total $900,000,000. This recalls a recent statement by Sir Eric Hambro, financier, to the effect that many bankers, despite the then untoward condition of the international credit situation, seemed to feel that sterling should soon show signs of improvement. They based this opinion upon the continued improvement in the gold reserves and the fact that "a new element of strength" would appear—namely, the "tourist trade," which would certainly have a beneficial effect not only upon sterling but upon all European currencies. "Tourist trade" means, of course, more American dollars for Europe

After studying all aspects of the financial situation, both here and abroad, I still find no adequate or convincing answer to the question: "Why should Europe protest if American dollars are denied officially by our Government to the proposed international bank?"

FIRST AID FOR MERE MILLIONAIRES

(Continued from Page 9)

power of money, the desirability of money, and the success that comes with money? When did a rich Englishman fail to be an eminent Englishman save in the hereditary instances that are commoner there than here, but common enough here? The only other person in this world who loves money and adores the success that comes with money to a greater degree than an Englishman is a Frenchman.

These English sobbers over and condemners of our crude, as they say, devotion to money are a constant joy to me because I am of British blood myself. Both my father and my mother were born over there, and I am on to the British. They have a viewpoint that gives those who understand them many a laugh. I sat one day and listened to two eminent Englishmen turning thumbs down on American millionaires because these American millionaires use some of their loathsome and utterly despicable money in going over to England and buying art treasures for transportation to the United States. This, I gathered from their remarks, is an exhibition of money that is polluted in every respect. These men, foul with legal tender, actually have the execrable taste and lack of breeding to pay large sums for pictures and such valuable and ancestral what not.

"You may be right," I said to them. "It certainly seems to denote a most deplorable lack of the finer and more discerning social attributes, of breeding, let us say, and other desirable and precious things, for an American to have so low and miserable an idea of money that he uses it for the purchase of British pictures and similar artistic treasures. But what about the Englishmen who take this money and sell their pictures and art treasures for it? What about the lads who eagerly grab the American coin in return for these precious things? What is the difference between an American who abhorrently uses his filthy money to buy an English art treasure, thus depriving that country of this great artistic asset, and the Englishman who accepts that filthy American money for the said art treasure and lets it go out of England?"

My English friends considered this proposition for a space and then said that question did not arise. They were speaking of Americans, not of their own countrymen.

A Useful, Pleasant Commodity

As for the French, those deplorers of our materialism can be disposed of in one sentence: There isn't a Frenchman living, and never was one, save a few of the ultra artistic, whose first and foremost passion isn't money, or wasn't money when he was alive. They do not spend it as we do, but they love it with a love that passes both our understanding and our practice, however materialistic they may say we are.

And that is that. Furthermore, this piece is not for the purpose of condemning money and the possession of it up to millions and more. Money is a useful and pleasant commodity to have about the place, and the deplorers of our almost universal American conviction to that effect are not familiar with money. Moreover, envy has a lot to do with it. What is being sought in this discussion is not an indictment against the man who gets money—more power to him—and is an inquiry into what he can do after he does get it.

As has been pointed out, he often does, at first, the things I have catalogued. Therefore, what are the satisfactions, emoluments and distinctions that come with estates, big houses, expensive furniture, private yachts, and so on, speaking entirely from the viewpoint of the men who build, buy and maintain these outward and visible signs of wealth, and not from the viewpoint of the small-housed, common-furnitured and nonyachted bulk of us?

Are the results worth the expenditures as mediums for demonstrations for anything but wealth? Do they get the spender anything that is distinctive or desirable, apart from luxuriousness of living? Positively not. I speak from a rather comprehensive and far-flung knowledge of this sort of thing, for I have watched many millionaire friends go through all these futile motions and then sit back and wonder what it is all about and why did they do it.

Bored in a Big-Estate Way

Take the rich man who elaborates an estate for himself; after he gets it, then what? If he were the only rich man who built an estate he might have a chance, but he isn't. Dozens of other rich men have estates, and the problem becomes, what the devil to do with it. Engaging as a man's family may be, the family does not sufficiently garnish nor occupy an estate to give the builder either a run for his money or any satisfaction for himself beyond the luxurious housing of his wife and children, and, eke, a few relatives.

He must have guests. There is the rub. So must the other rich men with estates have guests. The competition is fierce, relentless, deadly. It requires the hardest and most exhausting work to keep a big house even passably equipped with guests. It takes lavish and laborious entertainment, squandering of money for the delectation and regalement of people who condescend to come, and give the impression that they might be at other and better places if they wished.

The servant problem is a constant embarrassment. The costs are prodigious. The worry is continual and the results are nil. All sorts of devices must be resorted to, to secure a house party worth while. It resolves itself into a continual association with practically the same people, who do the same things and say the same things, without much mental or other nourishment in any of them. It means bridge, dancing, some outdoor diversions and heavy feeding. That's about all. And usually it requires the drafting of employes, parasites and cut-ups of various sorts to complete the parties. That's a fine prospect for the rich man and his estate, isn't it? And it is an ordinary prospect the country over.

Nothing palls quicker than the maintenance of a big estate in a big-estate way. Nothing is so rapacious as a big house, nor so exhausting. But many of them try it, and most of them regret it. It usually isn't worth while, although, having bought the condemned thing, they must continue to act as if they enjoy it. Get on a heart-to-heart basis with any millionaire who made his own money and invested a hunk of it in an estate or a big town house, and find out the low-down on that demonstration of wealth. Talk about Dead Sea fruit—never an apple of Sodom that turned to more nauseating ashes than the swank of a big house built by a big-money man, or bought, after the novelty of it has worn off.

Then comes the private yacht. The history of our rich men in this country is a history of a long string of private-yacht buyers, and a succeeding long string of rich men who wished they hadn't. More than anything else, a big private yacht symbolizes money. It reeks with the smell of money. Not the power boat, or the cruiser, or any of the smaller ships that the real sailor men buy for their own enjoyment, but the big yacht, the two-hundred or more footer, that the ultra rich man gets for himself to signify that he is rich. The yacht is the ultimate symbol. When the movie men began to come into the big money they did two things: They built big houses with marble swimming pools, for the marble swimming pool smells of money also, and they bought yachts. And many others. You'd be surprised to know how many of our millionaires have succumbed to the swanky lure of the yacht.

And what about them? Some men buy yachts because they love the sea, because they are real sailing men, and get their greatest enjoyment in being at sea in their own boats.

These men have a legitimate reason for the expenditure. They are sailors at heart, but unless the yacht buyer or builder is a real sailing man—if he buys his yacht because yacht buying and owning denote wealth, which is the reason behind much yacht procuring—there is no demonstration of wealth so futile as a yacht.

If it is difficult to get the right sort of guests for a house party, it is ten times as difficult to get guests and companions for a yacht party that is anything more than a short cruise in still waters or a dinner thrown when the yacht is at anchor. Of course the owner can dragoon his family, possibly, or his relatives, or load up with his employes or people who are beholden to him, or want to be, but the problem of getting a yacht full of congenial guests for a cruise of any length is one that most yacht owners give up in despair after a few trials.

Grin or Jump Overboard

In the first place, the bulk of humanity are poor sailors. They get seasick. In the second place, the captain and owner of a yacht must be the arbiter of everything, and notwithstanding promises of liberty, every person who is a guest on a yacht is at the behest of the man who owns the yacht. All must subscribe to ship procedure. All must go where the owner says. And worse than that, there is no escaping an uncongenial person or escaping an arbitrary captain, once the voyage has started. There the guests are and there they must remain. You cannot get away from a bore, save by hiding in a cabin. You cannot escape a gushing or a fussy or a silly woman. You cannot do anything that the others do not do, and, after an experience or two, a person who does not enjoy the sea for the sea, no matter what the surroundings, runs and hides whenever a cruise on a private yacht is broached.

Usually it comes down to the owner making his guest list from folks who have to go if he says so—from persons under obligations. I know a man who owns one of the great yachts on the Eastern seaboard. He is a fine man, a royal host and a good fellow in every way. His yacht has been tied up for three years. I asked him why, since he is fond of the sea. "Simple enough," he said. "I can't get anybody to go sailing with me but employes I practically order to go, or people who want to borrow money from me. So I tied the darned thing up, and it can rot in the basin for all I care."

A few years ago I was in the office of a big New York Wall Street man. He bought a yacht after he got his third or fourth million. He had thirty or forty millions then. While I was there another big Wall Street man came in. He, too, had a yacht, and it developed that both yachts were tied up in the Erie Basin, and had been for two or three years. Neither had taken a cruise on his yacht in those years.

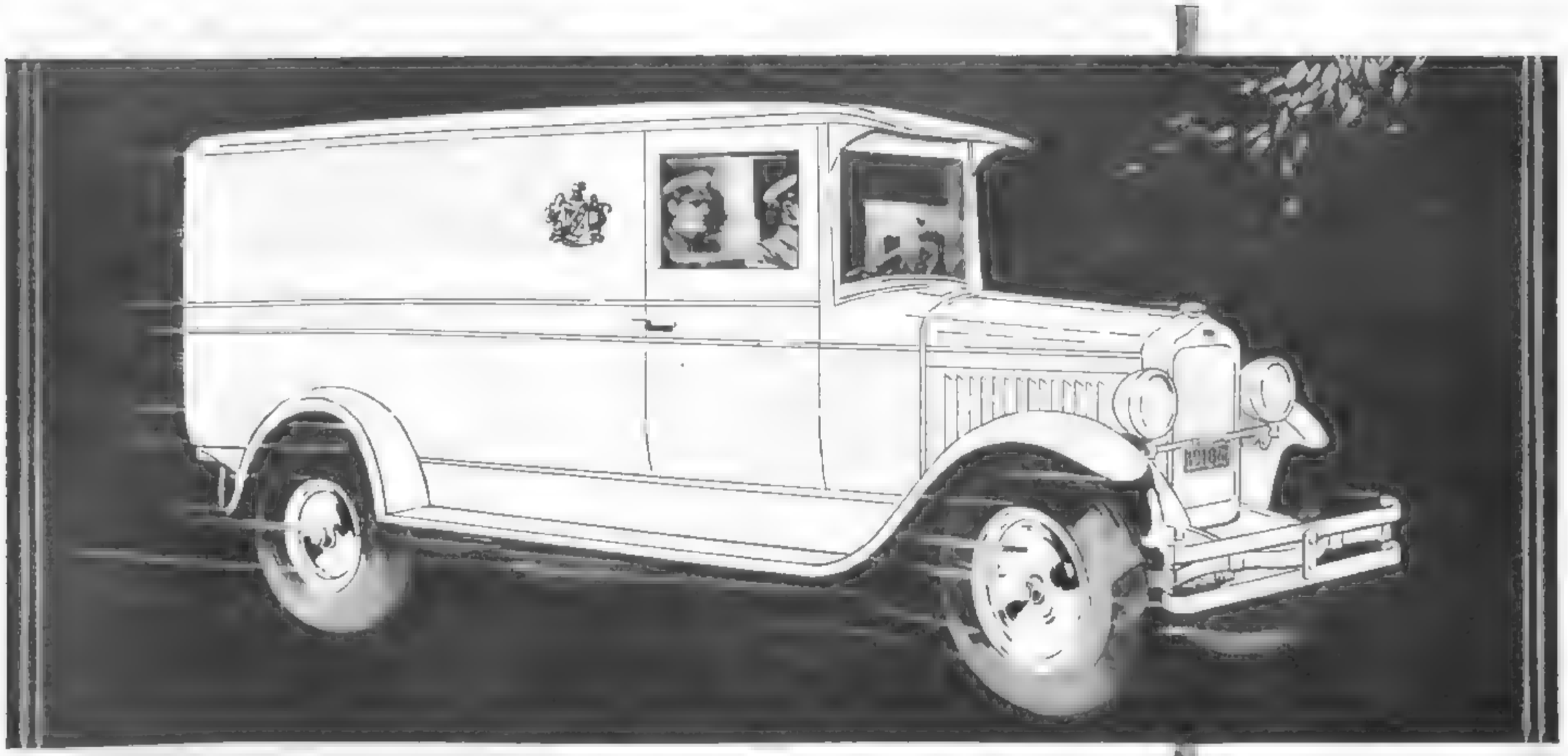
The Sole Support of Two Yachts

They both admitted that after the novelty of owning a big yacht had worn off and the fun of sailing around in Long Island Sound and up and down the coast in one's own boat, subject to one's orders and pick of destination, had grown stale, a big private yacht was about the most useless piece of adornment any millionaire could devise for personal embellishment. In this strain they joshed each other over the cost of overhead and upkeep, and the conversation finally wound up by these two monetary sailors matching coins to see which one should have absolute control of both yachts for a year and pay for the upkeep of both also. The man I was calling on won. "There, dod-gast you," he said to the loser, "now you've got two yachts, and I wish you joy of them."

The private-yacht demonstration, in most instances, is a washout. And the private railroad car is none too good. It allows privacy in traveling, and luxury, and all that sort of thing, but, save in exceptional instances, the railroads will not haul private cars on their best trains and relegate them to second-class trains. Also private-car parties are subject to the same disadvantages as to restriction of liberty and lack of escape from uncongeniality that are found on a yacht. That must humanly be so. The owner of the car does the inviting, not you. His friends may not hit it off with you, but you cannot escape them. There is nowhere to go save to a stuffy stateroom. I once went on a ten-thousand-mile private-car trip, and every morning all the guests thereon were handed a typewritten schedule of what the owner intended to do that day, with the intimation that his guests would do likewise if they cared to please their host. That was a grand trip.

Anybody with money can buy pictures, and furniture, and tapestries, and foreign automobiles, and horses, and booze. No distinction inparts from any of those demonstrations unless in the background there are genuine knowledge and the collector's love of the old; but they come with initial evidences of big money, and wear out as surely as they come. They are nice to have, but after you have them, what next? A millionaire cannot sit continuously preening himself over the ownership of a big house stuffed with excellent furnishings,

(Continued on Page 157)



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WHITE MODEL 61 The new Light Duty Six with powerful six-cylinder motor of White design. Capable of maintaining higher average speeds on all routes. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Four speeds forward.
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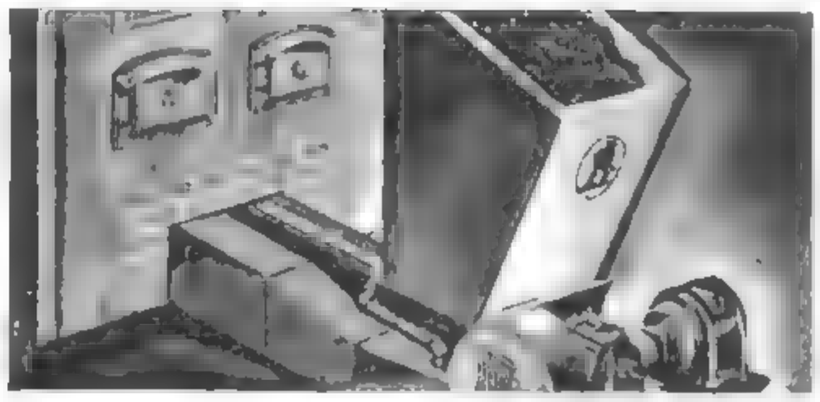
Chassis only $2,725

All prices listed above are for chassis only f. o. b. Cleveland.

Stake, panel and open express type bodies are available for all models.

In addition to the Light Duty models listed, White builds a complete line of four and six cylinder Express and Heavy Duty Trucks and four and six cylinder Busses from 12 to 41 passenger capacity.

Liberal time-payment plan if desired



IRON FIREMAN makes this Cheaper Coal available for use

IN mining coal, great quantities of small size coal are produced. This fine coal is known as slack. Though of the same heat content as lump coal, it is sold at much lower prices.

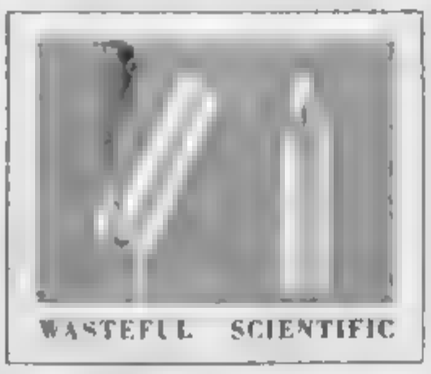
Iron Fireman burns small coal... burns it automatically...and extracts more heat from it than can be obtained from higher-priced lump coal, hand fired. The result is big savings in fuel cost.

Many thousands are now enjoying such savings, and with these additional advantages: (1) *Labor Saving*—the Iron Fireman requires only a small part of the labor needed for hand firing. The janitor or fireman is released for other duties. (2) *No smoking stacks.* Because it accomplishes complete combustion, Iron Fireman eliminates the smoke nuisance and its attendant waste. All combustible gases in the coal are consumed. (3) *Steady, even heat or boiler pressure.* The Iron Fireman is operated by automatic controls and maintains a steady, even heat or boiler pressure exactly as desired.

A nation-wide engineering and service organization, the largest in its field, is busy bringing these betterments to American homes and industries. Ask an Iron Fireman engineer to lay before you the full facts about the Iron Fireman—what it will cost...what it will save. Take advantage of this cheaper coal, which the Iron Fireman makes available for use.

The Iron Fireman is made in a range of sizes adapting it to any type of heating plant, from a home furnace up to plants of 200 boiler h. p. It is widely used in industries, residences and buildings. Among its thousands of users are leading hotels, apartments, schools, churches, public buildings, manufacturing plants of every kind, office buildings, greenhouses, laundries, dairies, etc.

"*Forced Underfiring*," the scientific principle of combustion on which the Iron Fireman operates, is recognized by heating engineers as the efficient way to burn coal. It obtains a firebox temperature 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than hand firing with the same quality of coal.



Fuel fed from above results in smoky flame and poor combustion. Fuel fed from below gives a bright, clear flame and no waste.

Millions of dollars of savings are being made every year by Iron Fireman users. Your share of these savings will make an important addition to your annual profits. Literature mailed free on request. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland • St. Louis • Cleveland.

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Vapor System....., Other.....
Name.....
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SEP 7-20

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The IRON FIREMAN Automatic Coal Burner

Thousands in use throughout America

(Continued from Page 154)

and a yacht, and a private car, and other gewgaws of the same expensive sort. There is a limit to all that sort of stuff, and once that limit is reached—which is sooner than most of the poorer folks imagine—what is the bored rich man going to do?

I mean the rich man, of course, who decides he has enough money and wants to quit and enjoy life, and the rich man who is tired of mere money-making, but does not know what else to do save making a splurge in spending. There is an angle to this, of course, that lets out a large number of rich men who continue piling up money by remaining closely at their businesses, which procedure the ordinary and poorer folk do not understand. Often this seeming greed for more money is not greed but loyalty for and a sense of responsibility to the great organizations they have built up and the people and public dependent on those organizations not only for employment but for production. This country needs the brains of these great business men, and there are many of them who recognize that responsibility and keep at their tasks, however much it may interfere with their personal desires for retirement and relief from heavy duties.

For one of these there are dozens of men who, having made their million or millions, can dissociate themselves from the occupation or processes that made them their money without the dislocation of anything important, either publicly or privately, save their own situations in and conditions of life. Largely these are our new crop of millionaires, and theirs is most specifically the problem.

They soon find that enjoying life on the basis and with the opportunities and luxuries of more or less millions is a matter that is pretty rigidly prescribed, and there are few of these who have either the vision or sufficient self-resource to get outside the conventions. Having blown themselves for their estates and their yachts, they are faced with society as they can crash it, and amusements as they can find them.

The Airs of a Millionaire

They do about the same things. They go to Europe—some even farther than that—but they go on the biggest and most ornate ships, and they do exactly the same things they do at home. They and their women dress themselves up like plush horses each night. They drink and dance and play bridge. They get to Europe and they drink and dance and play bridge. They go on journeys around the world, on these softly upholstered, carefully shepherded, cream-puff cruises, and they drink and dance and play bridge. They stay at home, or go to California, or Florida, or Cuba, or Cairo, or Paris, or Vienna, or the French or Italian Riviera, or Deauville, or Biarritz, or San Sebastian and they drink and dance and play bridge. Wot a life! Wot a life!

To be sure, they can drink the highest-priced liquor, and dance in the most exclusive places, and give head waiters a thousand francs for a tip, and buy vintage wines by the case, and gamble with the most expensive plaques at Monte Carlo, or Deauville, or elsewhere, but, summing it all up, it comes down to eating, drinking, dancing and card playing. A few of them try to express themselves by buying high-priced horses and pretending to be interested in the racing of them. Some adopt the Nimrod pose and establish hunting preserves, and they have great difficulty in getting any real sportsmen to go shooting with them. They build elaborate camps in the mountains. They put up cottages that cost a million or so, at summer and winter social centers. They make other expensive outlets, but these are side lines.

Wherever this type of millionaire goes he is condemned to eat rich foods, drink costly liquors, dance and gamble. If he doesn't dance he gambles the more. If he doesn't drink he eats twice as much as is good for him. The poor devil can wear only one suit of clothes at a time, no matter if he has a hundred made on Fifth Avenue and Savile Row. He can ride in only one automobile at one and the same time, even if he has a dozen gold-plated foreign busses at his disposal. He can eat only one meal. He can drink out of but one glass. He can stake a hundred thousand francs at baccarat, of course, but that means nothing. His losings or his winnings are so small compared with what he has that there is little thrill in it all. No wonder he is bored. No wonder his arteries get hard, and his heart dilates and he soon passes out.

A young and cultured friend of mine was invited to go from New York to San Francisco with two private-car loads of hefty and very new millionaires. He went anticipating enlightened conversation, absorption of useful information and much benefit from association with these great and successful men. What he got was a continuous poker game that reached from Harlem to Oakland. I shall always remember his astonishment when he said to me: "Why, we went out on a three weeks' trip in two private cars, and there wasn't a book on either car except what I brought myself."

The Finest of Its Kind

The millionaire playboy is a pathetic person. He quit his active life to enjoy his affluent leisure, and he doesn't know what to do with it, now that he has that leisure. He differs in degree from the millionaire who is tired of money-making but also frightened of the playboy sort of retirement. His is a sad case, this millionaire who can get no kick out of going on and accumulating more money than he has, when he already has a ton of it. Money has ceased to have any but a relative value to him. A million more or less means nothing so far as his personal comfort or health is concerned. He can stick at the game and make more, but what for and what of it? In heaven's name, isn't there something he can do and be besides being merely a rich man in a country where superlatively rich men are to be found all over the place?

To be sure, he can try collecting, but what good is that? It merely means that he has enough money to go in and buy, under expert guidance, which he can hire, some rare thing or other that somebody else wants. It means that he can express himself by beating some other rich man to whatever it is that is desired by both. And the only joy he can get out of it is the gloat he gets over his possession of something nobody else has.

That soon dies out. It is as futile as sitting in the window of an exclusive club and thinking you are better than the passers-by on the street because you can sit in that window and they cannot.

Of course, there is the satisfaction of financially acquired connoisseurship. That helps some of them. It is often the case that, in the millionaire view, the ability to buy a picture, say, makes an art expert out of the person who buys it. I have known many a rich connoisseur of art whose claim to knowledge rested entirely on the fact that he had the money to line his walls with pictures some dealer told him to buy, and pack his cabinets with objects of art that were placed expensively before him by crafty salesmen.

I remember once being conducted through the art gallery of a man who spent millions on a collection of pictures and posed as an authority on painting. Unfortunately he was shortsighted, and as he stood me before a picture he would stick his glasses on his nose, lean over and search for the artist's signature, saying the while: "Now here is the finest example in the United States of—of—of"—leaning over and taking a peek—"of Constable; no, it is Dupré." And then, in a most impressive manner: "Strange, I did not observe it was a Dupré, but Dupré was influenced by Constable, you know." Just so.

But such things are not always the case, either. There have been, and are, many men in this country with money enough to gratify the desire for accumulations of objects of art and interest who have become valuable authorities on their subjects and contributed greatly to the enjoyment and education of our people. Though it is quite true that we have great coveys of millionaires who gather art and other treasures merely because they have the money to buy them, it also is true that we have had and still have in this country a large number of millionaire collectors in various lines who, with discrimination and authority, have enriched our culture and added to our enlightenment.

These futilely rich men can endow institutions, give to causes and charities, and utilize their money in similar ways, but that is a short process, and too often vicarious. About their only part of it is the signing of the checks and the subsequent one-day publicity in the newspapers, followed, later, by the few lines of grateful appreciation in the annual report. Often the name of the donor must be attached to the gift as a requisite of the giving, but that sort of glory is static and not active. Who, for example, remembers who Smithson was who endowed the Smithsonian Institution at Washington?

Of course Carnegie posthumousized his name with his libraries and his foundation, and Morgan built a wing on the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and so on in numerous instances. But we are not talking about posthumous glory. What these millionaires need is present-day occupation. Nor will it be long, in terms of years, before the name of Carnegie or Morgan means as little to the general public as the name of Smithson or Worth, say, whose monument stands on the most conspicuous triangle on Broadway and the crossing of that famous street and Fifth Avenue, opposite Madison Square. *Eheu! Fugaces labuntur anni!*

To complete the picture some illumination must be made of the money addicts, the helpless and hopeless lot whose only thought is to get more and more and more money. Money grabbing is a virulent disease and increases in virulence as the millions roll up. I have known many a man who set a million, or two millions, or three, or four, as his money mark, and announced that he intended to quit when his mark was reached and devote himself to finer and more useful things. I have heard scores of dissertations from men who were on their way to their self-imposed limits to the broad general effect that a fortune of two or three or four or, perhaps, five millions is enough for any man; too much, in fact, because leaving such great sums to children destroys initiative and useful effort such as papa had and utilized in acquiring his roll.

Just One More Million

Then what? The fellow who gets his million concludes it would be better if he got two millions. The man who set his mark at five millions determines that seven and a half would do the trick more elegantly. And so it goes. Presently the whole boiling of them are inoculated so deeply and completely with the money bug that they are incurable. They are condemned by their own rapacity to go on sleuthing dollars until the time comes when all their millions are not worth a nickel for buying a minute more of time in which to live.

Rich men of this type have no claim on any human sympathy. I came one day on three men I know intimately who have twenty or thirty millions apiece. They had assumed a huddle formation, each with a large beaker of Scotch in his hand, and they were discussing a new deal with as much eagerness and as much voracity as they might be expected to show if they were all broke. They told me they were sure to clean up another million or so, and explained the scheme.

"Great!" I said. "It sounds like a cinch with you three bandits working it, but what's the idea? What do you want of another million or two? You've all got too much now, more than you can spend, and

QUESTION

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If you have the will, here's the way

ANSWER

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SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns and callus spots. No more paring. That is temporary; that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with this amazing liquid which acts like a local anaesthetic. The pain stops in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort . . . instantly!

Then soon the corn begins to shrivel up and loosen. You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. The whole corn is gone. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Results are guaranteed.

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Summer Suns and Summer Wind •

they dry the scalp and hair

Vacation time means more time spent outdoors . . . at the beaches, camps and mountains. Great. Health-giving.

But there's a subtle danger. Summer sun and wind are apt to make the hair brittle, the scalp extra-dry.

Protect your hair with regular applications of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Just a tiny bit used every day as a dressing will supply the necessary oils and counteract the drying effect of the sun's rays.

And before each shampoo give yourself a thorough scalp treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Part the hair and apply the Tonic directly to the scalp. Massage gently until the scalp feels "alive" and loose. Regular massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic stimulates circulation, cleanses the scalp, keeps the hair in a normal condition.

● BE SURE TO INCLUDE a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic in your vacation kit. It is for sale in all good drug stores. In two convenient sizes with a shaker-type top. Use it regularly and faithfully and you need not fear the ravages of summer sun and wind. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

more, by a heluva lot, than you will give away. This new deal doesn't mean anything constructive or productive. It is a mere exploitation game, with you fellows dealing marked cards. It hasn't even the element of novelty. It is old stuff, familiar to you as an informatory double in bridge. Positively routine. There is no good in it to the city, the state or the nation, and you are going to skin a lot of the general public, which, of course, sounds a little crass, but that is what it amounts to. What the devil do you want the money for?"

Being a privileged friend, and candid, they did not throw me out. Instead, they explained at some length that it was part of the game and that they could find uses for the money. But that explained nothing. The reason they wanted the money, and got it, I suspect, was for the sake of more money.

Such millionaires—and there are many of them—are worthy of no consideration. They spend all their time working for their money. Their money does not work for them. A terrible fate. Every time they go anywhere—even abroad—they are followed by stock quotations and reports. Constantly obsessed by the fear that someone will take something away from them, they are as constantly motivated by the desire to take something away from somebody else. Nobody need envy them. And they generally die along between fifty-five and sixty-three.

Setting these money maniacs aside, we return to the rich men who realize the utter futility of piling up more millions and who seek an outlet for their energies other than millionaire inanities. This is the crux of the whole matter.

It means nothing to a man with ten millions, if he is a rational man and not a money maniac, to get another million—nothing but an added responsibility. He has more money than he needs. So has a man with two millions, or three, and any man with one million has enough, unless he puts swank ahead of decent requirements. Therefore, being provided for, the sane, useful, and needful outlet for these energies and abilities that have hitherto been devoted to money is some form of public service.

Moreover, some form of public service is an interesting out from the humdrum of money-making, and a patriotic out and a requisite out. This country is none too well served in its public operations by the politicians who serve it now. We could do with a considerable number of higher-class public servants.

Rich But Not Useless

Some men have realized this and, in realizing it, have found not only a new field for their energies and abilities but have also discovered that here is a way to hoist oneself above the vast herd of merely rich men, a way that is not only interesting but useful to the nation. There are some notable examples, among whom President Hoover is one. When he went into his war work in 1914 he had a modest fortune, as fortunes go in these days—perhaps two millions. Enough, at any rate. He could have stayed in private life and made a lot more money, because the war would have provided a man of his especial talents with great opportunity for money-making. Instead, he counted up his money, concluded he had enough and gave himself to public service.

Secretary Mellon was merely a rich banker before he came to Washington—a very rich banker, no doubt, but just that all the same. His eight years in the Treasury have been the best eight years of his life. Dwight Morrow could have stayed with Morgan's and piled up more money. He decided he had enough and went into public life. Bernard M. Baruch was merely one of hordes of rich men in New York before he took the chance President Wilson offered him and played his valuable part in the war. Also Eugene Meyer. Senator Couzens, of Michigan, held his thirty or forty millions to be ample, went into public life and has had a fine time.

These are but a few examples of men who have found that an agreeable, useful and noteworthy release from the small distinction of being merely a millionaire or a multimillionaire is to be had in some form of public service. Admitted that they are outstanding and, perhaps, favored props to the argument, the fact remains that there is a chance in every community for millionaires who want to be something more than merely millionaires to step out of the Croesus character and do something for that community.

The politics of America is, at best, a poor politics, and the main reason for that condition is the lack of participation in it of men who handle and control the other great affairs of this country. We do not trust our business, our finance, our production, our distribution to men of the type to whom we commit our politics. We demand efficiency, honesty and a recognition of the principles of service and security from our bankers, our business men, our manufacturers, our professional men—from all the leaders in their lines of our great national activities. We watch all avenues of expenditure, and demand progress and intelligent response to progressive ideas and improvements. We unhesitatingly scrap the old to make place for the new. We expand in every direction because we keep step with the times—in every direction save in our politics.

The Base of Our Prosperity

Yet politics is the most important of all our affairs, for politics is government, and the progress and the prosperity of the country, as a whole, and of the people in it, depend, fundamentally, on the character of our government in every ramification of it, from Washington to the city ward or the country township. The Government at Washington, in its three coördinate branches, has contacts with every important phase of our existence, industrial, financial, professional and social, in the broad national sense, and these governmental contacts come closer and closer to the individual as they reach down through our various state, city, county, ward and township manifestations.

Every man's patriotic concern is, or should be, a deep and abiding concern, as a citizen of the United States, in the character of our National Government, but every man's family, individual and local concern is with the government of his immediate environment. He can get along somehow, no doubt, if the National Government does not function as efficiently as it might, for, as is often the case, his contacts are more or less indirect and, seemingly, remote. But when it comes down to the government of his city and his ward, or his village, or his township, the thing becomes individual, and so does the responsibility.

Nothing is so hard to impress on the citizen busy with his own affairs as the basic truth of our system of government, which is that all government is politics, and can be nothing else, even when, as in certain sections and cities, such as Los Angeles, a determined effort has been made to make the local government nonpartisan. It is nonpartisan in terms, but entirely political otherwise. And so it is everywhere.

The character of our government depends on the character of our politics, and the character of our politics depends on the men who make a business of politics—the politicians. Public office is the outcome of politics. Public officials are employes of the people. They derive from politics. Hence, if we improve our politics we shall improve our public officials and our government.

Now the only way we can improve our politics is to improve the personnel of it. No politics can or will rise higher than its source. Here, then, is the great opportunity for those men who, having made

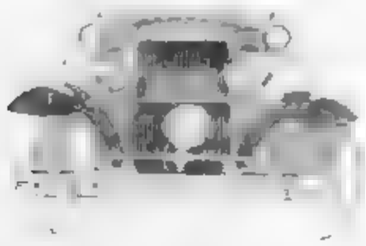
(Continued on Page 161)

Science perfects a safety lamp that

Turns with the wheels

Automatically

. . . Authorities acclaim it as solution to "danger spot" problem of night driving. See it today at showroom where you bought your car. Or send coupon below for further information.



YOU'VE seen the result of these night accidents. Perhaps you've been in one. Sad to say, they occur too frequently on our streets today. In the United States a total of over 813,000 accidents . . . with 27,000 killed . . . were reported last year by the National Safety Council.

The Reason

Many of these accidents, figures show, occurred between 7 and 10 p. m. at corner "danger spots." And no wonder! Every time you turn a curve or corner your lights shoot off into space leaving you temporarily helpless in the dark. Too late to prevent hitting a parked car, a pile of dirt, or other obstruction.

Dangerous for you. Dangerous for your family and your friends. But now unnecessary! A new lamp operating on an entirely new scientific principle now solves this night "danger spot" problem.

Completely Automatic

The lamp, called Pilot-Ray, is mounted between your headlights and slightly lower. It responds AUTOMATICALLY to your touch at the steering wheel and turns *faster* than the wheels of your car. Thus a full beam of light is thrown around the corner *before you make it.*

You see where you are going at all times. Your speed can be increased without added danger. Possible nerve strain is greatly lessened. You drive with confidence!

Cuts Fog

In fog also you see the advantage of Pilot-Ray. Set lower than your headlights it casts a beam along the ground where fog is thinnest and there is less reflected glare. On the straightaways, too, it brings you a wider lighting range.

Adds Beauty to Your Car

Pilot-Ray is finished in brilliant Chromium. Its graceful design adds beauty to any automobile. It is quickly installed. No holes to bore in frame. No gears or other mechanism to get out of order. Sturdily made, Pilot-Ray will outlast the finest motor car.

See Your Dealer

Once you have driven with Pilot-Ray we believe you will never consent to go back to the old unsafe way of night driving. See your dealer today. If you are buying a new car you can include the price of Pilot-Ray right in your contract. Or you can have your dealer install it on your present automobile. Act today. Or send coupon.

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SEP 7 1939

Exquisite Woodwork Designs . . .

Early America's Gift to the Art of Home Building

These Historic Pieces Now Reproduced By Curtis For Your Home

THE vast wilderness of America . . . a few scattered villages . . . a handful of Colonists. With the courage of true pioneers, they set out to make this new land "home" . . . each Colonist his own architect, his own builder. The surrounding forests gave him his material . . . from the mother country came a few crude tools. And with these he fashioned woodwork designs which, in simple grace and charm, have served as models of beauty for posterity to this day.

From Early American homes and public buildings Curtis designers—themselves professional architects—have drawn inspiration for many of the period woodwork reproductions now offered to you. The stairwork pictured here—from the Burlington County Court House at Mt. Holly, New Jersey—is one example. Other Curtis Colonial reproductions include stairwork from the William Judson house (1723) and the George Read II house (1791); as well as lovely mantles for your living room from the Webb house (1752) and the Vernon house (1758). There are also mantles, stairwork and entrances from English inspiration.

Curtis period reproductions, you will be interested to note, are made in limited quantities only—thus protecting the individuality of your selection. Yet Curtis' vast facilities make it possible to produce them at a cost no greater than that of good ordinary woodwork.

Ask your nearest Curtis dealer (if you do not happen to know his name, write us) to show you our complete catalog. (And, by the way, ask him about our many kitchen units of truly amazing convenience; here the modern housewife will find her model kitchen!)

We have prepared attractive literature describing our period pieces and offering valuable hints to guide you in building or remodeling. Mail the coupon below and we will be glad to send you literature on Curtis period stairwork and other designs—*free.*

* * *

Visit Curtis Woodwork, Inc., Display Rooms and Sales Office, Room 201, 9 East 41st Street, New York City. Chicago Display Rooms, Curtis Door & Sash Co., 1414 South Western Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Hidden Construction Economies

In entrance frames as well as in ordinary window frames which every home must have, special construction features in Curtis frames stop air to an unusual degree, and reduce the cost of heating the house.

When Architecture Was a Part of Every Gentleman's Education

BACK in those stirring days when Colonists gathered for heated discussions on "independence" and "no taxation without representation", every gentleman was something of an architect. It was a part of his education—and a very practical asset as well—for these men were their own builders. (Contrast this condition with today's age of specialization.)

In 1796 Major Richard Cox, Zachariah Russell and Joseph Budd were entrusted with the building of the Burlington County Court House. Today this Court House at Mt. Holly, N. J., bearing a close resemblance to the equally famous old State House at Philadelphia, is a priceless architectural inheritance.

No less interesting than the exterior beauty of this fine old structure is the hall with its beautiful stairwork. Curtis designers have reproduced this stairwork in every detail. Both the balusters and newel are turned, the top of the newel where it members with the rail having the same curves and detail as the handrail itself. The balusters are used three to the tread, the square portion of their bases stopping in a horizontal line at a height equal to the top of the tread next above

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

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CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU.
906 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

I should be pleased to receive some literature on Curtis stairwork reproductions and other designs, with complete information.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State*

(Continued from Page 158)

their fortunes, seek release from the futility of piling up greater fortunes. Here is the avenue of occupation for those who have no further need to seek for money. Here is the chance to interest themselves and do a great something for their communities. If they are well advised they will devote themselves to some form of public service.

They cannot all be ambassadors or cabinet members or serve on high commissions. Not at first, at any rate. What they can do is to take an active and intelligent interest in their local politics—as active and intelligent an interest as their success indicates they have taken in their own affairs.

There is no greater form of public service open to Americans than the reform of our politics and its lifting from its present professionalism and malpractice to a plane whereupon it will be representative of better government instead of the basely controlled and rottenly administered thing it now is. Here is an enterprise worthy of the endeavor of any American, rich or poor, and it can be begun in any locality. Indeed, it can better be begun locally than in a wider sphere, for such movements grow from the small to the great rather than from the great to the small

No rich man, seeking useful and patriotic outlets for his abilities, can do better than undertake some form of public service, and no public service is of wider importance than such service as is here outlined the injection into our politics of some of the ability, the intelligence, the vigor and the square shooting that have made the Umted States the most prosperous and the most progressive country in the world. Furthermore, such occupation will be interesting, will be useful to the people and will create position and influence and respect never to be attained by the mere ownership of any number of millions of dollars whatsoever.

The Poets' Corner

Pegasus at the Plow

HIS wings were folded close,
His scornful head was low,
The feet that danced along the clouds
Plodding, wearily, slow.
Wearily, plodding, slow,
Dragging the heavy plow—
And the sun god, who loved him,
He scarce had known him now.

Steadily, day by day,
Steadily, inch by inch,
A shoulder galled with sweat and scald—
Ay, but he did not flinch!
The gadfly stung him deep,
The heat haze glimmered and spun,
But ever and ever the rich brown loam
Turned up to meet the sun.

An earth-born brother there,
The yoke mate by his side,
Furrow by furrow, patiently
Toiled with him, stride for stride,
Gallantly, loyal, brave,
He kept the traces tight,
In the brooding heat of noon,
Through the long, long hours to night.

A feed of corn in the manger,
A slap of the hand at night—
A kindly hand that never guessed
The proud wings folded tight.
The pasture dark and cool,
A clear brook running through,
His comrade by his side,
Clover and dusk and dew.

Now he remembers still,
High in Olympian glades,
Dust and sweat and sun,
And a pasture's mossy glades;
Proud of a furrow straight,
Of a hard task done aright
And the mate who drew the plow with him
And kept the traces tight!

—Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

Tobias

THE young man left his blind old father's cot,
His guide an angel, though he knew it not,
On peril-haunted roads where friends were few.
The young man's dog went too.

The young man dared where seven youths had died;
He overcame the fiend and won the bride,
The angel guarding him from every ill.
The dog was with him still.

The young man homeward bore his Heart's Delight;
The talisman to give his father sight
With silken robes, he brought, and golden store.
His dog leaped on before.

Go forth, young man, through darkness, doubt and fog,
Go! With your guardian angel and your dog!

Arthur Guiterman.

Gardens

GARDENS were made for children,
To play in, to stray in, to laugh and be gay in;
To hunt white millers
And caterpillars;
To bathe in sunshine the livelong day in
And learn of flowers, the beauty-land way in;
Gardens, with all their grace bewildering
Gardens were made for children.

Gardens were made for lovers,
To stalk in, to walk in, to smile and to talk in;
To hold hands slyly
And breathe vows shyly;
To whisper secrets the long sweet hours through
And find God's blessing there as the flowers do;
Gardens with all that their beauty covers—
Gardens were made for lovers.

Gardens are not for writers,
To moil in, to toil in, to fret and to broil in;
To frame trite phrases
Of bees and daisies;
To picture crime and the world's turmoil in
And thumb their noses at honest toil in;
Gardens are not for selfish blighters—
Gardens are not for writers.

—L. Mitchell Thornton.

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BACK FROM UTOPIA

(Continued from Page 35)

could and should be given to all men; he wanted to right wrongs and to see a world of generous and not ignoble people. But Roderic could not be satisfied with the innocence of this hope and he imagined that occasionally a note of exasperation crept into Broun's voice. It was covered with the most engaging tone of humor, but it was there; and it proved to Roderic that the radical-liberal was not going to succeed in America. Roderic felt he had to look elsewhere.

He discovered that in the years following the war a number of young men had made the same discovery, and had acted. They had gone away from the unsatisfactory land of their birth, looking for a different culture in other lands. Van Wyck Brooks, from his office in a cupboard in the Freeman building, had deplored the lack of the social environment which made art in America so difficult to create and had shown how Mark Twain, with the makings of a great ironist, had been spoiled by his capitalist friends. Harold Stearns had gone to Paris, where liberty still existed. Painters, cartoonists, poets, novelists, composers—all were being drained out of America and forming little schools abroad. And, in addition, numberless others had gone, not to be artists, but to live free of the vexations of the rigid industrial system in America.

From the moment Roderic felt impelled to go, he saw clearly that what had happened to him was largely the fault of America. He had been a wealthy young man in a country where wealth was everything; and instead of living in wealth, he had tried to be a radical, fighting for freedom, in a country which had gone over, hand and foot bound tightly, to the system of making money. Why was it that all the great reforms came from abroad, all the noble ideals? Because abroad freedom of mind counted, because thinkers were considered superior to business men, and because there a man could fight on for liberty without being dragged into the dominating system or being thrown out as a crank. It was the American religion of success and its Puritanism which created cranks on one side and Babbitts on the other.

As he figured this out, Roderic experienced a rush of elation the old fire he thought dead blazed up again. It wasn't a party or a group now, but it was a movement. He landed in Paris ten years younger.

For six months Roderic didn't know, and didn't care, whether he was going to find what he was after in Paris. He hardly knew that he wanted anything except to be cut off from everything he had said and done in the past fifteen years. He had exercised his soul for the good of humanity, and accomplished nothing, because in America that was the fate of idealists. A terrible futility hung over every effort which was not directed to immediate piling up of money or getting on the front page of the newspapers; a murderer stood a better chance than a saint.

In Paris he let himself go, relishing sights and smells and noises, eating and drinking and making himself attractive to women; he went slumming among the middle-class pleasures and they satisfied him. It was a holiday and a temporary desertion of his duty, but he knew that he would return fresher and stronger to the attack. He had still the great work to do of knitting together the loose threads of all the radical movements; even those he no longer cared for must be made to contribute their strand of truth, to form an unbreakable cable.

One of the intellectual expatriates, Harold Stearns, showed Roderic how right he had been to come away. Stearns' final word as he left America was a book showing that there was no room in America for the liberal intelligence; he was now reported at work on a massive satire on the American intellectuals who had followed him to Paris.

"The Mississippi Valley," he told Roderic, "will be the last stronghold of morality and the bourgeois virtues in the whole world. When all of Europe is civilized, the Middle West will still be beautiful and dumb." And he went on to say that the radical fight had practically been won in Europe—although acknowledgment of victory might take a few generations—but that in America everything was still to be done.

This gave Roderic the assurance he had needed: The fight against conservatism and the fight against America were part of the same war.

He never took part in it again. Precisely at the moment when he fancied himself moving forward in the ranks, he deserted.

The Americans in Paris seduced him at first into an easy-going and careless and graceful existence. They were divided into many classes and Roderic met them all. There were the literary people, whom Ezra Pound was continually trumpeting as superior to those who stayed at home. They were hard-boiled about everything, despised the New York wits, spoke French slang with alarming precision, and wrote harsh stories about the emptiness of life in the Middle West.

Roderic knew that the boys and girls who infested the Rotonde and the Dome and the Select were not the serious workers; they were like the riffraff of the later Greenwich Village. Some had had talent and not enough character to resist the pleasures of Paris; some had never had talent. Roderic looked for those who had talent and strength of purpose too. He heard of them: sometimes he caught a glimpse of Scott Fitzgerald, in Paris for a week-end between long spells of working in an obscure village in the South. Hemingway, preparing a sardonic account of the small fry, came and went, talking of nothing but bullfights and the prize ring, never about literature, which he seemed to despise. Dos Passos, perpetually dancing with excitement, was chaperoning a shipload of muskrats into Soviet Russia. Don Stewart crept into a tiny hotel room and wrote a book in two months and disappeared. There was something decidedly not Parisian in these people, and the men and women on scholarships abroad were just as bad; they somehow clung to some root of Americanism and refused to transplant themselves to France.

The transplanted group was better and gave Roderic many happy days. Almost without exception they received funds from home and in the years of the falling franc they lived luxuriously, buying ancient hôtels and remodeling them, or building modern apartments in Passy, or leasing vast estates in the Loire district, scattering American plumbing with a lavish hand, but living, as they said, in the rhythm of their adopted country. These were the people who had really escaped from America, not only physically but in spirit. They knew duchesses and artistic foreigners, and when they gave a dinner party, they did not feel that they had to rush their guests to the theater. People sat about and talked of everything under the sun; there was a real amenity of intercourse, a gentleness and calmness which enchanted Roderic. They had no purposes in life, no movements—except that some of them contributed a little money to the Royalist cause in France—and no missions. They were as interested in a costume for a fancy-dress ball as in a presidential election, and better informed They could discuss the artistic elements of motor-car body design and whether it was better to dance on mirrored floors than on hardwood; they took modern furniture in their stride and predicted that it would have a rage in America; and they believed that the greatest art was the art of living well. They devoted themselves to this art, and although none of them worked at anything, they kept themselves occupied and entertained.

About America they were of two minds: America was a naïve child, uncultured and

(Continued on Page 165)

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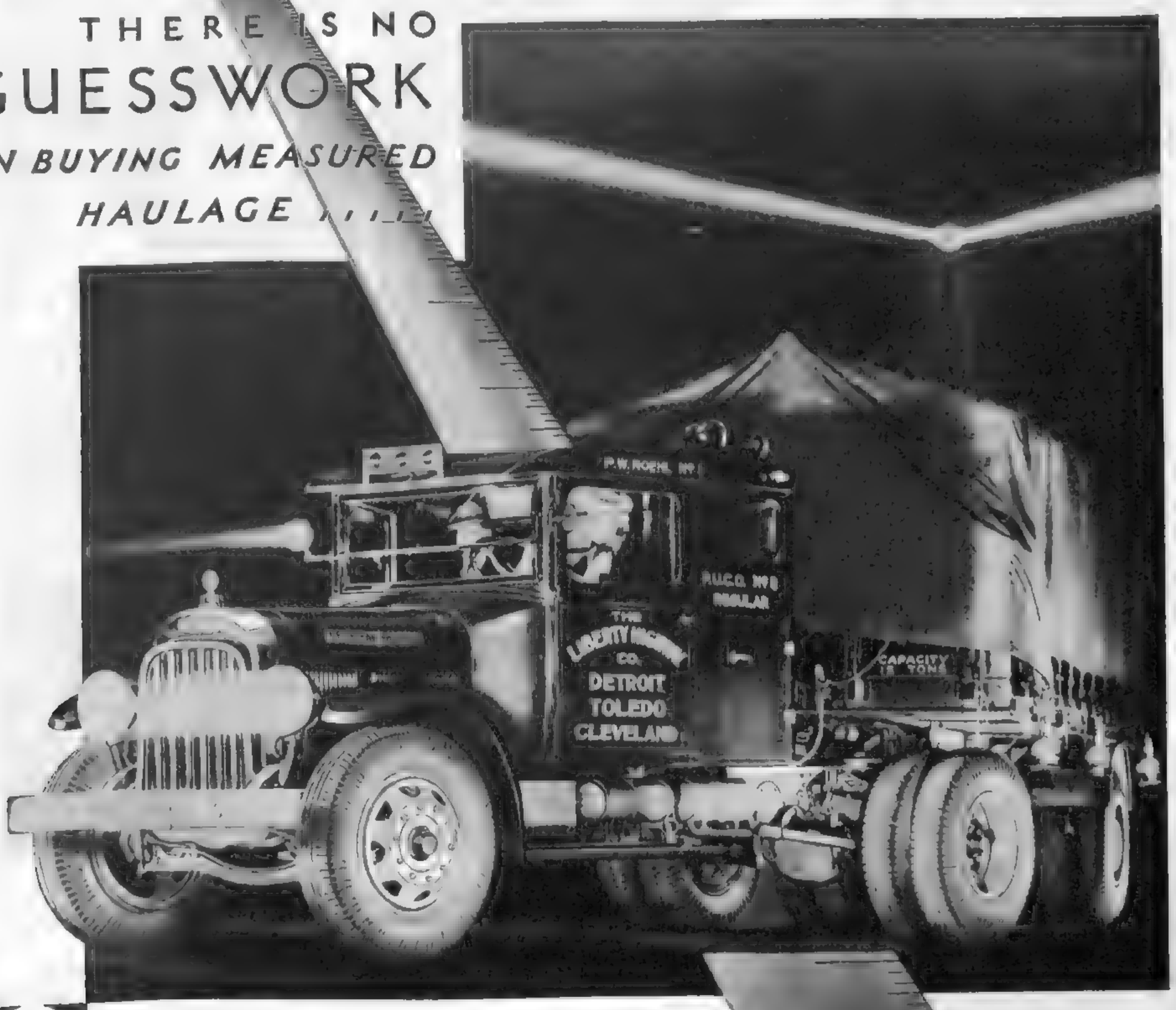

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ALL-ELECTRIC PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

(Continued from Page 162)

young; or America was an ogre, a menace to the sweet civilization of Europe. As the franc went down—and their incomes proportionately increased—the menace overcame the child and, taking their cue from some worried Frenchmen and Germans, they began to speak of Americanization as the greatest threat to the Christian European system since the time of Attila the Hun—or, at the least, since the time of the Kaiser's war.

Here Roderic jibed a little. He knew that they were right when they talked, as they frequently did, about "values" and "patines," about the precious and delicate things of life; but he doubted them when they went into high politics and talked of the Union of Europe against America. To his surprise, the prospect of America dominating the world seemed neither very probable—except in a purely material way with the power of money and machinery—nor very terrible. And the Americans in Paris were not being as un-American as they seemed at first. They telephoned so much that exasperated centrals snapped back at them and said, "You are abusing the telephone and I shan't give you another number for half an hour"; they always took taxis, where Frenchmen rode in busses or walked; they had running hot water and electric refrigeration; and they paid in a devalorized franc for houses and goods they had ordered when the franc was high. It was for them that *vivandières* had come to Paris, supplying American cereals for breakfast, and pasteurized milk, and a hundred other comforts. To be sure, they were not like the tourists who came to Paris and went to American restaurants and attended American movies which they had missed at home; but they were getting the best of both worlds and it seemed a little snide to sneer at what they lived on. They had made their nests in France and it would have been more comely to say nothing disparaging about the nest in which they had been born.

The rancor about America, added to a sort of social fury about "getting on," upset Roderic's equilibrium about the transplanted Americans. After all, they had left America of their own volition; to escape, they said, from the thinness of the social and intellectual atmosphere. A gentle cynicism about their past ought to have been sufficient. Instead, there was an abiding anger. Slowly, and with a certain amount of pain, Roderic discovered why.

Except for a small group which had made its way into genuine French society by marriage or by natural endowment, almost all of the Americans were unsure of their ground, and most of them were even more uncertain of their prospects if they returned home. A few of them—those most successful in creating a life for themselves in France—had left America while they were riding high; a vast number had left because they either had been unable to master the processes of American life or hadn't been willing to come to terms, to play the rules of the American game. Genius apart—and the ratio of genius was about the same as everywhere—the expatriates were semifailures, and they now belittled the success they had tried hard and vainly to win.

In all of Roderic's life he had assumed that success on the American plan was not worth winning. Exempt, himself, from the necessity of making money, he had looked down on those who worked so hard for such meager returns. Now he began to feel that those who refused to work, those who wanted the few gifts America had to offer, and failed to get them, were not necessarily superior people. If they were, they would not snarl.

He met, by accident, a great painter who had come from a minor Latin country to live in France, and after a tempestuous career as an innovator, had imposed himself on the great world as one of its supreme artists. There wasn't in him a trace of resentment against the land of his birth; regularly he returned there for his holidays, and always spoke of its virtues and its weaknesses with complete detachment.

He believed that it was good for people to come away from their birthplace. "An artist is always a little opposed to his surroundings," he said mildly. "Perhaps if he stays at home he gets too complacent. He goes away, he has to master his new environment, and he achieves something."

Roderic remarked that the painter had moved only from one Latin country to another. "Yes," the painter answered. "It is more of an uprooting for you Americans—your civilization is so different from ours. But of course in America you don't have to come away—you have so many races in addition to the dominant Anglo-Saxon. Lincoln, for instance, was a Jew ——"

Roderic shouted with laughter.

"It's well known," the painter went on. "He had to struggle ——"

He had his theory and nothing Roderic could say made any difference. What impressed Roderic was the courtliness with which he treated his own country—which had given him nothing for his art—and his complete sense of being at home in France without ever aping a French mannerism, without for an instant denying his nationality or his race.

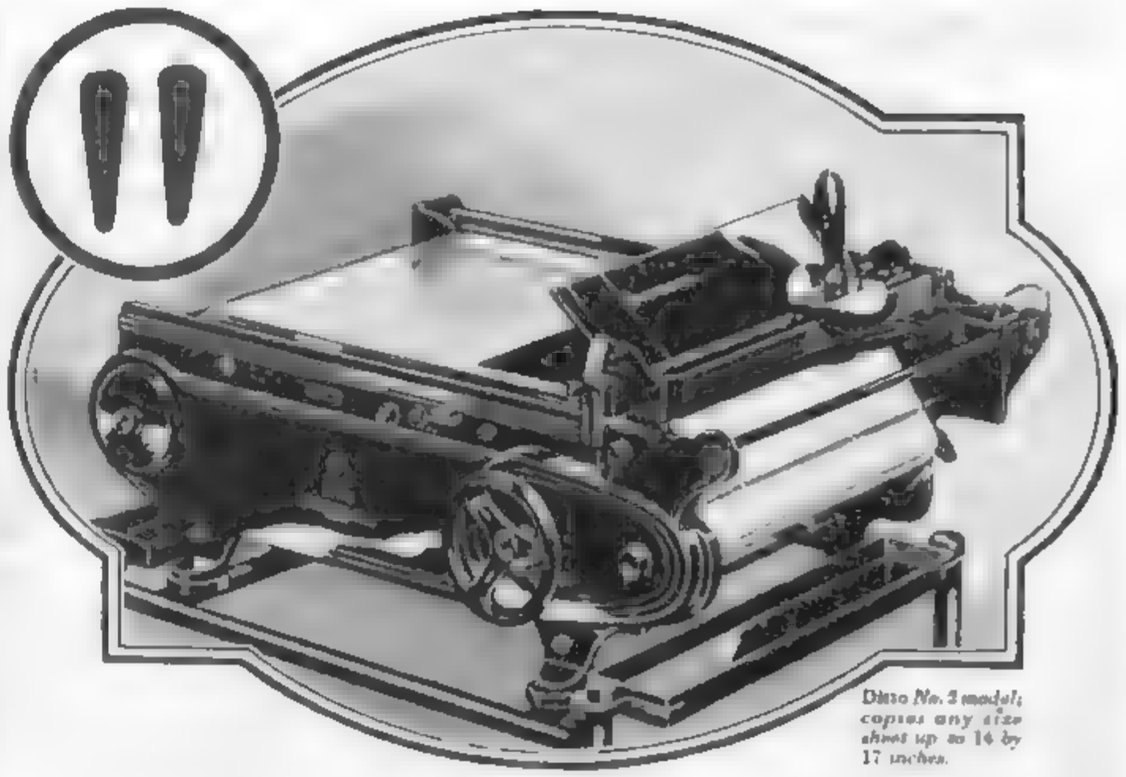
"You are lucky in America," he concluded. "Your environment is so varied that it automatically gives you material to work with and even to struggle with. If part is unworkable, you can choose something else. Everything is fluid with you; you don't have to waste your strength trying to overthrow the whole system just to find a place for yourself. I'd come to America, if I didn't get seasick."

Roderic recalled a French artist who didn't get seasick, who had come to America and starved and slaved for years—and had never let appear in his work a trace of meanness or anger—who had somehow created pieces of sculpture which had grandeur and serenity, and at the same time the nervous strength of America. Until that moment he had thought of this man as a foreigner; now he saw that the man was essentially an American, had made himself an American.

The painter had said something about nerves: If you had good nerves you didn't bother about the defects of your surroundings; you manipulated everything to your advantage. Was this by any chance the source of that uneasiness so notable among those who had run away from America, their exasperation about trivial things, since they had no important ones to keep them busy? Was the perpetual tangle of their personal lives, hidden under a gloss of good manners, a symptom of harried nerves, a lack of spiritual courage? His mind ran backward to the days of his deepest concern with movements. How many of his friends were powerful in action, serene and self-confident? How many of them had good nerves?

He had always assumed that capitalist society had been at fault, wrecking health, jangling nervous systems, buffeting people about because the system itself could find no place for extraordinary individuals. Now he wondered whether the fault might not lie with the individuals—whether, in short, they were not tearing at the social fabric because they themselves were spiritually unhealthy? Was the connection between psychoanalysis and radicalism exactly the opposite of what he had thought? Were the radicals the nervous wrecks, and the solid people sane and healthy? Were the opponents of the present system conscious of some lack in themselves for which they preferred to blame the outward world? Was that why so many of them looked for relief in the science which seemed to justify their private woe, blaming it upon their ancestors? It was odd that his father, who had begun his education, should have given him at least a partial answer.

His father was joining him, and Roderic, who hadn't seen him for years, rather wondered how they would get along. Specifically, he wondered whether his father had ever gone through the turmoil of accepting



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and rejecting a hundred faiths one after the other. When the older Temple came, he seemed serene enough, but after a short time he told Roderic that his real reason for coming was to consult an American specialist who happened to be working for a year in a Paris hospital. The elder Temple was threatened with cancer.

The next few weeks were an extended agony to Roderic. There was a maddening delay before the great surgeon thought an operation advisable, and the concentration of fear while the operation was going on; and after that a long wait before the calm word came that the growth had been caught in time and that Francis Temple was safe. In those weeks Roderic had come to know the surgeon rather well, and one day he called to thank him.

In talking about cancer in general, the surgeon had referred to it as "self-expression among the cells," and Roderic's radically-trained ear caught the phrase.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Because that's what it is."

"But it's malignant."

"So we call it. I don't know if, from the point of view of nature, any cell is less moral than any other. My dear boy, if you're dealing with science you have to put these ideas away. There may be a moral standard in nature, but we haven't found it. As a matter of fact, the cells making up your heart would probably act the same way."

"How?"

"Why, they'd try to express themselves at the expense of all other cells. Did you ever hear of Carrel's experiment with a bit of chicken tissue?"

"Keeping it alive, you mean?"

"Letting it live, up to a certain point. I've done the same thing in a small way myself. Come in here." He took Roderic into a little laboratory. "This"—he said, pointing to a series of test tubes—"is an experiment in letting things be themselves. You take a piece of living tissue and keep it alive. At once it begins to grow, to proliferate. It doubles itself, and the next day or so the double portion doubles itself again. In a few weeks a tiny piece of tissue begins to overflow the test tube—Carrel figured out that if he had allowed all of the cells growing out of his original tiny piece of tissue to live, at the end of sixteen years they would have equaled the volume of the whole solar system."

"Then why aren't we swamped?"

"Because all the cells that live in a man's body, for instance, live in connection with other cells. They only grow as much as they should—when the man is healthy. That's called organization. But the moment the organization breaks down, each cell just begins to express itself. You see, it has hundreds of capacities beside the one assigned to it in the body. In the body it has to do one thing, and the moment the discipline of healthy life is removed, it begins to do all the hundred other things. Above all, it grows. The tissue that forms a cancerous growth is only ordinary tissue gone anarchist. The restraint of its function—you can call it moral duty if you like—is gone. It no longer respects the rights of other cells and tissues. It is determined to live its own life at any expense. And it thinks itself immortal."

"Would it never die?"

"According to Carrel, no. Nor would we, if we had no brains. It's because we're highly organized that we die—and we live like human beings because we're organized. Carrel says ——"

Roderic was overwhelmed. "Have you always known this—you scientists?"

The surgeon laughed. "We've known for a long time that each cell in the body has to respect the lives of the others or something deadly happens. Carrel proved the immortality of tissue ——"

"I meant about self-expression," Roderic said

"Oh, that's a silly phrase of mine. It isn't scientific, but it's fairly accurate. Once a cell starts being itself, you can't tell where it will end. Its only use to us is when it's a respectable citizen, obeying the laws."

Roderic went home pondering deeply He had always respected science, and in his early education he had learned that conservative people were afraid of science and that science was always on the side of radicalism. But here was science overthrowing the major portion of all the radicalism he had ever known. What was true of human cells was true of human beings they broke free and expressed themselves and caused havoc, or they lived in harmony with others, did only a tiny part of what they could do, and created a living organism. The whole system of living seemed to be not to express but to fight down one's own instincts, to let them be free only for that little part in which they fell into place with a thousand others.

For more than fifteen years, he saw, he had fought for every cause which promised the maximum of self-expression. Sometimes a cause meant freedom from the restraint of poverty—where the American system was theoretically to let every man make a million dollars. Sometimes it was freedom from moral restraints: sometimes—very often—freedom from responsibility. At best, these causes assumed that no one would interfere with anyone else, but the belief persisted that each man and woman was justified in living to the utmost; "functioning," as people said, in every possible way, exercising all their powers. And if the scientists were right, this meant not freedom, but chaos; not life, but death. His mind was obsessed by the cloud of formless, useless tissue effervescing over the scientist's test tube, filling the laboratory, spreading irresistibly until the whole visible universe was engulfed—tissue that lived without organization, and in trying to fulfill all its possible functions, brought only death. This was freedom—living your own life. And in his father's body one stray cell had emancipated itself from the oppression of law, had broken through the discipline and organization of life, and had almost killed him.

The great Henry Adams had studied the civilizations of the world and had broken down before the hidden power of a dynamo. Roderic, who had studied only the efforts to overcome civilization, was smashed by a test tube.

When his father was almost well again, Roderic went to him and asked, "Have you given away the factory?"

"In my will, yes. I've given it to the men who are working it."

"Do you mind if I went to work and learned about it?"

"What for?"

He could hardly say, "Because I've changed my mind," or, "Because I've wasted fifteen years," or, "Because tissue overflows a test tube." For once he could not explain himself to his father. He said merely, "I want to go to work."

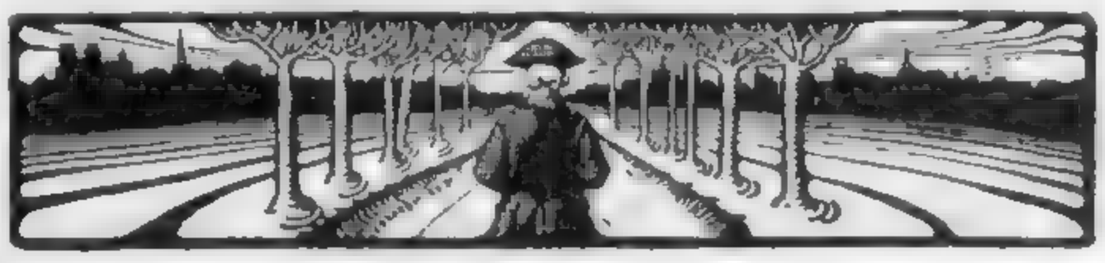
His father groaned. "Work? You want to make shoes! Aren't there enough shoes in the world already?"

"I haven't made any. I haven't made anything. Not even money."

"I'm leaving you enough money."

"I'd rather you didn't," Roderic said slowly. "I wish you'd leave me the factory instead."

(Continued on Page 170)



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"No; but I set fire to it in about half-a-minute!" bragged Nero.

"Which proves," droned the Philosopher, "that the forces of Destruction are exactly 976 times faster than those of Construction."

"Razzberries!" interrupted Nero. "The only figures that interest me are those of the Dancing Dollies chorus. Send 'em in. As for you," pointing to the Philosopher, "you can go to blazes!"

* * *

"No use talking," said Nero, settling himself for a pleasant afternoon as the third fire alarm rang out, "there's just one way to keep cool on a hot day . . . Boy, bring a few more bottles of carbonated beverages. Those zippy drinks go right to the thirsty spot!"

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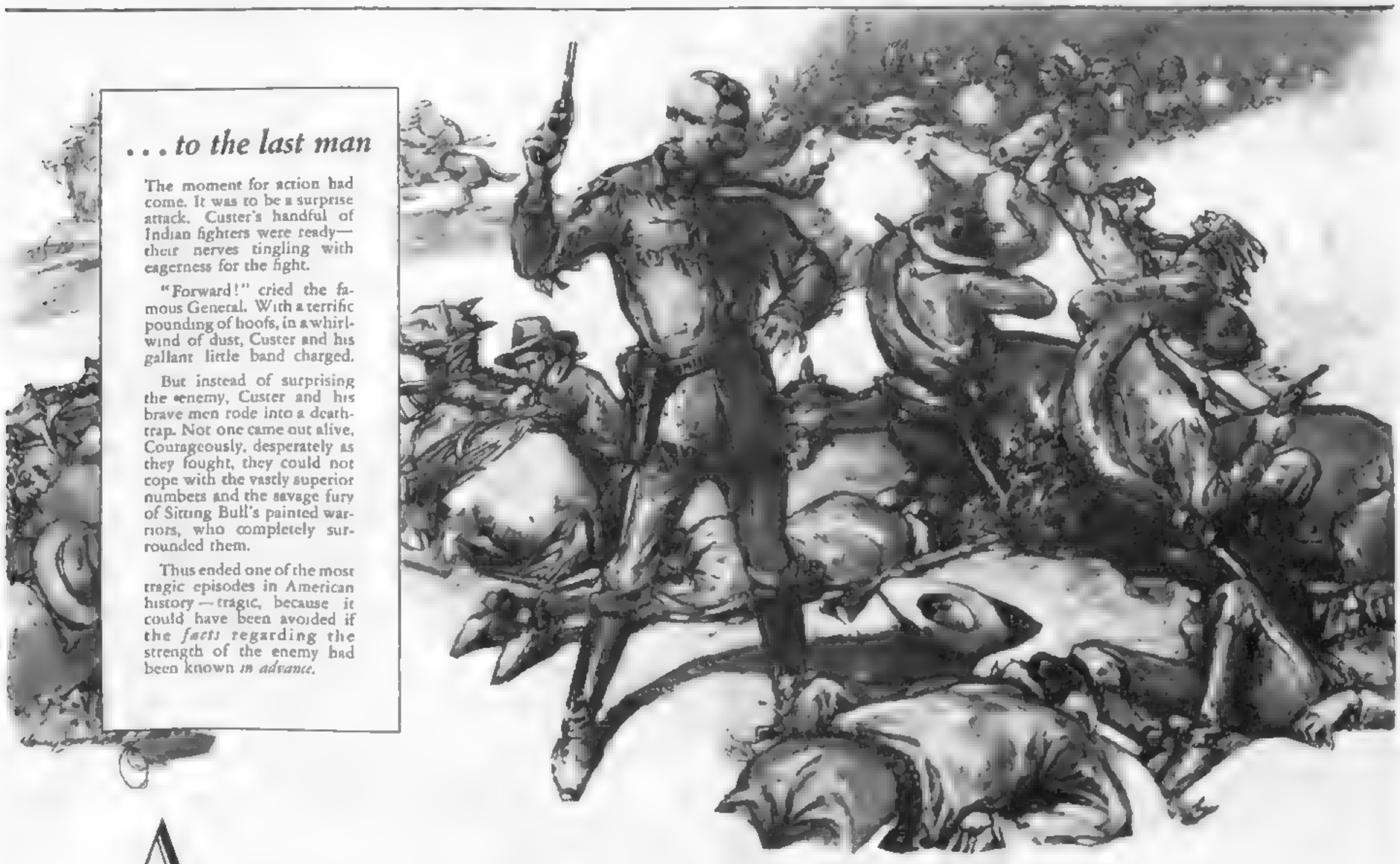
FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY



. . . to the last man

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LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

(Continued from Page 166)

His father's wasted hand tapped on the arm of his chair. "The factory isn't worth half of what you get," he argued.

"Give me half the factory and give the men all the money," Roderic went on. "I want to do something."

"What? What can you do with a factory except make shoes and pay wages."

"I thought it would help me to find out what America is about—if I did what most Americans are doing."

"You want to be a good American?" The elder Temple blazed with anger.

"Not necessarily. But I'd like to find out in what way an American can be good. I can't find out from the outside. I don't want to go on fighting something I don't understand."

"You're tired of fighting," his father remarked. "You're thirty and tired: I'm sixty and I've only begun. You've turned conservative."

"Perhaps," Roderic said. "But for the first time in my life I feel that I'm doing something radical."

"Why?" his father asked bewildered.

"Because I'm going to do something against all the theories I've ever heard and against all the traditions of my class. I'm going to stop being a rebel until I know what I'm rebelling against, out of my own experience. I'm honestly going to try to find out whether things are as bad as I've always said they were, and see if perhaps there is some other way to cure them if they are. I suspect all my own theories. I don't believe a single thing I've ever been taught. I think that if I make a million shoes and they are all good and if no one is injured by helping me make them, I may find something good at the bottom. If I don't, at least there'll be the shoes."

"I wanted my son to be an idealist," his father said, as if speaking to himself. "I thought perhaps he would roll one stone out of the hard road humanity has to travel. And he is deserting the ideal."

"I'm deserting the ideal just as much as you deserted your cancer. It was just as deadly," Roderic said gently. "I've stopped being a rebel, but—if you don't mind—even when I'm stopping I'm rebelling against you." He put his hand on his father's. "You may be right. But I've got to find out for myself."

"You're a radical at heart, after all," his father said. "Will you keep our name for the factory?"

His first decision, his first responsibility, lifted Roderic's heart. "Yes, you old bourgeois," he said.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Seldes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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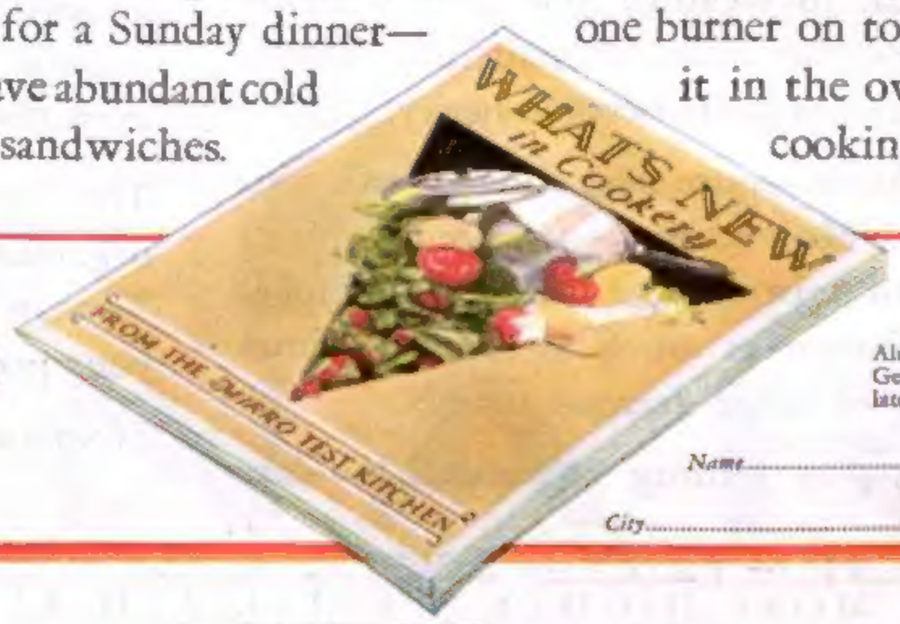

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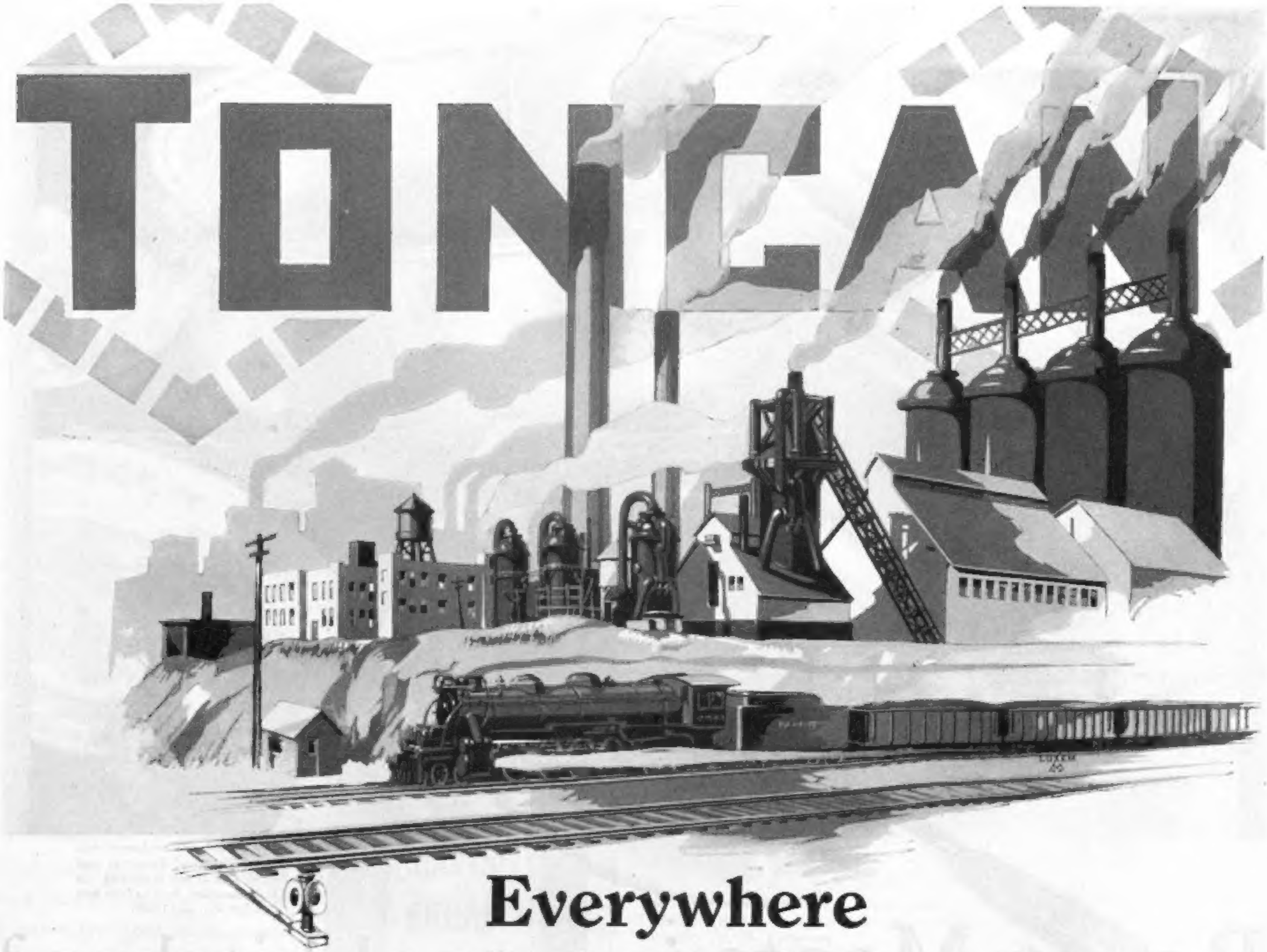

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